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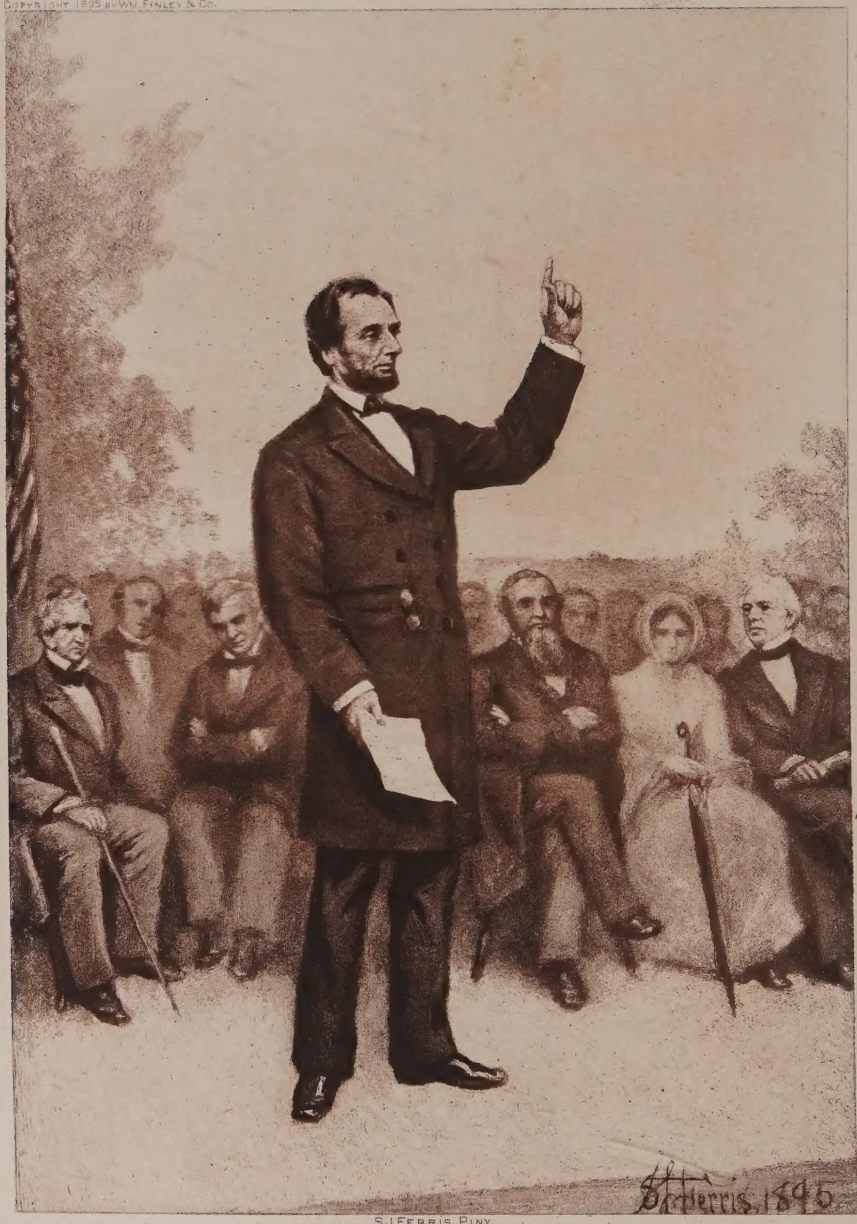

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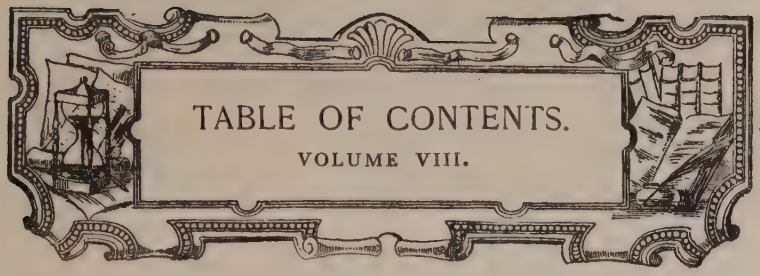

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

VENERATION for the memory of Abraham Lincoln increases as the years go by. Careful and impartial investigation, instead of discovering flaws, develops only new virtues in a character almost unique in its simplicity and perfection.

Even throughout the South, where once his name was regarded with aversion, it is now reverenced, and the grandeur of his character is freely admitted. No President of the United States has risen to that eminence from humbler origin or from less propitious early surroundings than Abraham Lincoln. In his upward career, in spite of serious mistakes and sore stumbles, he steadily developed qualities fitting him for the high stations he was often summoned to fill. Himself one of "the plain people," as he called them, he had firm faith in their sincere devotion to justice and liberty, and was assured of their support when aiming to treat the great questions of the day by the highest ethical standards. When he rose above the trifling disputes of local politics and grappled with the national problem of the extension of slavery, he, by instinctive devotion to duty, exemplified the maxim of Emerson, "Hitch your wagon to a star," and by so doing reached an eternity of fame.

Abraham Lincoln was born in Hardin County, Kentucky, February 12, 1809. His ancestry has been traced by genealogists to Samuel Lincoln, who emigrated from Norfolkshire, England, to Hingham, Massachusetts, about 1638. Members of the family lived successively in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Virginia, and followed Daniel Boone to Kentucky. Here

Abraham Lincoln, the President's grandfather, while ploughing, was killed in 1784 by Indians. His son Thomas, then a boy, grew up without education, and in 1806 married Nancy Hanks, who, like the Lincolns, had moved from Virginia to Kentucky. In 1816 Thomas Lincoln moved across the Ohio to Indiana, which in that year was admitted to the Union. Here the family lived for a year in a "half-faced camp," and afterwards in a log-cabin without windows.

In that wilderness the struggle for life was severe, and hardships had to be borne which only strong constitutions could survive. After the death of Abraham's mother, in 1818, Thomas Lincoln married a widow Johnston, who taught her illiterate husband and her step-son to read and write. The latter also attended such schools as were opened at long intervals, about twelve months in all. The books of his boyhood were limited to the Bible, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, Weems' Life of Washington, and the poems of Robert Burns. When attending at a trial for murder at Booneville, he was impressed with the eloquence of one of the Breckinridges of Kentucky, who conducted the defence, and may have had his ambition stirred to become a pleader. At the age of seventeen he wrote a neat, legible hand and was quick at figures, but was especially noted among his rough acquaintances for his power of narration and story-telling, which he cultivated with some care. His first experience at any distance from his rude home was when at nineteen he was hired to help in building a flat-boat and making a voyage on it down the Mississippi to New Orleans.

In the spring of 1830 the family moved again, and settled near Decatur, in Macon County, Illinois, where Abraham helped his father to build a cabin and split the rails for fencing the farm. But the locality proved unhealthy, and they resolved to abandon the place. The father, a proverbial "rolling stone," finally settled down in Coles County, where he died in 1851 at the age of seventy-three. Abraham, after making another flat-boat trip to New Orleans, took charge of a country store at a hamlet called New Salem, but spent much time in studying the few books he could obtain.

In 1832 there was trouble with the Sac Indians under their

formidable chief, Black Hawk. Lincoln, having volunteered with other young men, was proud of being elected captain of the company; but though they encountered some hardships, they were not called upon to do any fighting. This company was discharged at the end of a month's service, but Lincoln remained as a private in a company of mounted rangers. At Dixon's Ferry, Rock River, the captain of the company reported to Colonel Zachary Taylor, afterwards President, and Lincoln's final certificate of discharge was signed by Lieutenant Robert Anderson, who afterwards commanded Fort Sumter, in Charleston harbor, at the outbreak of the Civil War. Before taking part in the Black Hawk War, Lincoln had offered himself as a candidate for the Legislature. The election took place in the summer and he was defeated, though he received the almost unanimous vote of his township. A speculative fellow, named Berry, then took him into partnership and purchased a small store. But Berry turned to engage in other schemes, the enterprise failed, and Lincoln was left with liabilities which it took him several years to discharge. While he was connected with this little store, his exactness in dealing procured for him the sobriquet of "Honest Abe," which his after career justified. He was next made a deputy surveyor of Sangamon County, and also commenced the study of law by the advice of John T. Stuart, who had been a comrade in the Black Hawk War, and was now in practice in Springfield. His early law practice brought him little remuneration, but he had plenty to do in land surveying, as a rage for speculation in land and town-sites had seized the people.

In 1834, at the age of twenty-five, this honest, hard-working, rough-built frontiersman found himself a popular man and a member of the Legislature of Illinois. The Sangamon County delegation consisted of seven members of the House and two senators, all over six feet in height, and was designated the "Long Nine." Lincoln, who was six feet four inches in height, being tallest of all, was called the "Sangamon Chief." One of the principal works of the "Long Nine" was the transfer of the State capital from Vandalia to Springfield. The passage of this measure proved Lincoln's

perseverance and skill in practical politics. He was now the recognized leader of the Whig party in the Legislature, and in 1838 he was put forward as their candidate for the Speaker's place, but was defeated. On his removal to Springfield he formed a law partnership with his friend John T. Stuart, which lasted for four years. Springfield was Lincoln's home for twenty-five years, until his election to the Presidency. He attended the courts of all the neighboring counties, and was thus brought in contact with many distinguished men, including Lyman Trumbull, William H. Bissell, David Davis, Justin Butterfield, of Chicago, and many others of equal note. It was in conflict and competition with these celebrities that Lincoln received the discipline to fit him for the great work that lay before him. Thus trained, Lincoln, without much knowledge of books, became a successful advocate, if not an able lawyer. His never-failing fund of wit and humor, and his remarkable power of apt illustration, made him popular with the bench, the jury, and his brethren of the bar, whether in the Circuit or the Supreme Court. He was also noted for the clearness and effectiveness of his speeches on various topics. In one delivered at Springfield in 1837, on the "Perpetuation of Our Political Institutions," when speaking of the heroes of the Revolution, he employed the following striking figure: "They are gone. They were a forest of giant oaks; but the resistless hurricane has swept over them and left only here and there a lonely trunk, despoiled of its verdure, shorn of its foliage, unshading and unshaded, to murmur in a few more gentle breezes, to combat with its mutilated limbs a few more rude storms, then to sink and be no more." Two years later, Lincoln took part in a joint discussion in the Hall of the Assembly at Springfield. Replying to Lamborn, who taunted the opponents of Van Buren with the hopelessness of their struggle, Lincoln nobly said: "Address that argument to cowards and knaves. With the free and the brave it will effect nothing. It may be true; if it must, let it be so. Many free countries have lost their liberties, and ours may lose hers: but if she shall, let it be my proudest plume, not that I was the last to desert her, but that I never deserted her."

In the famous presidential campaign of 1840, noted for its "log cabins and hard cider," Douglas and Lincoln stumped the country, holding joint political debates at every available county-seat. A great Whig meeting was held at Springfield, to which people crowded from every corner of the State. Camp-fires lighted the groves, and campaign songs awoke the echoes on every hand. The Whig orators were there in force, including Lincoln, Baker and Logan of Springfield, Hardin, Browning of Quincy, Butterfield and Lisle Smith of Chicago. Lincoln's usual force of argument and aptness of illustration placed him by general consent at the head of this distinguished list.

It was in 1839 that Miss Mary Todd, daughter of the Hon. R. S. Todd, of Kentucky, came from Lexington to visit her sister, Mrs. Ninian Edwards, in Springfield. Her great-uncle was Acting Governor of Illinois in 1779, and was justly regarded as the founder of the State. This ambitious Kentucky brunette had declared before leaving home that she meant to marry a man who would be President. Though Stephen A. Douglas was also a competitor for her favor, she saw in Lincoln the means of gratifying her ambition. Their engagement soon followed, but owing to Lincoln's moody melancholy the marriage did not take place until November 4, 1842. Their first residence in Springfield was in the Globe Tavern, but afterward a modest mansion was purchased, in which they continued to live till their removal to the White House. In 1841 Lincoln formed a partnership with Judge Logan, which proved of much service to him as a lawyer, and later he took as partner W. H. Herndon, who retained this connection till Lincoln went to Washington.

In 1846 Lincoln was elected to Congress, and took his seat in the next year as the only Whig member from Illinois. The Congress of 1847 had more than the average number of distinguished members. Among them were John Quincy Adams, Caleb B. Smith, John G. Palfrey, Robert C. Winthrop, who was chosen Speaker, A. H. Stephens and Andrew Johnson. Douglas was in the Senate. Lincoln's first speeches were made by way of experiment and getting the "hang of the House," as he expressed it, but his speech on the Mexi-

can War gave him some reputation as a Congressional debater. His most important action was the introduction of a bill for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. He had emphatically declared many times before the public that slavery was "unjust to the slave and impolitic to the nation." He proposed a system of gradual emancipation with compensation to the slave-owners, and provided that no person born after January 1, 1850, within the District should be held to slavery. The bill met with strong opposition, and was not brought to a vote. When Lincoln's term in Congress expired in 1849, his friends sought for him, under President Taylor's administration, the appointment of Commissioner of the General Land Office, to which they thought him fairly entitled by experience and party services, but it was given to another. He was subsequently offered the Governorship of Oregon, but declined it, and returned to Illinois to devote himself to the practice of law. With simple tastes and no expensive habits, his modest income of $2,000 to $3,000 a year kept him in comfort and respectability.

Lincoln was recalled to political activity by the outbreak of the national conflict over the extension of slavery in the Territories. His rival, Senator Douglas, was the author of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, by the passage of which, in 1854, the barrier against the extension of slavery had been broken down. Douglas, returning to Springfield, found he had lost favor with the people, and at the time of the State Fair presented his plausible reasons for the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. Lincoln announced that he would reply on the next day. His powerful argument, in a speech of three hours, swayed the vast audience to his side. Douglas, attempting a reply, became excited and furious, and closed by announcing that he would continue his reply in the evening. He went on to Peoria, where he spoke for three hours in the afternoon. But Lincoln was on his trail, and followed with a three hours' speech in the evening, again carrying the audience with him. Douglas then proposed a truce, that they should both return home, and to this Lincoln agreed.

When Douglas was seeking reëlection to the Senate, the Illinois State Republican Convention, held at Springfield,

1858, enthusiastically and unanimously nominated Lincoln as his opponent. He then delivered a speech, which commanded universal attention, and has become part of the history of the country. Its most striking passage was as follows:

"If we could first know where we are, and whither we are tending, we could better judge what to do and how to do it. We are now far into the fifth year since a policy was initiated, with the avowed object and confident promise of putting an end to slavery agitation. Under the operation of that policy, that agitation has not only not ceased, but has constantly augmented. In my opinion it will not cease until a crisis shall have been reached and passed. 'A house divided against itself cannot stand.' I believe this government cannot endure permanently one-half slave and one-half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved; I do not expect the house to fall; but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction; or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become alike lawful in all the States, old as well as new, North as well as South."

The rival candidates conducted a series of discussions throughout the State, from July to October. The ability of the speakers and the importance of the subjects discussed roused men to an enthusiasm never before reached with regard to the vital questions of slavery and freedom. Lincoln had the advantage of speaking on the winning side—for the tide of popular feeling was surely setting towards freedom. His humor, anecdotes, and illustrations gave him double power, yet his arguments were deep and convincing, and he spoke not for applause, but to lead men to reflection and just conclusions. Douglas, on the other hand, fascinating and attractive as he generally was, and everywhere personally popular, did not disdain to snatch a momentary triumph by appeal to prejudice, where he despaired of making a lasting impression. Lincoln won the victory for his party, as the Republican State ticket was elected; but Douglas, though defeated in the popular vote, was able to control enough legis-

lative districts to secure a small majority in the Legislature. Lincoln being asked how he felt when the result was ascertained, replied with his homely humor, that he was like the country boy, who had stubbed his toe, "It was too sore to laugh about, but he was too big to cry."

The replies Douglas had been compelled to make to Lincoln's searching questions forever prevented his being elected President, as his views could never be acceptable to the extreme Southern wing of the Democratic party. By this series of debates with the Northern champion of the Democratic party the attention of the Eastern States was called to Lincoln, and he was invited to speak in New York City. The speech delivered at the Cooper Institute—in February, 1860—cleared away all prejudices against him as merely a stump speaker, and was accepted as a clear and masterly exposition of the ideas of the Republican party on the issues of the critical time.

Chicago, the rising city of the Northwest, was able to secure the National Republican Convention, in May, 1860. Though several prominent men were candidates, it was generally expected that William H. Seward, of New York, would be the nominee. He was a sagacious statesman of many years' standing, and a man of philosophic mind; but his leading position had made him the object of considerable personal and political hostility. Pennsylvania and Indiana were doubtful States, and their representatives, feeling sure that if Seward were nominated the party would be defeated in those States, joined with the Illinois delegates in supporting Lincoln. "Honest Abe," the rail-splitter from Illinois, in whose behalf great local enthusiasm had been developed, was therefore nominated on the third ballot. The Democratic party was hopelessly divided, and Douglas, who was nominated by the fractional convention at Baltimore, took the stump on his own behalf and made a spirited canvass. There were altogether four candidates. Lincoln's electoral vote was 180 out of a total of 303, though his popular vote was decidedly less than half, being 1,866,462 out of the total, 4,680,203. A President was at last elected on the distinct ground of opposition to the extension of slavery, and the executive

power of the country fell from the hands of the pro-slavery leaders.

The disunionists at once proceeded to put in practice what they had threatened in the event of Lincoln's election. A convention in South Carolina passed an ordinance of secession in December, and the six Gulf States quickly followed. In February, 1861, their representatives met at Montgomery, Alabama, and formed the "Confederate States of America," under a Constitution almost identical with that which they had repudiated. In Washington, disloyalty to the Federal Government was rampant; the treasury was plundered; the nation's ships were sent abroad, her troops dispersed, her arsenals stripped to furnish arms to the insurgents.

On the 11th day of February, 1861, Lincoln left his home at Springfield, and bade farewell to his neighbors in the following touching words:

"My Friends: No one, not in my situation, can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place and the kindness of this people I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance I cannot fail. Trusting in Him, who can go with me and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

The President-elect passed through several Northern States, addressing the people at the State capitals and principal cities. General Winfield Scott had been warned of a plot to assassinate Lincoln on his passage through Baltimore, and notified his friends, who took such precautions that he passed unnoticed and reached Washington on the 24th. Here he came in contact with the so-called Peace Congress, a gathering of delegates from most of the States, who were devising plans to

conciliate the Southern States by further concessions in regard to slavery. They were mostly men of former prominence in their respective States, and had appropriately chosen Ex-President Tyler as their chairman. Strongly prejudiced as many of them were against the President-elect, a single interview was sufficient to compel them to acknowledge the sincerity of his devotion to the Union and the Constitution. His inauguration took place on the 4th of March, 1861, without the slightest disturbance, although there had previously been threats of preventing his entrance upon the office. His inaugural address was an able argument for the perpetuity of the Union, exposed the futility of secession, and expressed his determination to see that the laws should be faithfully executed in all the States. It closed with an impressive appeal to all citizens to preserve their allegiance and a fervent deprecation of the impending evils.

President Lincoln gave the foremost place in his cabinet to W. H. Seward, who had been his chief rival at Chicago. He appointed Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, and Simon Cameron, Secretary of War. Four of the seven members of the cabinet had been originally Democrats and three Whigs. Two (Montgomery Blair, of Maryland, and Edward Bates, of Missouri) were from border slave States. By this selection, as in other ways, Lincoln indicated an intention to combine in the first Republican administration the representatives of the former parties who had contributed to its success, and also his strong desire to conciliate the Southern States. But the drift toward war could not be checked by appeals to patriotic sentiment nor by appointments to office. Major Robert Anderson, in command at Charleston harbor, had, in December, taken refuge in Fort Sumter. Here he was surrounded by Confederate troops, and on the 12th of April their batteries opened fire on the fort. From want of provisions he was soon compelled to surrender. Civil war being thus commenced, President Lincoln summoned 75,000 State militia, for three months' service, and ordered the enlargement of the regular army to 65,000 men. The first troops from the North found their way obstructed at Baltimore, but enough reached Washington by way of Annap-

olis to provide for its defence. Fortress Monroe, near the mouth of the James river, was also secured. The President also proclaimed a blockade of Southern ports and sought by all means at his disposal to render it effective.

During this critical state of affairs Secretary Seward, distrustful of Lincoln's ability to direct the course of the government, undertook to draft a general policy for his guidance. Lincoln replied by a private letter which showed such self-reliance and determination to perform his full duty, that there was thenceforth no question that he would be and must be the master-spirit of his cabinet. Each secretary was fully occupied with his own department, but the general course was decided by the President, usually after full consultation with the cabinet.

A special meeting of Congress was called for July 4th; but before it assembled the Southern Confederacy comprised eleven States, and had put in the field 100,000 men. The first important battle was fought at Bull Run, Virginia, on the 21st of July, and resulted in a disgraceful rout of the Federal forces. General George B. McClellan, who had been successful in West Virginia, was then summoned to take charge of the defence of Washington. He spent the rest of the year in organizing and drilling the Army of the Potomac, and after the retirement of General Winfield Scott, in November, he was made commander-in-chief.

While internal affairs were sufficiently embarrassing, foreign affairs were not less so. The sentiment of England was so antagonistic, that before the arrival of Charles Francis Adams, who was sent as the United States minister, Lord John Russell had granted an unofficial audience to the Southern Commissioners, and the British government, on May 13th, issued a proclamation of neutrality, recognizing the Confederate States as belligerents. The dignified protest, drafted by Seward, carefully revised by Lincoln, and presented by Adams as soon as he arrived, prevented, at least, further hostile steps. But in November Captain Wilkes, of the U. S. sloop-of-war "San Jacinto," stopped on the high seas the English mail steamship "Trent," and took from on board Messrs. Mason and Slidell, who were on their way to Europe

as emissaries of the Confederate States. These envoys were brought to Boston and committed to Fort Warren. Public opinion throughout the North approved the act; most of the cabinet took the same view; but Lincoln at once perceived that it was in contravention of the principle for which the United States had always contended—that the friendly or neutral flag protects all beneath its folds. When the English demand came, although Prince Albert, as the last official act of his life, had mitigated the offensive tone adopted by Earl Russell, it was still peremptory. But the President had already pointed out the true course to be pursued—to surrender the envoys, and at the same time to remind Great Britain that the United States had in 1812 declared war because she had insisted on the right of search, and to express satisfaction that England now renounced her former policy. The envoys were delivered to a British officer on January 1st, 1862. The people of the North quickly and cordially acquiesced in the peaceful and honorable solution of the difficulty.

The first change in Lincoln's cabinet was the retirement of Cameron from the War Department, on account of complaints about extravagance in the contracts for war-supplies. In his place was substituted Edwin M. Stanton, a war-Democrat, who had been in Buchanan's last cabinet and had openly abused President Lincoln. But the latter, recognizing his strength of character and devoted loyalty to the Union, did not hesitate to call him to the department needing his services. Stanton had been a strong admirer of McClellan; but, when the latter carefully refrained from fighting in the autumn of 1861, he became greatly dissatisfied. During the winter the President began to urge upon McClellan the necessity of aggressive movements; but the general resented all interference with his plans, which, however, he kept to himself. At last the President ordered a forward movement along the whole Union line, to take place on February 22d, 1862. Before this date Forts Donelson and Henry were captured by General U. S. Grant, who was just fairly entering upon his work in the West. McClellan having determined to advance upon Richmond by way of the York river, Lincoln insisted upon sufficient troops being left to defend Washing-

ton. The general wasted time in complaining of the efforts of the administration to hinder and embarrass him; but the President steadfastly supported him until his Peninsula campaign, after much hard fighting, resulted in a retreat to the James river. In July McClellan was relieved of his command, which was turned over to General John Pope, who was summoned from the West. His campaign in northern Virginia, inaugurated by a boastful proclamation, ended in a disastrous defeat, known as the second Bull Run. Pope charged that result on McClellan's generals being derelict in supporting him; and a long controversy ensued with reference to the loyalty of General Fitz-John Porter, who was court-martialed and dismissed from the army, though finally restored twenty-five years later.

Great pressure had from the commencement of the war been brought to bear upon the President to abolish slavery, as the primary cause of the conflict. This course was more strongly urged when the year 1862, which had opened with the recovery of New Orleans and the capture of Fort Donelson, became fruitful of disasters. To justify himself Lincoln declared to Horace Greeley the line which he had laid down for his own guidance: "My paramount object is to save the Union, and not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could do it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that." Yet at that very time he had prepared the draft of his first emancipation proclamation, and had read it to his cabinet, and was only waiting until a Union victory should give him an opportune time to issue it.

Lincoln, against the judgment of Stanton and others of his cabinet, recalled McClellan to the command of the Army of the Potomac, when Lee's army was about to advance into Maryland. McClellan won a decisive victory at Antietam, which, however, not being sufficiently followed up, did not produce as important results as were expected. But the President, taking advantage of the turn of affairs, proclaimed, on September 22d, that on and after the 1st of the following January, 1863, all slaves in States or parts of States then in

rebellion should be free. The intervening period was allowed for the submission of the States in rebellion; but this offer was only derided by those in control of them. Therefore, on the following New Year's day, the final Proclamation of Emancipation was made. This greatest achievement of his administration was of course beyond his constitutional power in time of peace, and was only wrung from him by the exigencies of civil war. But the predestined abolition of slavery was completed by the passage of the Thirteenth Amendment of the Constitution, which Lincoln planned and urged, though it was not fully ratified until December, 1865.

The year 1863, though full of severe struggle, was crowned with victory for the Union armies. General Burnside, who had succeeded to the command of the Army of the Potomac, had been repulsed with great loss at Fredericksburg, in December, 1862, and General Hooker had unaccountably been defeated at Chancellorsville in the following May; but when General Lee followed up this success of his army by an invasion of Pennsylvania, he suffered a decisive defeat by General Meade, at Gettysburg, on July 3d, though he was again able to escape across the Potomac. Vicksburg, the only remaining Confederate stronghold on the Mississippi, was surrendered to General Grant on July 4th, restoring to the Union the full control of that river. These victories portended the downfall of the Confederacy and raised the hopes of the lovers of the Union. In November of that year the first National Cemetery was dedicated at Gettysburg; and, after an oration by Edward Everett, President Lincoln delivered a brief address, which has become immortal. He closed with these impressive words: "We here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

In March, 1864, President Lincoln called General Grant to the chief command of the Union army. When the campaign opened General Grant decided to accompany the Army of the Potomac, still under the command of General Meade, in its march towards Richmond. General Grant expressed his determination to fight the army to its full capacity; but

the military skill and persistent courage of General Lee and the Confederate forces were able to prevent his reaching Richmond in that year. The Republican Convention, held at Baltimore in June, unanimously nominated Lincoln for a second presidential term. At his suggestion, Andrew Johnson, then military Governor of Tennessee, was nominated for Vice-President, the object being to conciliate popular favor in the Border States. At the Democratic Convention in Chicago, in August, strangely inconsistent action was taken; General McClellan was nominated for the Presidency, and the platform denounced the war as a failure. In November, Lincoln received of the popular votes 2,216,000, while McClellan got 1,800,000; but of the electoral votes Lincoln had 212 and McClellan only 21.

In June, Salmon P. Chase, who had ably conducted the Treasury Department, but had given President Lincoln much trouble by urging forward his own ideas and plans, offered his resignation, which was promptly accepted, much to his surprise. W. P. Fessenden was appointed in his place, and thenceforward the cabinet was much more harmonious. President Lincoln had high respect for the great abilities of Secretary Chase, and on the death of Chief-Justice R. B. Taney, generously and promptly appointed Chase to the vacancy in the Supreme Court. Throughout the presidency, in fact, Lincoln never hesitated to appoint to important positions persons who had been troublesome or hostile to himself, provided they possessed, in his judgment, the necessary qualifications for the duty required. No President ever had closer regard to Jefferson's primary requirements in regard to candidates for office: "Is he honest? Is he capable? Is he faithful to the Constitution?"

Upon entering on his second term, in March, 1865, Lincoln, in his inaugural address, reviewed in a brief but masterly way the history of the war, and rising to a lofty moral height set forth the profound significance of the mighty struggle now drawing to a close. As soon as the campaign opened the Confederates were driven from Richmond, and Lincoln, in April, entered the city which had been for nearly four years the Confederate capital. Under his direction most liberal terms were

offered to the Confederates, who laid down their arms, and he returned to Washington with earnest desire to solve the new problems of the restoration of the authority of the Union in the Southern States. But while seeking relaxation with his family at Ford's Theatre, he was shot in a private box by John Wilkes Booth, an actor, who with others had formed a plot for the assassination of the President, Vice-President, and leading members of the Cabinet. The wounded President died early on the morning of the 15th of April, 1865. The murderer escaped across the stage, but was shot in a barn in Virginia, twelve days later. The national rejoicing over the return of peace was turned into grief for the martyred President, and indignation at the dastardly crimes by which madmen sought to paralyze the government at the moment of its triumph.

Abraham Lincoln was in personal appearance a thoroughly Western man—tall, slender, and wiry; he had a dark complexion, a broad, high forehead, coarse black hair, and deep-set gray eyes. In temper he was always mild and patient; though highly social and fond of conversation, wit and laughter, there was an aspect of settled melancholy in his features. From his youth he was noted as being abstemious, though brought up in a country where the use of whiskey was general. He was never addicted to tobacco in any form. Apt stories and pithy anecdotes, free from profanity and vulgarity, were ever ready to illustrate effectively his views on all subjects brought under discussion. His manner was simple, direct, and entirely free from awkwardness or affectation. He was quick to appreciate the opinions and characters of others, and tolerant of their differences from himself. He was thoroughly sincere and truthful, yet remarkable for revealing only so much of his own views or intentions as he deemed proper to the time and to the persons consulting him; hence, in some cases his purposes were reported differently by those having equally good opportunities of judging. He had also a habit, while President, of presenting in conversatien arguments against the very course he had determined to pursue, probably in order to study their full effect. He despised trickery, and ever sought to prevail by direct appeal to the higher nature

of those whom he wished to influence, whether on juries, in political assemblages, or in addresses to the States or the nation at large. Though often yielding much to conciliate others, he was inflexibly firm in principle and in every position once deliberately taken.

The basis of Lincoln's political creed was the right and duty of each people to self-government; this end he sought to realize in all his public acts affecting the same. In his conduct of the nation during the momentous crisis in which he was the chief executive, he had no ambitious selfish ends; his only wish was that the Union of the States should be fully restored, whatever might become of himself. Hence he did not hesitate to call to public duty the most capable persons, whatever might be their personal attitude to himself. Thus, he took the surly Stanton into the cabinet; he restored the self-opinionated McClellan to command; he bore patiently with the impatient Chase's vagaries, and, after he had left the cabinet in a huff, appointed him Chief-Justice of the United States. He even in 1863, when disheartened by Democratic resistance to his war-measures, made overtures to McClellan and to Governor Seymour of New York to support either of them for the Presidency if they would at that time openly declare in favor of the vigorous prosecution of the war.

Lincoln, by his marked self-control and conscientious moderation in the use of power, and by rousing the highest sense of public duty in others, secured from them that practical devotion to the welfare of the country which the times demanded, and of which he was the most conspicuous example. His legacy was peace to his country, liberty to the enslaved, and an inspiring example of patriotism to the world. The great party which despised and rejected him has learned to revere his memory; the Southern States, which sought to leave the Union, because they would not have this man to rule over them, lament him as their best friend; the race to which he gave the priceless blessing of liberty testify their gratitude for his life; the world unites in tributes to his honor and enshrines him among the benefactors of mankind.

When Carpenter's picture of the Signing of the Emancipation Proclamation was presented to the Government in

1878, Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, who had been Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy, bore this friendly and truthful testimony to Lincoln's character:

"I knew Mr. Lincoln well. We met in the House in December, 1847. We were together during the Thirtieth Congress. I was as intimate with him as with any other man of that Congress, except, perhaps, my colleague, Mr. Toombs. Of Mr. Lincoln's general character I need not speak. He was warm-hearted; he was generous; he was magnanimous; he was most truly, as he afterwards said on a memorable occasion, 'with malice toward none, with charity for all.' He had a native genius far above his fellows. Every fountain of his heart was overflowing with the 'milk of human kindness.' From my attachment to him, so much deeper was the pang in my own breast, as well as of millions, at the horrible manner of his 'taking off.' This was the climax of our troubles, and the spring from which came unnumbered woes."

Still grander and more adequate is the tribute from the Northern poet, James Russell Lowell, who had taken part in the anti-slavery struggle:

Here was a type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face;
I praise him not; it were too late;
And some innative weakness there must be
In him who condescends to victory
Such as the present gives, and cannot wait,
Safe in himself as in a fate.

So always, firmly, he:
He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.
Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,

Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

The Greatness of Lincoln.

We almost invariably find that the more completely the records of great historical personages are drawn to light by the historians, also the more is unearthed of what is not to their credit, together with what is calculated to strengthen their claim for greatness; for, as a German proverb says, where there is much light there are also deep shadows. Lincoln forms an exception to this rule. The deeper critical history has penetrated into the innermost recesses of his public life, the more he has grown, intellectually and morally. Not only morally, but also intellectually. Not that he has been discovered to be, what nobody at the time suspected him of being, a great political genius, taking in at a glance the most intricate problems presented to him, and intuitively striking the right way leading to their solution.

The more searching the investigation of his career and conduct has become, the more the highly significant fact has been revealed, that to a great and very uncommon extent his intellectual soundness and keenness sprang from his moral purity and greatness. His robust common sense, his inborn shrewdness, his intimate touch with the feeling and thinking of the masses, and the habit formed in the years of boyhood to think every problem fully out and reduce it to its simplest form,—all that was undoubtedly of immense service to him in wrestling with all the appalling questions of the national and international politics. Singly and collectively all these valuable qualities were, however, not the main reason of the imposing sagacity of his political judgment, often hitting the nail on the head even when the mark was widely missed by those of his advisers who were reputed greatly his superiors in natural intelligence, and had, in fact, all the advantages of a much better education and far more extended experience. Because with utter singleness of purpose he

wanted to do what was right, he also succeeded in finding out what was the right thing to be done.

Broad as the shoulders of his giant frame were, they were on the 4th of March, 1861, not equal to the weight of the mountain that was to be laid upon them. But he could not help growing with his task, because he could no more refuse implicit obedience to the "categorical imperative" than he could get out of his own skin. The time to ask the question, whether and how far he was fit to carry the load was past. Upon *him* the constitutionally expressed will of the nation had laid it, and the supreme law of the land made it *his* duty to carry it to the best of his ability. Yes, *his* duty, and not that of any one else, though never so much better qualified. This perfect consciousness of his personal responsibility is the secret of his prodigious moral and intellectual development in those terrible four years. Moral weaklings, though intellectually ever so great, are crushed by great responsibilities in great times; pure and strong characters, though intellectually much nearer the average than the prodigies, grow under this most trying of all ordeals into truly great men.

The honest assumption of the whole responsibility devolved upon him being to Lincoln simply a matter of course, it could have but one effect: the more fearful the responsibility grows by the consequences involved in his decisions, the more implacable the truthfulness becomes, with which his clear, sad eye tries to discern his duty, and the more unbreakable and unbendable the determination to do his whole duty and nothing but his duty, though it not only cost his life, but—what was infinitely more—though it break his heart. And was it not one continuous breaking of that great heart, as tender as it was strong, from week to week, from day to day, through four interminable years?

Abraham Lincoln never ceased to be a party man, but, at least from the moment he entered the White House, he never allowed himself to indulge in the partisan spirit. He was a Republican, because his political convictions rendered it his duty as an American citizen to be one. Not only in theory, but also in his practice, the party was to him always but a

means, and never the end. All the promptings of his own head and heart were in fullest accordance with his constitutional obligation. With unswerving decision and persistency he based his whole policy upon the creed of the Republican party, because he was thoroughly convinced that the Constitution, the true interests of the nation, and the laws of God imperatively demanded it. But he never administered the government with the views, motives, and aims of a party chieftain, for he was ever fully conscious that that would have been an unpardonable breach of trust. With that utter disregard of consequences which an awful duty enforces upon an uncompromising conscience, he was bent with religious earnestness and intentness to be, in fact and in spirit, what the law had made him and bade him remain—the President of the United States, embracing not only all the sections of the country, but also the whole people, irrespective of their political tenets.

Therefore all the anguish and all the terrors of the most gigantic civil war of all times only chiseled deeper and deeper into his rough-hewn, homely face, the furrows of sorrow, care, and sadness of heart, but not the slightest line of anger and hatred. And therefore his name has become and will become ever more and more dear to the whole people, whether Republicans or Democrats, whether Northerner or Southerner. There is in the whole history of this Republic not one man, from whom we all—wherever born and whatever our political opinions—can learn more instructive and more inspiring lessons as to what true patriotism is; and there is but one who is fully his peer in this respect. To be pitied is, indeed, the American whose way of feeling and thinking will not allow him to look with infinite patriotic pride upon Abraham Lincoln.—H. E. Von Holst.

Lincoln's Speech at the Cooper Institute.

(February 27, 1860.)

Mr. President and Fellow-citizens of New York:

The facts with which I shall deal this evening are mainly old and familiar; nor is there anything new in the general use I shall make of them. If there shall be any novelty, it

shall be in the mode of presenting the facts, and the inferences and observations following the presentation.

In his speech last autumn, at Columbus, Ohio, as reported in the *New York Times*, Senator Douglas said:

"Our fathers, when they framed the government under which we live, understood this question just as well as, and even better than, we do now."

I fully endorse this, and I adopt it as a text for this discourse. I so adopt it because it furnishes a precise and an agreed starting point for a discussion between Republicans and that wing of the Democracy headed by Senator Douglas. It simply leaves the inquiry: "What was the understanding those fathers had of the question mentioned?"

What is the frame of government under which we live?

The answer must be: "The Constitution of the United States." The Constitution consists of the original, framed in 1787 (and under which the present government first went into operation), and twelve subsequently-framed amendments, the first ten of which were framed in 1789.

Who were our fathers that framed the Constitution? I suppose the "thirty-nine" who signed the original instrument may be fairly called our fathers who framed that part of the present government. It is almost exactly true to say they framed it, and it is altogether true to say they fairly represented the opinion and sentiment of the whole nation at that time. Their names, being familiar to nearly all and accessible to quite all, need not now be repeated.

I take these "thirty-nine," for the present, as being "our fathers who framed the government under which we live."

What is the question which, according to the text, those fathers understood just as well, and even better than we do now?

It is this: Does the proper division of local from federal authority, or anything in the Constitution, forbid our federal government to control as to slavery in our federal territories?

Upon this, Douglas holds the affirmative and Republicans the negative. This affirmative and denial form an issue; and this issue—this question—is precisely what the text declares our fathers understood better than we.

Let us now inquire whether the "thirty-nine," or any of them, ever acted upon this question; and if they did, how they acted upon it—how they expressed that better understanding.

In 1784—three years before the Constitution—the United States then owning the Northwestern Territory and no other—the Congress of the Confederation had before them the question of prohibiting slavery in that territory; and four of the "thirty nine" who afterward framed the Constitution were in that Congress and voted on that question. Of these, Roger Sherman, Thomas Mifflin and Hugh Williamson, voted for the prohibition—thus showing that, in their understanding, no line dividing local from federal authority, nor anything else, properly forbade the federal government to control as to slavery in federal territory. The other of the four—James McHenry—voted against the prohibition, showing that, for some cause, he thought it improper to vote for it.

In 1787, still before the Constitution, but while the Convention was in session framing it, and while the Northwestern Territory still was the only Territory owned by the United States—the same question of prohibiting slavery in the territory again came before the Congress of the Confederation; and three more of the "thirty-nine" who afterward signed the Constitution, were in that Congress, and voted on the question. They were William Blount, William Few, and Abraham Baldwin, and they all voted for the prohibition—thus showing that, in their understanding, no line dividing local from federal authority, nor anything else, properly forbids the federal government to control as to slavery in federal territory. This time the prohibition became a law, being part of what is now well known as the Ordinance of '87.

The question of federal control of slavery in the territories seems not to have been directly before the Convention which framed the original Constitution; and hence it is not recorded that the "thirty-nine" or any of them, while engaged on that instrument, expressed any opinion on that precise qnestion.

In 1789, by the first Congress which sat under the Constitution, an act was passed to enforce the Ordinance of '87, including the prohibition of slavery in the Northwestern

Territory. The bill for this act was reported by one of the "thirty-nine," Thomas Fitzsimmons, then a member of the House of Representatives from Pennsylvania. It went through all its stages without a word of opposition, and finally passed both branches without yeas and nays, which is equivalent to a unanimous passage. In this Congress there were sixteen of the "thirty-nine" fathers who framed the original Constitution. They were: John Langdon, Nicholas Gilman, William S. Johnson, Roger Sherman, Robert Morris, Thomas Fitzsimmons, William Few, Abraham Baldwin, Rufus King, William Patterson, George Clymer, Richard Bassett, George Read, Pierce Butler, Daniel Carroll, James Madison.

This shows that, in their understanding, no line dividing local from federal authority, nor anything in the Constitution, properly forbade Congress to prohibit slavery in the federal territory; else both their fidelity to correct principle, and their oath to support the Constitution, would have constrained them to oppose the prohibition.

Again, George Washington, another of the "thirty-nine," was then President of the United States, and, as such, approved and signed the bill, thus completing its validity as a law, and thus showing that, in his understanding, no line dividing local from federal authority, nor anything in the Constitution, forbade the federal government to control as to slavery in federal territory.

No great while after the adoption of the original Constitution, North Carolina ceded to the federal government the country now constituting the State of Tennessee; and a few years later Georgia ceded that which now constitutes the States of Mississippi and Alabama. In both deeds of cession it was made a condition by the ceding States that the federal government should not prohibit slavery in the ceded country. Besides this, slavery was then actually in the ceded country. Under these circumstances, Congress, on taking charge of these countries, did not absolutely prohibit slavery within them. But they did interfere with it—take control of it—even there, to a certain extent. In 1798 Congress organized the territory of Mississippi. In the act of organization they prohibited the bringing of slaves into the territory, from any

place without the United States, by fine, and giving freedom to slaves so brought. This act passed both branches of Congress without yeas and nays. In that Congress were three of the "thirty-nine" who framed the original Constitution. They were John Langdon, George Read, and Abraham Baldwin. They all, probably, voted for it. Certainly they would have placed their opposition to it upon record, if, in their understanding, any line dividing local from federal authority, or anything in the Constitution, properly forbade the federal government to control as to slavery in federal territory.

In 1803 the federal government purchased the Louisiana country. Our former territorial acquisitions came from certain of our own States; but this Louisiana country was acquired from a foreign nation. In 1804, Congress gave a territorial organization to that part of it which now constitutes the State of Louisiana. New Orleans, lying within that part, was an old and comparatively large city. There were other considerable towns and settlements, and slavery was extensively and thoroughly intermingled with the people. Congress did not, in the territorial act, prohibit slavery; but they did interfere with it—take control of it—in a more marked and extensive way than they did in the case of Mississippi. The substance of the provision therein made, in relation to slaves, was:

First. That no slaves should be imported into the territory from foreign parts.

Second. That no slave should be carried into it who had been imported into the United States since the first day of May, 1798.

Third. That no slave should be carried into it, except by the owner, and for his own use as a settler; the penalty in all the cases being a fine upon the violator of the law, and freedom to the slave.

This act also was passed without yeas and nays. In the Congress which passed it there were two of the "thirty-nine." They were Abraham Baldwin and Jonathan Dayton. As stated in the case of Mississippi, it is probable they both voted for it. They would not have allowed it to pass without recording their opposition to it, if, in their understanding, it

violated either the line properly dividing local from federal authority or any provision of the Constitution.

In 1819–'20 came and passed the Missouri question. Many votes were taken, by yeas and nays, in both branches of Congress, upon the various phases of the general question. Two of the "thirty-nine"—Rufus King and Charles Pinckney—were members of that Congress. Mr. King steadily voted for slavery prohibition and against all compromises, while Mr. Pinckney as steadily voted against slavery prohibition and against all compromises. By this Mr. King showed that, in his understanding, no line dividing local from federal authority, nor anything in the Constitution, was violated by Congress prohibiting slavery in federal territory; while Mr. Pinckney, by his votes, showed that in his understanding there was some sufficient reason for opposing such prohibition in that case.

The cases I have mentioned are the only acts of the "thirty-nine," or of any of them, upon the direct issue, which I have been able to discover.

To enumerate the persons who thus acted as being four in 1784, three in 1787, seventeen in 1789, three in 1798, two in 1804, and two in 1819–'20—there would be thirty-one of them. But this would be counting John Langdon, Roger Sherman, William Few, Rufus King, and George Read, each twice, and Abraham Baldwin four times. The true number of those of the "thirty-nine" whom I have shown to have acted upon the question, which by the text they understood better than we, is twenty-three, leaving sixteen not shown to have acted upon it in any way.

Here, then, we have twenty-three out of our "thirty-nine" fathers who framed the government under which we live, who have, upon their official responsibility and their corporal oaths, acted upon the very question which the text affirms they "understood just as well, and even better than we do now;" and twenty-one of them—a clear majority of the whole "thirty-nine"—so acting upon it as to make them guilty of gross political impropriety, and wilful perjury, if, in their understanding, any proper division between local and federal authority, or anything in the Constitution they had made themselves and sworn to support, forbade the federal

government to control as to slavery in the federal territories. Thus the twenty-one acted; and as actions speak louder than words, so actions under such responsibility speak still louder.

Two of the twenty-three voted against Congressional prohibition of slavery in the federal territories, in the instances in which they acted upon the question. But for what reasons they so voted is not known. They may have done so because they thought a proper division of local from federal authority, or some provision or principle of the Constitution stood in the way; or they may, without any such question, have voted against the prohibition, on what appeared to them to be sufficient grounds of expediency. No one who has sworn to support the Constitution can conscientiously vote for what he understands to be an unconstitutional measure, however expedient he may think it; but one may and ought to vote against a measure which he deems unconstitutional, if, at the same time, he deems it inexpedient. It, therefore, would be unsafe to set down even the two who voted against the prohibition, as having done so, because, in their understanding, any proper division of local from federal authority, or anything in the Constitution, forbade the federal government to control as to slavery in federal territory.

The remaining sixteen of the "thirty-nine," so far as I have discovered, have left no record of their understanding upon the direct question of federal control of slavery in the federal territories. But there is much reason to believe that their understanding upon that question would not have appeared different from that of their twenty-three compeers, had it been manifested at all.

For the purpose of adhering rigidly to the text, I have purposely omitted whatever understanding may have been manifested, by any person, however distinguished, other than the thirty-nine fathers who framed the original Constitution; and, for the same reason, I have also omitted whatever understanding may have been manifested by any of the "thirty-nine," even on any other phase of the general question of slavery. If we should look into their acts and declarations on those other phases, as the foreign slave-trade and the morality and policy of slavery generally, it would appear to us that on

the direct question of federal control of slavery in federal territories, the sixteen, if they had acted at all, would probably have acted just as the twenty-three did. Among that sixteen were some of the most noted anti-slavery men of those times —as Dr. Franklin, Alexander Hamilton, and Gouverneur Morris—while there was not one now known to have been otherwise, unless it may be John Rutledge, of South Carolina.

The sum of the whole is, that of our "thirty-nine" fathers who framed the original Constitution, twenty-one—a clear majority of the whole—certainly understood that no proper division of local from federal authority, nor any part of the Constitution, forbade the federal government to control slavery in the federal territories, while all the rest probably had the same understanding. Such, unquestionably, was the understanding of our fathers who framed the original Constitution; and the text affirms that they understood the question better than we.

But, so far, I have been considering the understanding of the question manifested by the framers of the original Constitution. In and by the original instrument, a mode was provided for amending it; and, as I have already stated, the present frame of government under which we live consists of that original, and twelve amendatory articles framed and adopted since. Those who now insist that federal control of slavery in federal territories violates the Constitution, point us to the provisions which they suppose it thus violates; and, as I understand, they all fix upon provisions in these amendatory articles, and not in the original instrument. The Supreme Court, in the Dred Scott case, plant themselves upon the fifth amendment, which provides that "no person shall be deprived of property without due process of law;" while Senator Douglas and his peculiar adherents plant themselves upon the tenth amendment, providing that "the powers not granted by the Constitution are reserved to the States respectively and to the people."

Now, it so happens that these amendments were framed by the first Congress which sat under the Constitution—the identical Congress which passed the act already mentioned, enforcing the prohibition of slavery in the Northwestern Ter-

ritory. Not only was it the same Congress, but they were the identical, same individual men who, at the same session, and at the same time within the session, had under consideration, and in progress toward maturity, these constitutional amendments, and this act prohibiting slavery in all the territory the nation then owned. The constitutional amendments were introduced before, and passed after the act enforcing the Ordinance of '87; so that during the whole pendency of the act to enforce the Ordinance, the constitutional amendments were also pending.

That Congress, consisting in all of seventy-six members, including sixteen of the framers of the original Constitution, as before stated, were preëminently our fathers who framed that part of the government under which we live, which is now claimed as forbidding the federal government to control slavery in the federal territories.

Is it not a little presumptuous in any one at this day to affirm that the two things which that Congress deliberately framed and carried to maturity at the same time, are absolutely inconsistent with each other? And does not such affirmation become impudently absurd when coupled with the other affirmation, from the same mouth, that those who did the two things alleged to be inconsistent, understood whether they really were inconsistent better than we—better than he who affirms that they are inconsistent?

It is surely safe to assume that the "thirty-nine" framers of the original Constitution, and the seventy-six members of the Congress which framed the amendments thereto, taken together, do certainly include those who may be fairly called "our fathers who framed the government under which we live." And so assuming, I defy any man to show that any one of them ever, in his whole life, declared that, in his understanding, any proper division of local from federal authority, or any part of the Constitution, forbade the federal government to control as to slavery in the federal territories. I go a step further. I defy any one to show that any living man in the whole world ever did, prior to the beginning of the present century (and I might almost say prior to the beginning of the last half of the present century), declare that,

in his understanding, any proper division of local from federal authority, or any part of the Constitution, forbade the federal government to control as to slavery in the federal territories. To those who now so declare I give, not only "our fathers who framed the government under which we live," but with them all other living men within the century in which it was framed, among whom to search, and they shall not be able to find the evidence of a single man agreeing with them.

Now, here, let me guard a little against being misunderstood. I do not mean to say we are bound to follow implicitly in whatever our fathers did. To do so would be to discard all the lights of current experience—to reject all progress—all improvement. What I do say is, that if we would supplant the opinions and policy of our fathers in any case, we should do so upon evidence so conclusive, and arguments so clear, that even their great authority, fairly considered and weighed, cannot stand; and most surely not in a case whereof we ourselves declare they understood the question better than we.

—A. LINCOLN.

APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE TO AVERT WAR.

(From Lincoln's First Inaugural Address, March 4, 1861.)

This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it, or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it. I cannot be ignorant of the fact that many worthy and patriotic citizens are desirous of having the national Constitution amended. While I make no recommendation of amendments, I fully recognize the rightful authority of the people over the whole subject, to be exercised in either of the modes prescribed in the instrument itself; and I should, under existing circumstances, favor rather than oppose a fair opportunity being afforded the people to act upon it. I will venture to add, that to me the convention mode seems preferable, in that it allows amendments to originate with the people themselves, instead of only permitting them to take or reject propositions originated by others not

especially chosen for the purpose, and which might not be precisely such as they would wish to either accept or refuse. I understand a proposed amendment to the Constitution—which amendment, however, I have not seen—has passed Congress, to the effect that the Federal Government shall never interfere with the domestic institutions of the States, including that of persons held to service. To avoid misconstruction of what I have said, I depart from my purpose not to speak of particular amendments so far as to say that, holding such a provision now to be implied constitutional law, I have no objections to its being made express and irrevocable.

The Chief Magistrate derives all his authority from the people, and they have conferred none upon him to fix terms for the separation of the States. The people themselves can do this also if they choose; but the Executive, as such, has nothing to do with it. His duty is to administer the present government as it came to his hands, and to transmit it, unimpaired by him, to his successor.

Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world? In our present differences, is either party without faith of being in the right? If the Almighty Ruler of Nations, with his eternal truth and justice, be on your side of the North, or on yours of the South, that truth and that justice will surely prevail, by the judgment of this great tribunal of the American people.

By the frame of the government under which we live, the same people have wisely given their public servants but little power for mischief; and have, with equal wisdom, provided for the return of that little to their own hands at very short intervals. While the people retain their virtue and vigilance, no administration, by any extreme of wickedness or folly, can very seriously injure the government in the short space of four years.

My countrymen, one and all, think calmly and well upon this whole subject. Nothing valuable can be lost, by taking time. If there be an object to hurry any of you in hot haste to a step which you would never take deliberately, that object will be frustrated by taking time, but no good object can be

frustrated by it. Such of you as are now dissatisfied still have the old Constitution unimpaired, and, on the sensitive point, the laws of your own framing under it; while the new administration will have no immediate power, if it would, to change either. If it were admitted that you who are dissatisfied hold the right side in the dispute, there still is no single good reason for precipitate action. Intelligence, patriotism, Christianity and a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land, are still competent to adjust, in the best way, all our present difficulties.

In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The Government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the Government; while I shall have the most solemn one to "preserve, protect and defend" it.

I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

DEDICATION OF GETTYSBURG NATIONAL CEMETERY.

(November 19th, 1863.)

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far

above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth. —A. LINCOLN.

LINCOLN'S SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

(March 4th, 1865.)

Fellow-Countrymen—At this second appearing to take the oath of the Presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then a statement somewhat in detail of a course to be pursued, seemed very fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented.

The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself; and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it; all sought to avoid it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union and divide effects, by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than

let the nation survive; and the other would accept war rather than let it perish. And the war came.

One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was, somehow, the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate and extend this interest, was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union, even by war, while the government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it.

Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding.

Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God; and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayer of both could not be answered,—that of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offences! for it must needs be that offences come: but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offences, which in the providence of God must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must

be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.—A. LINCOLN.

THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

(Lincoln's Own Statement.)

It had got to be midsummer, 1862. Things had gone on from bad to worse, until I felt that we had reached the end of our rope on the plan of operations we had been pursuing; that we had about played our last card, and must change our tactics, or lose the game! I now determined upon the adoption of the emancipation policy; and, without consultation with, or the knowledge of the Cabinet, I prepared the original draft of the proclamation, and, after much anxious thought, called a Cabinet meeting upon the subject. This was the last of July, 1862. This Cabinet meeting took place, I think, upon a Saturday. All were present, excepting Mr. Blair, the Postmaster-General, who was absent at the opening of the discussion, but came in subsequently. I said to the Cabinet that I had resolved upon this step, and had not called them together to ask their advice, but to lay the subject-matter of a proclamation before them; suggestions as to which would be in order, after they had heard it read.

Various suggestions were offered. Secretary Chase wished the language stronger in reference to the arming of the blacks. Mr. Blair, after he came in, deprecated the policy, on the ground that it would cost the Administration the fall elections. Nothing, however, was offered that I had not already fully anticipated and settled in my own mind, until Secretary Seward spoke. He said in substance: "Mr. President, I approve of the proclamation, but I question the expediency of its issue at this juncture. The depression of the public mind, consequent upon our repeated reverses, is so great that I fear the

effect of so important a step. It may be viewed as the last measure of an exhausted government, a cry for help; the government stretching forth its hands to Ethiopia, instead of Ethiopia stretching forth her hands to the government." His idea was, that it would be considered our last *shriek* on the retreat. "Now," continued Mr. Seward, "while I approve the measure, I suggest, sir, that you postpone its issue, until you can give it to the country supported by military success, instead of issuing it, as would be the case now, upon the greatest disasters of the war!"

The wisdom of the view of the Secretary of State struck me with very great force. It was an aspect of the case that, in all my thought upon the subject, I had entirely overlooked. The result was that I put the draft of the proclamation aside, as you do your sketch for a picture, waiting for a victory. From time to time I added or changed a line, touching it up here and there, anxiously watching the progress of events. Well, the next news we had was of Pope's disaster, at Bull Run. Things looked darker than ever. Finally, came the week of the battle of Antietam. I determined to wait no longer. The news came, I think, on Wednesday, that the advantage was on our side. I was then staying at the Soldiers' Home (three miles out of Washington). Here I finished writing the second draft of the preliminary proclamation; came up on Saturday; called the Cabinet together to hear it, and it was published the following Monday.

[At the final meeting of September 20th, another interesting incident occurred in connection with Secretary Seward. The President had written the important part of the proclamation in these words:

"That, on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever FREE; and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will *recognize* the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may

make for their actual freedom."] When I finished reading this paragraph, Mr. Seward stopped me, and said, "I think, Mr. President, that you should insert after the word '*recognize*,' in that sentence, the words '*and maintain.*'" I replied that I had already fully considered the import of that expression in this connection, but I had not introduced it, because it was not my way to promise what I was not entirely *sure* that I could perform, and I was not prepared to say that I thought we were exactly able to "maintain" this. But Seward insisted that we ought to take this ground; and the words finally went in!

It is a somewhat remarkable fact, that there were just one hundred days between the dates of the two proclamations issued upon the 22d of September and the 1st of January. I had not made the calculation at the time.

LINCOLN'S CHARACTER.

The great predominating elements of Mr. Lincoln's peculiar character, were: First, his great capacity and *power of reason;* secondly, his excellent *understanding;* thirdly, an exalted idea of the sense of *right and equity;* and, fourthly, his intense veneration of what was *true and good.* His reason ruled despotically all other faculties and qualities of his mind. His conscience and heart were ruled by it. His conscience was ruled by one faculty—reason. His heart was ruled by two faculties—reason and conscience. I know it is generally believed that Mr. Lincoln's heart, his love and kindness, his tenderness and benevolence, were his ruling qualities; but this opinion is erroneous in every particular. First, as to his *reason.* He dwelt in the mind, not in the conscience, and not in the heart. He lived and breathed and acted from his reason—the throne of logic and the home of principle, the realm of Deity in man. It is from this point that Mr. Lincoln must be viewed. His views were correct and original. He was cautious not to be deceived; he was patient and enduring. He had concentration and great continuity of thought; he had a profound analytic power; his visions were clear, and he was emphatically the master of statement. His pursuit of the truth was indefatigable, terrible. He reasoned

from his well-chosen principles with such clearness, force, and compactness, that the tallest intellects in the land bowed to him with respect. He was the strongest man I ever saw, looking at him from the standpoint of his reason—the throne of his logic. He came down from that height with an irresistible and crushing force. His printed speeches will prove this; but his speeches before courts, especially before the Supreme Courts of the State and Nation, would demonstrate it: unfortunately none of them have been preserved. Here he demanded time to think and prepare. The office of reason is to determine the truth. Truth is the power of reason—the child of reason. He loved and idolized truth for its own sake. It was reason's food.

Conscience, the second great quality and forte of Mr. Lincoln's character, is that faculty which loves the just: its office is justice; right and equity are its correlatives. It decides upon all acts of all people at all times. Mr. Lincoln had a deep, broad, living conscience. His great reason told him what was true, good and bad, right, wrong, just or unjust, and his conscience echoed back its decision; and it was from this point that he acted and spoke and wove his character and fame among us. His conscience ruled his heart; he was always just before he was generous. This was his motto, his glory; and this is as it should be. It cannot be truthfully said of any mortal man that he was always just. Mr. Lincoln was not always just; but his great general life was. It follows, that if Mr. Lincoln had great reason and great conscience, he was an honest man. His great and general life was honest, and he was justly and rightfully entitled to the appellation, "Honest Abe." Honesty was his great polar star.

Mr. Lincoln had, also, a good understanding; that is, the faculty that understands and comprehends the exact state of things, their near and remote relation. The understanding does not necessarily inquire for the reason of things. Mr. Lincoln was an odd and original man; he lived by himself and out of himself. He could not absorb. He was a very sensitive man, unobtrusive and gentlemanly, and often hid himself in the common mass of men, in order to prevent the discovery of his individuality. He had no

insulting egotism, and no pompous pride; no haughtiness, and no aristocracy. He was not indifferent, however, to approbation and public opinion. He was not an upstart, and had no insolence. He was a meek, quiet, unobtrusive gentleman. These qualities of his nature merged somewhat his identities. Read Mr. Lincoln's speeches, letters, messages, and proclamations, read his whole record in his actual life, and you cannot fail to perceive that he had good understanding. He understood and fully comprehended himself, and what he did and why he did it, better than most living men.

. . . . . .

There are contradictory opinions in reference to Mr. Lincoln's *heart and humanity*. One opinion is that he was cold and obdurate, and the other opinion is that he was warm and affectionate. I have shown you that Mr. Lincoln first lived and breathed upon the world from his head and conscience. I have attempted to show you that he lived and breathed upon the world through the tender side of his heart, subject at all times and places to the logic of his reason, and to his exalted sense of right and equity, namely, his conscience. He always held his conscience subject to his head; he held his heart always subject to his head and conscience. His heart was the lowest organ, the weakest of the three. Some men would reverse this order, and declare that his heart was his ruling organ; that always manifested itself with love, regardless of truth and justice, right and equity. The question still is, Was Mr. Lincoln a cold, heartless man, or a warm, affectionate man? Can a man be a warm-hearted man who is all head and conscience, or nearly so? What, in the first place, do we mean by a warm-hearted man? Is it one who goes out of himself and reaches for others spontaneously, because of a deep love of humanity, apart from equity and truth, and does what it does for love's sake? If so, Mr. Lincoln was a cold man. Or, do we mean that when a human being, man or child, approached him in behalf of a matter of right, and that the prayer of such an one was granted, that this is an evidence of his love? The African was enslaved, his rights were violated, and a principle was violated in them. Rights imply obligations as well as duties. Mr. Lincoln was

President; he was in a position that made it his duty through his sense of right, his love of principle, his constitutional obligations imposed upon him by oath of office, to strike the blow against slavery. But did he do it for love? He himself has answered the question: "I would not free the slaves if I could preserve the Union without it." I use this argument against his too enthusiastic friends. If you mean that this is love for love's sake, then Mr. Lincoln was a warm-hearted man—not otherwise. To use a general expression, his general life was cold. He had, however, a strong latent capacity to love; but the object must first come as principle, second as right, and third as lovely. He loved abstract humanity when it was oppressed. This was an abstract love, not concrete in the individual, as said by some. He rarely used the term love, yet was he tender and gentle. He gave the key-note to his own character, when he said, "with malice toward none, and with charity for all," he did what he did. He had no intense loves, and hence no hates and no malice. He had a broad charity for imperfect man, and let us imitate his great life in this.

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This man, this long, bony, wiry, sad man, floated into our county in 1831, in a frail canoe, down the north fork of the Sangamon River, friendless, pennyless, powerless, and alone, —begging for work in this city,—ragged, struggling for the common necessaries of life. This man, this peculiar man, left us in 1861, the President of the United States, backed by friends and power, by fame, and all human force; and it is well to inquire *how*.

To sum up, let us say, here is a sensitive, diffident, unobtrusive, natural-made gentleman. His mind was strong and deep, sincere and honest, patient and enduring; having no vices, and having only negative defects, with many positive virtues. His is a strong, honest, sagacious, manly, noble life. He stands in the foremost rank of men in all ages,—their equal,—one of the best types of this Christian civilization.—W. H. HERNDON.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes, the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen, cold, and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding;
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that, on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done;
From fearful trip, the victor ship comes in, with object won;
Exult, O shores; and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen, cold, and dead. —WALT WHITMAN.

W. H. SEWARD.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN in the selection of his associates and councillors displayed the same tact and wisdom that distinguished all his acts, consequently, for ability and as a perfect working machine his cabinet has never been surpassed. Of this distinguished body Seward was the premier. William Henry Seward was a confirmed Whig, an opponent of slavery, and one of the founders of the Republican party. He was born at Florida, Orange county, New York, on May 16, 1801, and was a son of Samuel S. Seward, who was a physician, merchant, and judge. In his Autobiography, which extends only to 1834, he has recorded interesting anecdotes of his early life. Entering Union College, Schenectady, as a sophomore, in 1816, he studied eagerly Greek, Latin, rhetoric, and moral philosophy, and his early predilection marked his whole career. Leaving the college abruptly for lack of money, he taught school in Putnam county, Georgia, for six months; then returned to college, entering the senior class, and graduated in July, 1820. The subject of his commencement oration was "The Integrity of the American Union." He immediately began the study of law, and being admitted to the bar in October, 1822, he became a resident of Auburn, New York, which was his permanent home thereafter. He was also interested in politics, and was a supporter of John Quincy Adams for the Presidency in 1824, and again four years later. He married, about 1825, Frances A. Miller, a daughter of Judge Elijah Miller, of Auburn.

By his eloquence he gained a high reputation as an advocate and forensic pleader, and in criminal trials he acted almost exclusively as counsel for the defendant.

About 1829 Seward, with Thurlow Weed, a newspaper editor, joined the Anti-Masonic party, which was organized after the disappearance of William Morgan, a tailor, of Batavia, New York, who was charged with revealing Masonic secrets. This party grew rapidly, and by it Seward was elected to the Senate of his State in 1830. In 1833 he made a voyage to Europe, and visited England, Scotland, Holland, Germany and France. When the Anti-Masonic excitement died out, Seward and Weed entered the newly-organized Whig party. The alliance between these political friends lasted throughout life. Weed never held public office, but he became the most potent manipulator of party affairs that had ever been known in New York. Seward was the Whig candidate for Governor of New York in 1834; but he was defeated by William L. Marcy, who was afterwards Secretary of State in President Pierce's administration.

Seward was elected the first Whig Governor of New York in 1838, W. L. Marcy being his defeated competitor. The financial panic and general distress of 1837 had weakened the Democratic party. Seward's Whig policy is shown in his message to the Legislature; he favored liberal appropriations for internal improvements, and advised the prosecution of the work on the canals, the establishment of a Board of Internal Improvements; he wished, also, to elevate the standard of common-school education; to establish school-district libraries; and to reform the organization and practice of courts, especially in chancery. The geological survey of New York State was one of his measures.

In 1839 the executive of Virginia demanded from him the surrender of three colored sailors, accused of having "feloniously stolen a certain slave." Governor Seward refused to surrender them, because "the common law does not recognize slavery, nor make the act of which the parties are accused in this case felonious or criminal." This refusal brought on him a storm of obloquy from Virginia and other Southern States. In the next year the Legislature repealed the law which per-

mitted a slaveholder, traveling with his slaves in the State of New York, to hold them for nine months.

In 1840 Seward favored the election of General Harrison for President, and he himself was re-elected Governor. He was gratified to announce that the reforms which he had recommended in his first message had been accomplished or inaugurated. He declined to be a candidate for governor in 1842, and returned to the practice of law. He had left Auburn in 1839 in easy circumstances, and he came back in debt in 1843. He supported Henry Clay for the Presidency in 1844, and made many speeches for him at public meetings. He sought to develop the economical as well as the moral side of the slavery question. In 1848, in a memorable speech at Cleveland, Ohio, he said: "The party of slavery upholds an aristocracy founded on the humiliation of labor as necessary to the existence of a chivalrous republic." Seward's moral courage was as conspicuously displayed in this and other anti-slavery speeches as in his volunteering, against the protest of his partners, friends and neighbors, to defend in court an idiotic negro who had butchered a whole family.

The reaction after the war with Mexico brought the Whigs again into power. Seward advocated the nomination and election of General Taylor to the Presidency, for which he made powerful speeches in New York, Massachusetts, Ohio, and Pennsylvania. The same influence, in February, 1849, carried him to the Senate of the United States, when he received 121 votes out of a total of 151. He became one of President Taylor's intimate friends and advisers, and the leader of the administration party in the Senate. In March, 1850, he advocated the admission of California into the Union as a free State, and in his speech uttered the words often quoted, "We hold no arbitary authority over anything. The Constitution devotes the domain to union, to justice, and to liberty. But there is a *higher law* than the Constitution which regulates our authority over the domain, and devotes it to the same noble purposes." For this appeal to a Higher Law than the Constitution, he was denounced as a seditious and dangerous agitator, and a senator even proposed to expel him. It was his persistent habit never to notice the

abusive personalities which were often applied to him by his opponents.

In consistency with his former declarations Seward opposed the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850, and in an elaborate speech against Clay's Compromise Bill, he declared, "The love of liberty is a public, universal, and undying affection." He urged the senators to adopt the true policy of conciliation by gradual reform, and then "The fingers of the powers above would tune the harmony of such a peace!" In 1852 Seward voted for General Scott for the Presidency, though not approving the platform which had been adopted by his party to conciliate the South. He opposed the Native American or Know-Nothing party, which was organized about 1854, on what he pronounced a "foreign and frivolous issue." In 1854 Senator Douglas offered a bill to organize Nebraska, with the condition that the citizens of that, and any other territory, should decide whether it should be a free or a slave State. This "squatter sovereignty" was vigorously opposed by Seward; and when, in opposition to this policy, the Republican party was formed, Seward was one of its founders.

The stages of his career are marked by great speeches. In a famous and prophetic speech at Rochester, in 1858, he declared that the antagonism between freedom and slavery is "an irrepressible conflict between opposing and enduring forces; and it means that the United States must and will, sooner or later, become either entirely a slaveholding nation or entirely a free-labor nation." In this declaration he had already been preceded by Lincoln; but as Seward was then prominent in the national councils, his saying attracted greater attention and was a bone of contention between parties in the ensuing conflict. He again crossed the Atlantic, in May, 1859, and spent about eight months in various countries of Europe, and in Egypt and Palestine. His first speech after his return in February, 1860, was in behalf of the admission of Kansas as a free State.

The inevitable disruption of the Democratic party was already foreshadowed when the Republican National Convention met in May, 1860. Thurlow Weed had been active on his friend's behalf, and, on the first ballot, Seward received 173

votes (more than any other candidate). Horace Greeley, the editor of the *New York Tribune*, who had for many years been the close ally of Weed and Seward, had dissolved that connection and had gone to Chicago to oppose Seward's nomination. He was admitted to the Convention as substitute for a delegate from Oregon Territory. Other influences operated against Seward, and Lincoln was nominated on the third ballot. Seward gracefully submitted and cordially supported the nominee.

In the following winter, when secession and disunion were in the air, Seward declared his position in the Senate: "I avow my adherence to the Union, with my friends, with my party, with my State, with my country, or without either, as they may determine; in every event of peace or war; with every consequence of honor or dishonor, of life or death. . . . Woe! woe! to the man that madly lifts his hand against this Union. It shall continue and endure; and men in after times shall declare that this generation, which saved the Union from such sudden and unlooked-for dangers, surpassed in magnanimity even that one which laid its foundations in the eternal principles of liberty, justice, and humanity."

Seward was then naturally regarded as the mouthpiece of the administration and party about to come into power. Still cherishing the hope that the threatened evils might be averted, he favored great concessions to the demands of Southern leaders, and wished little to be done by the Federal Government until it should be under new control. He was unfortunately too optimistic, both with regard to the course of events and his own ability to deal with them. Even after the bombardment of Fort Sumter, he thought the trouble would all be over in ninety days.

Seward was deservedly called by President Lincoln to be Secretary of State, in March, 1861. The special difficulty of his position was, that all the foreign legations and consulates were held by officers appointed by Buchanan's pro-slavery administration, and were for the most part well-affected toward the Southern Confederacy which had already been formed. Yet Seward managed the foreign affairs in that momentous crisis with eminent wisdom and efficiency, and steered clear

of threatening disasters. He did, indeed, at first seek to direct the whole course of the administration, but when he found that President Lincoln had a mind and policy of his own, he gracefully submitted, and thenceforth devoted himself to carrying out that policy with zeal and discretion. To his diplomatic skill and sagacity the country owes its deliverance from perils greater than any it had ever before encountered. Among the most conspicuous and important acts of his ministry was the liberation of Mason and Slidell, Confederate diplomatists, who were arrested on board the British steamer "Trent," in November, 1861, and were vehemently demanded by the British ministry. His dispatch relating to this "Trent" case deserves a world-wide renown; for it turned an act which appeared to be almost a national humiliation into a legitimate triumph, by recalling to the British government that the principle of the inviolability of neutral vessels was a cardinal doctrine of American diplomacy. The invasion of Mexico by the French, in 1862, produced another important subject of diplomacy. Seward asserted the Monroe Doctrine; but, as France claimed only to be endeavoring to collect a just debt, he avoided any offensive attitude, and postponed the decision of the problem to a less critical time. During the Civil War Seward's difficult position in the cabinet required an enormous amount of labor and care, and the results were greatly to the national honor. By his lucid arguments and dispatches, the efforts of the Confederates to obtain recognition by foreign powers were frustrated, and those powers were compelled to acknowledge the strength and justice of the Union cause.

Just after President Lincoln entered on his second term in the spring of 1865, Seward being thrown from his carriage had his arm and jaw broken. On the 14th of April, 1865, at the very time when Lincoln was assassinated, one of the conspirators entered the house of Mr. Seward, who was still disabled by the fractures, and inflicted with a knife severe wounds on his neck and face. The assassin also wounded his son and others of the household. Vice-President Johnson, having escaped assassination, became President, and retained Seward in the office of Secretary of State. In November, 1865, Sew-

ard, feeling that the time had come to remove the French from Mexico, sent to Paris a dispatch in these terms: "The United States regard the effort to establish permanently a foreign and imperial government in Mexico as disallowable and impracticable." The French army evacuated Mexico in 1866. Another notable act of Seward's diplomacy was the purchase of Alaska from Russia in 1867. In this he was strongly supported by Senator Sumner. This senator, however, successfully opposed the treaty which Seward had negotiated with England, because the claims of the United States Government for damages inflicted during the Civil War were not recognized in it. Yet this treaty served as a basis for the one concluded under President Grant's administration.

In these measures, except the last, Seward retained the support of the leaders of the great party with which he had long been identified, but the general policy of the administration carried him away from them. President Johnson was desirous of hastening the restoration of the Southern States and their leaders to their former place in the Union, without exacting the guarantees which the Republican leaders thought necessary to secure the legitimate results of the war. This became the burning question of the time. By approving Johnson's policy for the immediate full recognition of the Southern States, Seward offended the majority of the Republicans, and was therefore doomed to banishment from public life. Yet he still retained his allegiance to this party, and voted for General Grant, its presidential candidate, in 1868. His public services closed in March, 1869. He afterwards visited Alaska and Mexico, and in August, 1870, he set out on a tour around the world, his account of which was published in 1873. He died at Auburn, October 10, 1872.

Seward's career lay in stormy times, yet personally he was distinguished for his suavity of manner and philosophic temper. His private character was excellent. His great presence of mind and sagacious foresight fitted him especially for the field of diplomacy, in which he attained his greatest triumphs.

The Admission of California.

A year ago, California was a mere military dependency of our own. To-day, she is a State, more populous than the least, and richer than several of the greatest of our thirty States. This same California, thus rich and populous, is here asking admission into the Union, and finds us debating the dissolution of the Union itself. No wonder if we are perplexed with ever-changing embarrassments! No wonder if we are appalled by ever-increasing responsibilities! No wonder if we are bewildered by the ever-augmenting magnitude and rapidity of national vicissitudes!

Shall California be received? For myself, upon my individual judgment and conscience, I answer—yes. Let California come in. Every new State, whether she come from the east or the west—every new State, coming from whatever part of the continent she may, is always welcome. But, California, that comes from the clime where the west dies away into the rising east—California, that bounds at once the empire and the continent—California, the youthful queen of the Pacific, in her robes of freedom, gorgeously inlaid with gold, is doubly welcome.

The question now arises, Shall this one great people, having a common origin, a common language, a common religion, common sentiments, interests, sympathies, and hopes, remain one political state, one nation, one republic; or shall it be broken into two conflicting, and, probably, hostile nations or republics? Shall the American people, then, be divided? Before deciding on this question, let us consider our position, our power and capabilities.

The world contains no seat of empire so magnificent as this; which, embracing all the varying climates of the temperate zone, and traversed by wide-expanding lakes and long branching rivers, offers supplies on the Atlantic shores to the over-crowded nations of Europe, and, on the Pacific coast, intercepts the commerce of the Indies. The nation thus situated, and enjoying forest, mineral, and agricultural resources unequalled, if endowed, also, with moral energies adequate to the achievement of great enterprises, and favored with a gov-

ernment adapted to their character and condition, must command the empire of the seas, which, alone, is real empire.

We think we may claim to have inherited physical and intellectual vigor, courage, invention, and enterprise; and the systems of education prevailing among us, open to all the stores of human science and art. The Old World and the Past were allotted by Providence to the pupilage of mankind. The New World and the Future seem to have been appointed for the maturity of mankind, with the development of self-government, operating in obedience to reason and judgment.

We may, then, reasonably hope for greatness, felicity and renown, excelling any hitherto attained by any nation, if, standing firmly on the continent, we lose not our grasp on either ocean. Whether a destiny so magnificent would be only partially defeated, or whether it would be altogether lost by a relaxation of the grasp, surpasses our wisdom to determine, and happily it is not important to be determined. It is enough if we agree, that expectations so grand, yet so reasonable and so just, ought not in any degree to be disappointed. And now, it seems to me, that the perpetual unity of the empire hangs on the decision of this day and this hour.

California is already a State—a complete and fully appointed State. She never again can be less than that. She never again can be a province or a colony; nor can she be made to shrink or shrivel into the proportions of a federal dependent territory. California, then, henceforth and forever, must be, what she is now—a State.—W. H. SEWARD.

SEWARD'S DIPLOMACY.

The difficulties in the way of Mr. Seward on his assuming the duties of the foreign department may be readily imagined. The immediate reorganization of the service abroad was demanded at all points. The chief posts had been filled before that time with persons either lukewarm in the struggle or else positively sympathizing with the disaffected. One consequence had been the formation of impressions upon the representatives of foreign governments calculated in some measure to mislead their policy. Some were not unwilling to assume the question as already predetermined, and to prepare to

accommodate themselves to the result of a divided sovereignty. Others were inclined only to watch the phenomena attending the dissolution, in order to adapt their policy to the variations, and take advantage of opportunities. Besides which, the failure of the greatest experiment of self-government ever made by a people was not without its effect upon every calculation of possibilities nearer home. It may, then, be easily conceived what an effect would be produced in all quarters by the equivocal, half-hearted tone prevailing among the American agents themselves.

Yet, assuming it to be indispensable that the foreign service should be reorganized, a very grave difficulty forthwith presented itself. The Republican party had been so generally in opposition that but few of its prominent members had had any advantages of experience in office. And, in the foreign service especially, experience is almost indispensable to usefulness. Mr. Seward himself came into the State Department with no acquaintance with the forms of business other than that obtained incidentally through his service in the Senate. He had not had the benefit of official presence abroad, an advantage by no means trifling in conducting the foreign affairs. A still greater difficulty was, that within the range of selection to fill the respective posts abroad, hardly any person could be found better provided in this respect than himself. Moreover, the President, in distributing his places, did so with small reference to the qualifications in this particular line. It was either partisan service, or geographical position, or the length of the lists of names to commendatory papers, or the size of the salary, or the unblushing pertinacity of personal solicitation, that wrung from him many of his appointments. Yet, considering the nature of all these obstacles, it must be admitted that most of the neophytes acquitted themselves of their duty with far more of credit than could have been fairly expected from the commencement. I attribute this good fortune mainly to the sense of heavy responsibility stimulated by the peril of the country, and the admirable lead given by their chief. The marvelous fertility of his pen spread itself at once over every important point on the globe, and the lofty firmness of his tone infused a spirit of unity of

action such as had never been witnessed before. The effect of this was, that from a state of utter demoralization at the outset, the foreign service rapidly became the most energetic and united organization thus far made abroad. The evidence of this will remain patent in the archives of the nation so long as they shall be suffered to endure.

It may be questioned whether any head of an executive department ever approached Mr. Seward in the extent and minuteness of the instructions he was constantly issuing during the critical period of the war. While necessarily subject to imperfection consequent upon the rapidity with which he wrote, his papers will occasion rather surprise at their general excellence than at any casual defects they may contain. Exception has been taken to his manner on some occasions as not in the best taste. And wiseacres have commented on his failure of sagacity in making over-confident predictions. But what was he to do in the face of all the nations of the earth? Was it to doubt, and qualify, and calculate probabilities? Would such a course have helped to win their confidence? I trow not. In the very darkest hour his clarion-voice rang out more sharp and clear in full faith of the triumph of the great cause than even in the moment of its complete success. And the consequence is, that the fame of William H. Seward as a sagacious statesman is more widely spread over every part of the globe than that of any other in our history.—C. F. ADAMS.

GENERAL U. S. GRANT.

ON the banks of the majestic Hudson, at Riverside Park, New York, the mortal remains of General Grant repose, under a lofty marble dome, in the noble mausoleum erected by a grateful nation. His tomb has become the objective point of pilgrims from all lands, and has been saluted by the guns and flags of every nation of the civilized world, and the reverent homage of a living people.

General Grant was the greatest of American generals. This judgment is established by two considerations: first, he handled successfully the largest armies which have ever been assembled on American soil; and, secondly, at each stage of his unexampled military career he achieved substantial success with the means placed at his disposal. Yet this great captain, whose success and fame are entirely owing to war, was no lover of strife. He was free from the conqueror's ambition; he was a lover of his country and a firm believer in the principles of republican liberty. From humble beginnings he rose to the highest civil as well as military office of the government, and at each successive step sought simply to discharge the duty plainly marked out for him by the Constitution and the laws.

Ulysses Simpson Grant was born at Point Pleasant, Clermont County, Ohio, on the 27th of April, 1822. He was descended in the seventh generation from Matthew Grant, who emigrated from Dorsetshire, England, to Massachusetts in 1630, but soon settled at Windsor, Connecticut. Thence the family removed to Western Pennsylvania, and Jesse Grant

settled on the north bank of the Ohio River, where he married Hannah Simpson. Their oldest son was named Hiram Ulysses, but when an appointment to the U. S. Military Academy at West Point was procured for him from Thomas L. Hamer, the Congressman of the district, the document was inadvertently made out in the name "Ulysses S. Grant." He was unable to procure a rectification of the error, and therefore acquiesced; but his comrades frequently nicknamed him "Uncle Sam Grant." When he graduated from West Point in June, 1843, he was No. 21 in a class of thirty-nine, and was made brevet second lieutenant of infantry. His desire then was to become professor of mathematics, but after some time spent at the Jefferson Barracks, near St. Louis, he went with the Fourth infantry regiment to Louisiana. When Congress passed the bill for the annexation of Texas, in 1845, the regiment proceeded to New Orleans, and thence to Corpus Christi, where the Army of Occupation was concentrating under command of General Zachary Taylor.

Under orders of President Polk, General Taylor crossed the Nueces River, which Mexico had asserted to be the boundary of Texas, and marched to the Rio Grande. The Mexicans now sent troops across that river and battles were fought at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, in which Grant took part. He also shared in the desperate attack on Monterey. When the regular troops were withdrawn from Taylor's army, at the close of 1846, to reinforce General Scott's army at Vera Cruz, Grant went with his regiment and took part in all the battles that followed in the march to Mexico. He was specially mentioned by General Garland as having "acquitted himself most nobly."

After the capture of Mexico and the proclamation of peace Grant returned, and in August, 1848, was married to Miss Julia Dent, of St. Louis. With his wife he spent nearly four years in garrison at Sackett's Harbor and Detroit. In 1852 he was ordered to the Pacific coast, but his wife stayed at her father's home. Grant was stationed at Fort Vancouver, Oregon, and Benicia, California. After two years of monotonous life he resigned his commission and returned to the neighborhood of St. Louis, where his father-in-law gave him

a small farm. The only profit Grant obtained from it was by hauling wood to the city. He then became partner in a real estate agency; but in 1860 removed to Galena, Illinois, where his father and brothers had a tannery.

When the Civil War broke out, in 1861, Grant raised a company of volunteers and went to Springfield, where he was soon employed by the Governor of Illinois in organizing the State forces. Being appointed colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois Infantry, which had become demoralized, he soon restored its discipline, and after he had led it into Missouri, he found that by the friendly offices of Elihu B. Washburne, member of Congress from Galena, he had been made a brigadier general of volunteers. In September General Grant was placed in command at Cairo, Illinois, and soon seized Paducah, Kentucky. In November he was ordered to attack the Confederates at Belmont, on the Mississippi, and taking 3,000 men, imperfectly drilled, in steamboats twenty miles down the river, clambered up a steep bank and captured the enemy's camp. The Confederate General Leonidas Polk, who held the town of Columbus on the opposite side, hurriedly sent reinforcements, through which Grant had to make his way back to the river. Although the Confederates claimed a victory, the substantial results rested with Grant, as he prevented Polk from sending aid to General Sterling Price in his invasion of Missouri.

The first decided victory for the Union was the capture of Fort Henry, which commanded the navigation of the Tennessee River. This fort was reduced by Admiral Foote's gunboats almost before the land forces under Grant arrived. General Halleck, who now had command of the Department of Missouri, had formerly scouted the idea of capturing Fort Henry, when Grant made the proposal to do so. In the same spirit he now ordered him to hold the fort and strengthen his position; but Grant, leaving a sufficient garrison, struck across country to Fort Donelson, twelve miles distant, on the Cumberland. Foote, with six regiments on board his fleet, made an attack from the river. The fleet was badly damaged and the admiral severely wounded. Preparations were now made for a siege; but the Confederate commander, seeing the

hopelessness of defence, retired. General S. B. Buckner, on whom the command devolved, asked Grant what terms would be granted on their yielding the fort. Grant's laconic reply procured for him another sobriquet, "Unconditional Surrender." By the capture of these two forts 15,000 prisoners, 65 guns, and over 17,000 stands of small arms passed into possession of the Union forces. The Confederates were now compelled to evacuate Columbus on the Mississippi, and the way was opened for the Union forces to Nashville. Grant was rewarded with a commission as major-general of volunteers, yet he was still under Halleck's displeasure, and for some weeks was left without a command. When he was restored to his place, he prepared for an advance on Corinth, Mississippi, where the Confederate General Albert Sidney Johnston had assembled a large army.

As General D. C. Buell was now marching to reinforce Grant, at Pittsburg Landing, Johnston wished to attack the latter before Buell's arrival and drive his forces into the river. Johnston's troops were moved forward quietly towards Grant's outposts, and early on Sunday, April 6th, they surprised and drove the vanguard from their camp near Shiloh Church. Grant was at Savannah, on the Tennessee, and was somewhat lame from an accidental injury received a few days before. Receiving reports of the Confederate attack, he hastened to Pittsburg Landing, reformed his lines and infused new vigor into his troops, who were arranged in a semicircle to which the river was a tangent. General W. H. L. Wallace had fallen in the fight and so had the Confederate leader, General Johnston, with many another brave officer on both sides. General Beauregard, who succeeded to the command of the Confederates, did not renew the assault. General Buell's troops were now arriving, and in the early morning the Union army advanced and compelled the Confederates to seek refuge in their intrenchments at Corinth. General Halleck left his headquarters at St. Louis to take charge of the siege of Corinth, and after seven weeks captured the deserted earthworks, from which the Confederates had escaped by railroad. The Union army, which might then have advanced upon Vicksburg, the Confederate stronghold on the Mississippi,

was scattered in various directions, and Grant, the fighting general, was left in command of West Tennessee, while Halleck, the office general, was called to Washington to take command of all the armies of the United States.

Grant had not sufficient troops to make an advance until September, when he set out from Corinth, and on the 19th defeated General Sterling Price at Iuka, and later repulsed Van Dorn's attack. In December General Sherman led an expedition against Vicksburg by way of the treacherous Yazoo River, but was defeated at Chickasaw Bluff. McClernand conducted operations in Arkansas, which were successful in the capture of minor posts, but left Vicksburg intact. The winter had passed in these and similar ineffectual attempts to reduce the Confederate stronghold; but in the spring of 1863 Grant passed on the west side of the Mississippi, below Vicksburg, then crossed to the east, capturing Port Gibson. He marched inland and captured Jackson, the capital of Mississippi. Returning, he met General John C. Pemberton, the Confederate commander of Vicksburg, and defeated him at Champion Hills on May 16th. Pemberton took refuge in Vicksburg three days later, and there remained until July 4th, when, finding his stores exhausted, he surrendered his force of 31,600 men. A few days later Port Hudson surrendered, and the navigation of the Mississippi was again unobstructed to the adherents of the Union. Grant had hoped to march thence to Mobile, but the authorities at Washington again thwarted his plans for prompt use of victory.

In September he was called to relieve General Rosecrans, who was besieged in Chattanooga, and General Burnside in Knoxville, and by his vigorous measures soon relieved East Tennessee of the enemy, and added to the victories of the year. During the winter the grade of lieutenant-general, previously held only by Washington, was revived by Congress and bestowed by the President on Grant as a public acknowledgment of the value of his services. In March, 1864, the successful general of the West and South was summoned to Washington and placed in command of all the armies of the United States. Orders were issued for their harmonious and simultaneous action in the ensuing campaign. Grant took

the field with the Army of the Potomac, though General Meade still retained its immediate command. After crossing the Rapidan on May 4th, it soon engaged in the bloody battle of the Wilderness and made repeated endeavors to outflank the right of General Lee's army. At the end of a week's severe fighting little progress had been made; but Grant wrote to Washington: "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." Gradually he forced his way down to the James River, and on June 3d he fought the battle of Cold Harbor, almost on the same field as McClellan's battle of Gaines's Mills, two years before. The earthwork defences of Richmond had been greatly strengthened since that time, and Grant being repulsed, decided to transfer his army to the south side of the James. Even in this movement he was disappointed, as General Lee promptly fortified Petersburg, which Grant expected to capture at once. The siege of this city occupied the rest of the year, though various movements to the advantage of the Union cause occurred elsewhere. Sherman, having captured Atlanta, was marching through Georgia; Thomas defeated Hood before Nashville; and Sheridan cleared the Shenandoah Valley, which had been the granary of Lee's army, and its high road for the invasion of the North or for attacks upon Washington. The last of these attempts had been made by General J. A. Early, in July, when he was only prevented from the capture of that city by the stubborn resistance of General Lewis Wallace at Monocacy Creek, which gave Grant time to forward troops for its defence from the James River.

The beginning of 1865 found General Sherman preparing to march north from Savannah to join Grant. Operations around Richmond and Petersburg were resumed in February; Sheridan swept around the north of Richmond as far as Lynchburg, and again around the south side. At the beginning of April Petersburg was abandoned and the retreat began from Richmond towards Lynchburg. Grant pressed on in vigorous pursuit and soon Lee's army was unable to preserve its ranks. On the 7th of April Grant, seeking to spare further sacrifice of life, asked Lee to surrender, and on the 9th the two commanders met at Appomattox to decide on the terms,

which were as liberal as could be made. On April 12th 26,000 Confederates surrendered their arms, colors and all warlike stores, and were paroled to go to their homes. The terms, being made known to other Confederate generals, were gladly accepted. The great Civil War which had cost 350,000 lives and $4,000,000,000 had ended in the triumph of Union and Liberty over sectionalism and slavery. Unfortunately this glorious end of open warfare was speedily marred by a foul conspiracy of non-combatants who sought by assassination to destroy the government at Washington; but in vain. The victorious Union army marched in review before President Johnson and General Grant in Washington on May 21st and 25th. In his final report General Grant summed up the achievements of the armies and their respective officers and declared, "All sections can well congratulate themselves and each other for having done their full share in restoring the supremacy of law over every foot of territory belonging to the United States."

When the volunteer forces were disbanded, Congress bestowed liberal rewards on officers of conspicuous merit. For Grant himself the rank of General of the United States Army was established, and his appointment bore date July 25, 1866. A new strife had already arisen between President Johnson and Congress about the reconstruction of the Southern States. Stanton, who still held the position of secretary of war, sided with Congress, and to prevent the President from removing him, Congress passed a law requiring removals by the President to have the sanction of the Senate. Johnson waited till Congress had adjourned and then suspended Stanton and appointed Grant in his place. Grant showed the utmost tact in this novel position, obeying both the orders of the President and the spirit of the acts of Congress. When Congress reassembled the Senate disapproved the removal of Stanton, and Grant immediately restored to him possession of the secretaryship and resumed his duties as general.

Grant's conduct in this crisis won for him the gratitude of the Republican party, which was shown when in May, 1868, its National Convention at Chicago unanimously nominated him for President. In the following November Grant received a

popular vote of 3,015,071, while his opponent, Governor Seymour, of New York, received 2,709,613. In the electoral college the disparity was still greater, Grant receiving 214 votes to Seymour's 80. Grant had never been a politician, and did not wish to become a party man. In forming his Cabinet he endeavored to bring able citizens into the service of the country. But his appointment of A. T. Stewart, of New York, as Secretary of the Treasury, was found to be obnoxious to a law enacted at the formation of the government, forbidding the appointment of an importer to that position. Finally, George S. Boutwell, of Massachusetts, was appointed. The efforts of his administration were strenuously directed to the reduction of the national debt and the resumption of specie payment. For this purpose heavy taxes were imposed and cheerfully borne; a new system of internal revenue was devised and put in successful operation.

During Grant's administration the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution, designed to confer on the newly enfranchised negroes the right of suffrage, was ratified by three-fourths of the States. Grant faithfully endeavored to secure to these freedmen all the rights which had been obtained by the war and its consequences. But in many parts of the South a determined resistance was encountered, which was partly a result of President Johnson's easy-going policy. The Ku-Klux Klans, or local organizations for intimidation of the negroes, were repressed so far as Federal authority could be exerted. In regard to the Indians, President Grant began a new policy by inviting the prominent religious bodies of the country to take charge of separate tribes. He was also the first President to show official recognition to civil service reform, which had been agitated for some years.

In foreign affairs Grant's administration was distinguished by the Treaty of Washington, by which the claims of the United States against Great Britain for infractions of neutrality were referred to the Geneva tribunal, consisting of representatives from England, the United States, Italy, Switzerland and Brazil, which in September, 1872, awarded to the United States damages amounting to $15,500,000. On the other

hand, the dispute with reference to the fisheries of the North Atlantic was settled by the Halifax Commission, which awarded to Canada the sum of $5,000,000.

President Grant believed that it would be greatly to the advantage of the United States in time of war to possess one of the West India islands, and in the beginning of his term endeavored to obtain possession of San Domingo. A treaty ceding this country was defeated in the Senate by the opposition of Senator Sumner, who was afraid that it menaced the independence of Hayti. This led to an estrangement between Grant and Sumner, which culminated in the removal of Sumner from his chairmanship of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, and in a bitter speech by the Senator attacking the President just before the Republican Convention met in Philadelphia in 1872. It was designed to prevent Grant's renomination for the presidency, but entirely failed of its purpose. The "Liberal Republican" Convention at Cincinnati nominated Horace Greeley, and the Democratic Convention accepted him as their candidate. But Grant was triumphantly re-elected.

During President Grant's second term occurred a severe financial panic, occasioned by the failure of Jay Cooke & Co., who had been prominent in negotiating government loans during the war and afterwards had undertaken the financial management of the construction of the Northern Pacific Railroad. President Grant firmly resisted the pressure brought upon him to expand the currency by a fresh issue of greenbacks, and secured the passage of an act of Congress directing the resumption of specie payments in 1879.

The second term took a holiday aspect when the period of Centennial celebrations began with the commemoration of the battle of Lexington on April 19, 1875. The most important was the commemoration of the Declaration of Independence at Philadelphia, in connection with an industrial exhibition of the nations of the world, which lasted from May 10th to November 10th, 1876. This exhibition was highly beneficial to the whole country by stimulating its patriotism and displaying on a grand scale the evidences of its material progress. The products of other countries when placed in direct compe-

tition and contrast served to bring to light mutual excellencies and deficiencies.

Although these celebrations partly turned the minds of the people from political strife, yet the causes which led to the "Liberal Republican" movement, and the financial panic, were still working, and with the opposition of the South gave the control of the House of Representatives to the Democrats. Then followed a series of investigations which drove one member from the Cabinet and affected others in close relations with the President. In connection with one of these attacks Grant wrote, "Let no guilty man escape." The integrity of the President was never impeached, though fault was found with his avowed determination to "stick by his friends."

A sharp conflict ensued with reference to the succession to the presidency at the close of Grant's second term. Rutherford B. Hayes was the Republican, and Samuel J. Tilden the Democratic candidate. Tilden had a majority of the popular vote, but the electoral vote was in doubt in consequence of conflicting returns from some Southern States, about which the Senate and the House could not agree. The question was referred to an electoral commission of fifteen, which decided the disputed returns in favor of Hayes, and this result was accepted by Congress in the closing days of the session. President Grant showed his customary firmness throughout this crisis, and thereby effectually preserved peace.

Grant's administration had been embarrassed at the outset by the unfortunate strife between his predecessor and Congress. He had endeavored to call into public service public-spirited citizens who were not involved in these fierce quarrels, but thereby incurred the enmity of political leaders. Gradually he secured an amicable understanding with the Republican leaders, and those who aided his plans became known as "Stalwarts." Another source of trouble was the state of the finances. The rapid settlement of the West, the building of trans-continental railroads, and the influx of foreigners, attracted by these and other causes, had great effect on the people. The development of the country caused a popular cry for increase of the currency, and the uncertain value of the medium of exchange stimulated speculation. Grant

steadily aimed to reduce the national debt and to restore specie payment, even at the cost of some present distress. He deserved well of the republic for preserving peace throughout the country and fulfilling the national obligations to every class of citizens.

When Grant retired to private life, after sixteen years of unremitting labor in the public service, he resolved to take an extended tour in foreign countries. He sailed from Philadelphia on the 1st of May, 1877. When he reached England, Beaconsfield, then prime minister, decided that the ex-President should be received with the honors of a sovereign. This precedent was followed by the rulers of other countries and the tour around the world was illustrated with a series of magnificent entertainments, which have been graphically described by Hon. John Russell Young, who was a member of the general's party. After crossing the continent of Europe Grant visited Egypt and the Holy Land, and made a voyage to India, China and Japan, where his close view of an alien ancient civilization opened Grant's mind to the increasing importance of cultivating friendly relations with the people of the East. Crossing the Pacific Ocean he reached San Francisco in September, 1879, and was received with an ovation which was repeated in other cities as he traveled eastward to Philadelphia.

A strong effort was now made by leaders of the Republican party to secure for Grant a third nomination to the presidency. The tradition which forbade any person to occupy that office more than two terms, the limit set by the example of Washington, had great weight in the opposite scale. The struggle reached a climax in the National Republican Convention at Chicago in June, 1880, where his partisans, after a gallant fight, were defeated by a movement in favor of J. A. Garfield, of Ohio. Though his followers were deeply chagrined, General Grant gave the nominee hearty support, and Garfield was elected by the people in November.

Grant now made a visit to Cuba and Mexico, and on his return settled in New York city, where wealthy friends, to offset his relinquishment of the position of general with its assured pension, raised for him a fund of $250,000, the interest

of which he was to have during life, while he might dispose of the principal by will. He was then unfortunately persuaded to enter into a banking business in the firm of Grant & Ward. His partner proved a reckless speculator, who, while pretending to receive enormous profits, was squandering all that he could obtain from his partner and friends. In May, 1884, the firm became bankrupt and General Grant was heavily involved. In June a soreness in the mouth began to trouble him, and when in the following October it was first thoroughly examined it was found to be of a cancerous nature, while its location prevented any surgical operation. The general abandoned the use of cigars, to which the disease was in some measure attributed.

While thus afflicted General Grant was invited to contribute some reminiscences to the *Century Magazine*, and the success of these led to his preparation of his "Personal Memoires." This autobiography has taken a permanent place among the classics of American literature. Its simplicity of style renders grander the lofty nobility of his character. He made no effort to exaggerte his achievements or to diminish aught that was due to the work of others. Strict impartiality marks his estimate of all whose acts he had occasion to record, whether friend or foe. The volumes are dedicated "To the American soldier and sailor."

The misfortunes which had overtaken the great general led to an effort in the closing session of the Forty-eighth Congress to restore him to the United States Army with the rank of General on the retired list, and by the force of character of the Democratic leader, Samuel J. Randall, this was accomplished on the 4th of March, 1885. On the approach of summer he was removed to Mount McGregor, New York. Here his remaining days were spent with the attendance of his family. He died July 23d, 1885. On the 8th of August his remains were conducted by a memorable military and civic procession to their last resting-place in Riverside Park in New York city.

Grant was of medium height, with a firm, expressive countenance, well covered by a brown beard. Sprung from seven generations of ancestors born on American soil, he is a typical representative of the modified Puritan element which prevails

in the central portion of the United States. His marked traits were sterling integrity, freedom from conventionality, genuine patriotism, deep-seated regard for the welfare of the people. As a general, his success was due to his quick apprehension of the proper object to be aimed at in each effort, and the clear judgment which enabled him to bring all available force to accomplish the end in view. He was skillful in judging men and could readily divine what his subordinates were able to effect, and what his opponents were likely to attempt. He was thoroughly self-reliant, never allowing a council of war to supersede his own judgment. During the early part of the Civil War, though he achieved much, he was held in check by the foolish cautiousness and the jealousy of General Halleck, and lost the fruits of his splendid victories. President Lincoln declared that, though Grant was not a great dispatch-writer or telegrapher, he was a great fighter and marcher. In the campaign of 1864 Grant was confronted with the greatest of the Confederate generals, fighting on ground with which he was perfectly familiar, and on which he had defeated Grant's predecessors. The defences of Richmond were then far superior to what they had been on McClellan's approach in 1862, as was proved beyond dispute by the frightful slaughter of Cold Harbor. The question was then reduced to the exhaustion of the resources of either party, and in such a struggle it was inevitable that the South should succumb. Grant with persistent firmness maintained the hold which he had secured, steadily narrowed the circle and eventually prevented Lee's noble army from escape.

Yet Grant, eminent as he was in the qualities which make a great general, and successful as he proved in different fields of action, gladly ceased from war. Nor was he fond of power, civil or military. He was in his own view a simple citizen called by his fellow-citizens to exert in behalf of the common country the powers and faculties with which he had been endowed. As long as the trust lasted, he obeyed the call of the people and the dictates of duty; when the trust expired, he returned to private station with the approving voice of conscience. Being a man of brief speech, and free from desire for publicity, he was for a time noted as the "Silent Man,"

yet he was by no means taciturn. From his dispatches and public utterances many sentences became familiar as watch-words of public sentiment. His literary ability remained unknown until called forth by the exigencies of the last year of his life.

By the careful scrutiny of Lincoln, after thorough trial of other soldiers, Grant was selected as the fit leader to bring to a close the war which shook to its centre the nation with all its wealth and hopes for the future. With modest obedience to the call, and firm reliance on the justice of his cause, he employed to the utmost the powers entrusted to him, and was successful in crushing the hydra of rebellion. When again, by the voice of the people, called to be the chief executive, his only aim was to restore and perpetuate for the whole nation the blessings of peace and liberty. By his deeds in war and in peace his country has been raised to the highest eminence in the regard of the civilized world.

What Lincoln Did for Grant.

It was not until after the battle of Shiloh, fought on the 6th and 7th of April, 1862, that Lincoln was placed in a position to exercise a controlling influence in shaping the destiny of Grant. The first day's battle at Shiloh was a serious disaster to the Union army commanded by Grant, who was driven from his position, which seems to have been selected without any special reference to resisting an attack from the enemy, and, although his army fought most gallantly in various separate encounters, the day closed with the field in possession of the enemy, and Grant's army driven back to the river. Fortunately, the advance of Buell's army formed a junction with Grant late in the evening, and that night all of Buell's army arrived, consisting of three divisions. The two generals arranged their plans for an offensive movement early the next morning, and, after another stubborn battle, the lost field was regained and the enemy compelled to retreat with the loss of their commander, General Albert Sidney Johnston, who had fallen early in the first day's action, and with a larger aggregate loss of killed, wounded and missing than Grant had suffered. The first reports from the Shiloh battle-

field created profound alarm throughout the entire country, and the wildest exaggerations were spread in a floodtide of vituperation against Grant. It was freely charged that he neglected his command because of dissipation, that his army had been surprised and defeated, and that it was saved from annihilation only by the timely arrival of Buell.

The few of to-day who can recall the inflamed condition of public sentiment against Grant caused by the disastrous first day's battle of Shiloh will remember that he was denounced as incompetent for his command by the public journals of all parties in the North, and with almost entire unanimity by Senators and Congressmen without regard to political faith. Not only in Washington, but throughout the loyal States, public sentiment seemed to crystallize into an earnest demand for Grant's dismissal from the army. His victories at Forts Henry and Donelson, which had thrilled the country a short time before, seemed to have been forgotten, and on every side could be heard the emphatic denunciation of Grant because of his alleged reckless exposure of the army, while Buell was universally credited with having saved it. It is needless to say that owing to the excited condition of the public mind most extravagant reports gained ready credence, and it was not uncommon to hear Grant denounced on the streets and in all circles as unfitted by both habit and temperament for an important military command. The clamor for Grant's removal, and often for his summary dismissal, from the army surged against the President from every side, and he was harshly criticised for not promptly dismissing Grant, or at least relieving him from his command. I can recall but a single Republican member of Congress who boldly defended Grant at that time. Elihu B. Washburne, whose home was in Galena, where Grant had lived before he went into the army, stood nearly or quite alone among the members of the House in wholly justifying Grant at Shiloh, while a large majority of the Republicans of Congress were outspoken and earnest in condemning him.

I did not know Grant at that time ; had neither partiality nor prejudice to influence my judgment, nor had I any favorite general who might be benefited by Grant's over-

throw; but I shared the almost universal conviction of the President's friends that he could not sustain himself if he attempted to sustain Grant by continuing him in command. Looking solely to the interest of Lincoln, feeling that the tide of popular resentment was so overwhelming against Grant that Lincoln must yield to it, I had repeated conferences with some of his closest friends, including Swett and Lamon, all of whom agreed that Grant must be removed from his command, and complained of Lincoln for his manifest injustice to himself by his failure to act promptly in Grant's removal. So much was I impressed with the importance of prompt action on the part of the President after spending a day and evening in Washington that I called on Lincoln at eleven o'clock at night and sat with him alone until after one o'clock in the morning. He was, as usual, worn out with the day's exacting duties, but he did not permit me to depart until the Grant matter had been gone over and many other things relating to the war that he wished to discuss. I pressed upon him with all the earnestness I could command the immediate removal of Grant as an imperious necessity to sustain himself. As was his custom, he said but little, only enough to make me continue the discussion until it was exhausted. He sat before the open fire in the old Cabinet room, most of the time with his feet upon the high marble mantel, and exhibited unusual distress at the complicated condition of military affairs. Nearly every day brought some new and perplexing military complication. He had gone through a long winter of terrible strain with McClellan and the Army of the Potomac; and from the day that Grant started on his southern expedition until the battle of Shiloh he had had little else than jarring and confusion among his generals in the West. He knew that I had no ends to serve in urging Grant's removal, beyond the single desire to make him be just to himself, and he listened patiently.

I appealed to Lincoln for his own sake to remove Grant at once, and in giving my reasons for it I simply voiced the admittedly overwhelming protest from the loyal people of the land against Grant's continuance in command. I could form no judgment during the conversation as to what effect my

arguments had upon him beyond the fact that he was greatly distressed at this new complication. When I had said everything that could be said from my standpoint, we lapsed into silence. Lincoln remained silent for what seemed a very long time. He then gathered himself up in his chair and said in a tone of earnestness that I shall never forget: "*I can't spare this man; he fights.*" That was all he said, but I knew that it was enough, and that Grant was safe in Lincoln's hands against his countless hosts of enemies. The only man in all the nation who had the power to save Grant was Lincoln, and he had decided to do it. He was not influenced by any personal partiality for Grant, for they had never met, but he believed just what he said—"I can't spare this man; he fights." I knew enough of Lincoln to know that his decision was final, and I knew enough of him also to know that he reasoned better on the subject than I did, and that it would be unwise to attempt to unsettle his determination. I did not forget that Lincoln was the one man who never allowed himself to appear as wantonly defying public sentiment. It seemed to me impossible to save Grant without taking a crushing load of condemnation upon himself; but Lincoln was wiser than all those around him, and he not only saved Grant, but he saved him by such well-concerted effort that he soon won popular applause from those who were most violent in demanding Grant's dismissal.

The method that Lincoln adopted to rescue Grant from odium into which he had, to a very large degree, unjustly fallen was one of the bravest and most sagacious acts of his administration. Halleck was commander of the military division consisting of Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, and possibly other States, but he remained at his headquarters in St. Louis until after the battle of Shiloh. Lincoln's first move was to bring Halleck to the field, where he at once superseded Grant as commander of the army. This relieved public apprehension and soon calmed the inflamed public sentiment that was clamoring for Grant's dismissal. Lincoln knew that it would require time for the violent prejudice against Grant to perish, and he calmly waited until it was safe for him to give some indication to the country of his abiding faith in

Grant as a military commander. Halleck reached the army at Pittsburg Landing on the 11th of April, four days after the battle had been fought, and of course his presence on the field at once made him the commanding officer. On the 30th of April, when the public mind was reasonably well prepared to do justice to Grant, an order was issued assigning him "as second in command under the major-general commanding the department."

This was an entirely needless order so far as mere military movements were involved, and it is one of the very rare cases in the history of the war in which such an order was issued. Only under very special circumstances could there be any occasion for an order assigning a particular general as second in command of an army. While the army is within reach of orders from the commanding general there can be no second in command. In case of his death or inability to take active command in battle, the military laws wisely regulate the succession, and only in extraordinary cases is it departed from. In this case the purpose of it was obvious. Lincoln had quieted public apprehension by bringing General Halleck to the field and thus relieving Grant of command without the semblance of reproach ; but he desired to impress the country with his absolute faith in Grant as a military leader, and it was for that reason that the special order was issued assigning him as second in command of Halleck's army. The effect of that order was precisely what Lincoln anticipated. It made all loyal men take pause and abate or yield their violent hostility to Grant in obedience to the publicly expressed confidence of Lincoln. The country knew that Lincoln best understood Grant, and from the date of Grant's assignment as second in command of the army the prejudice against him rapidly perished. It was thus that Lincoln saved Grant from one of the most violent surges of popular prejudice that was ever created against any of our leading generals, and on the 11th of July, when it was entirely safe to restore Grant to his command for active operations, Halleck was ordered to Washington by Lincoln and assigned as commander-in-chief. Thus was Grant restored to the command of the army that he had lost at the battle of Shiloh, and it was Lincoln, and Lincoln

alone, who saved him from disgrace and gave to the country the most lustrous record of all the heroes of the war.

I doubt whether Grant ever understood how Lincoln, single and alone, protected him from dishonor in the tempest of popular passion that came upon him after the disaster at Shiloh. Grant never was in Washington until he was summoned there early in 1864 to be commissioned as lieutenant-general, and he was entirely without personal acquaintance with Lincoln. After he became commander-in-chief he made his headquarters in the field with the Army of the Potomac, and was very rarely in Washington after he crossed the Rapidan and opened the campaign by the battles of the Wilderness. That he frequently saw Lincoln between February and May, while perfecting his plans for army movements, is well known, but Grant was one of the most silent of men, and most of all reluctant to talk about himself, while Lincoln was equally reserved in all things pertaining to himself personally. Especially where he had rendered any service to another he would be quite unlikely to speak of it himself. Judging the two men from their chief and very marked characteristics, it is entirely reasonable to assume that what Lincoln did to save Grant from disgrace was never discussed or referred to by them in personal conversation. Grant never, in any way known to the public, recognized any such obligation to Lincoln, and no utterance ever came from him indicating anything more than the respect for Lincoln due from a general to his chief.—A. K. McClure.

The Capture of Vicksburg.

The city of Vicksburg is situated at the eastern end of a great bend of the Mississippi, and on its eastern bank. Its high bluffs render direct assault from the front an impracticable thing. It is now to be seen that a movement from the east bank of the Mississippi above it, around to its rear, was likewise an impracticable thing. A few miles above Vicksburg the Yazoo river empties into the Mississippi, on the eastern side. The hills which skirt Vicksburg extend northward, forming a good defensive line up to Haines's Bluff on the Yazoo, twelve miles from its confluence with the Mis-

sissippi. In front of these hills lay swamps, dense woods, and an old bed of the Yazoo—an uncertain region, neither land nor water, but presenting the obstacles of both, and admirably improved by the rebel commander. The batteries at Haines's Bluff effectually closed the Yazoo to our gunboats; the defensive line thence to Vicksburg barred an advance by the land forces.

Three months had been consumed, and the army that had been expected to storm Vicksburg still lay on the Louisiana shore, with the Mississippi river between it and its goal. It was in good health, for at that season the evils of the climate and of the swamp are not felt; but to the excited apprehensions of the people at home, who knew their sons to be aimlessly crowded on levees or wading through dark morasses, to no successful end, the condition of the troops became a matter of keenest apprehension. Meantime, all that the country knew was that effort after effort had failed; that now seven distinct and successive undertakings against Vicksburg, six of them under General Grant's sole direction, had fallen impotent, and had only aroused the mirth of the enemy, who jeered at the Yankee ditch-diggers. One by one, those wise men of the East, who had followed the rising star from Fort Donelson, fell off. Long since it had been possible to number, with few figures, Grant's friends at the West. "There was a time," said Mr. Lincoln, "when I stood almost alone in supporting him." The clamor for his removal swelled. Even that sturdiest of champions for a friend's cause, the Congressman from Grant's own district, who had already tilted many a parliamentary joust in his favor, grew lukewarm. It was the crisis of Grant's career. One thing, one only, stood between him and a removal, which would have consigned him to the purgatory of broken-down Generals, with a record that, in the light of this final failure, would have been read as one of unbroken blunders and disasters, relieved only by a victory that another had won for him at Donelson. The confidence of Abraham Lincoln, though sadly shaken, did not yet give way; he would "let Grant try once more." And it is to be specially noted that, in so resolving, he resolved likewise that the General thus favored

should be supplied with every reinforcement and appliance for which he asked.

The endangered General himself bore stoutly up. Through all this floundering for a plan of operations, one feature of his character shines clear—he did not see how to take Vicksburg; but without discouragement, or despondency at failures that would have broken down most men, with unabated hope, indeed, he resolutely continued to face the problem.

"All this while," says General Sherman, "the true movement was the original movement,"—that is, the march from Memphis *via* Holly Springs upon Jackson—and in this verdict that eminent General unquestionably follows the teachings of sound military science. That, at the time, he urged upon General Grant a return to Memphis to undertake the campaign over again on some such route is well understood; that Grant was for a time impressed by the suggestion seems probable. But repeated failures had cleared his vision and inflamed his resolution; till now, determined not to go back, he had wrought himself up to the point of an undertaking, obvious enough to have been talked over among the privates by their campfires, but so hazardous that not the boldest General in all that brave army would have dared it. He decided to march his troops southward on the Louisiana side, to trust for supplies to steamboats that might run the gauntlet of the Vicksburg batteries, to cross the Mississippi below the last post in the chain of defenses, and then, staking everything upon the die, and trusting to the fortune of the cast, to cut loose from supplies, and strike for Vicksburg or ruin. Moreover, there was that in the mind of this most audacious of generals that never permitted him to doubt of success, or to admit, in this wildest flight, the most prudent and judicious precautions.

In the last days of March, the troops moved across the little peninsula opposite Vicksburg, and came out on the Mississippi below New Carthage. Gunboats and transports next ran past the batteries,—a fearful ordeal, from which they emerged, battered, shattered, some in flames, while others had gone down beneath the pitiless rain of shells. Then, with gunboats leading the way, and transports bearing down store

of provisions, the army marched on, till it came opposite the last rebel fort, that at Grand Gulf. Here the gunboats were expected to reduce the hostile works, but they failed. Grant then hastened twelve miles further down; the gunboats and transports followed.

The movement had now consumed a month; and the rebels were still incredulous or blind as to its real purpose. For Sherman had been left above, with his corps; and, when Grant was ready to cross to the eastern side of the river and at last launch his army upon the enemy's rear, he had skillfully arranged that Sherman should be making a feint of attacking them in force above. And so it came about that, while, on the first of May, Pemberton was watching Sherman, at Haines's Bluff, Grant was fairly across, far below the city, and moving rapidly in the rear of Grand Gulf.

From this moment there was in the mind of the great strategist, now at the head of all the Confederate armies in the West, no doubt of the course to be pursued. Comprehending instantly the menace, recognizing that the fate of Vicksburg was now to be settled by the fate of this army that was so suddenly rushing without a base into the enemy's country, General Jos. E. Johnston ordered Pemberton out of Vicksburg, to concentrate everything, fall upon Grant and crush him. But not less clear was the vision of the general with whom Johnston was contending. From the hour that he set foot on the east side of the Mississippi, below Vicksburg, he persistently addressed himself to one clearly defined, distinct object, from which no raids upon his rear, no question of communications, no dubious manœuvres of the enemy were to swerve him. Herein lay the great generalship of his movement. He at last knew precisely what he wanted. Interposing between Pemberton's forces near Vicksburg, and any troops to the eastward which Johnston might collect for the emergency, he struck straight along the most eligible route for the rear of Vicksburg, whence, bursting off instantaneously, by attack in reverse, the fortifications on the Yazoo, he might open communication with the fleet, and sit down at his leisure to the siege.

Accordingly, no sooner had the advance corps landed on

the east side of the river and drawn four days' rations than it was pushed out on the road to Port Gibson—a point, the possession of which necessarily menaced the rebel fortifications at Grand Gulf. The garrison here understood well enough the nature of such movement, and four miles in front of Port Gibson strove desperately to check the advance. The battle raged along the narrow ridge on which ran the road of the National army throughout the day, and cost a thousand of Grant's troops. But the end was inevitable; the rebels were defeated and forced back toward their fortifications. Grant pushed instantly on, and the Grand Gulf garrison found itself on the point of being cut off from Vicksburg. In all haste, therefore, it evacuated and fled, leaving Grant to move up the transports from Bruinsburg, and make his temporary base of supplies at the point he had originally selected.

A little above Grand Gulf, the Big Black, after flowing a few miles to the rear of Vicksburg, and thence almost parallel with the Mississippi southward, empties into the Great River. Crossing it at the bridge which the Grand Gulf garrison took, there lay before the army a straight road, only twenty miles long, directly to Vicksburg. But it was no part of Grant's plan to move square in the teeth of his foe. Yet he sent a column along this road to pursue the flying garrison, and thus creating the impression that the whole National army was rushing straight upon him, held Pemberton near Vicksburg. Then, pushing his army along the eastern bank of the Big Black, he protected by that stream his left flank, while he hastened to plant himself upon the line by which Johnston and Pemberton communicated—the short forty-five mile railroad connecting Vicksburg with Jackson, the capital of the State. Assured by this skillful interposition of the Big Black, of his safety from Pemberton, he even stretched his right, under McPherson, miles away to the eastward, to strike Jackson itself, destroy the rebel stores, and discover what force Johnston might be gathering for Pemberton's relief.

Meantime it was the fate of that able but unfortunate commander to be cursed with subordinates who fancied they knew more than their chief. Troops for the emergency were collecting at Jackson. He had already ordered Pemberton to

concentrate against Grant; now, on his arrival at Jackson, he found Grant pushing by long strides against the railroad, midway between Jackson and Vicksburg, while Pemberton, conceiving it to be his duty in any event to cover Vicksburg, lay near it on the railroad. Johnston saw at once the false position of his forces, scattered on either side of Grant's column and sure to be beaten in detail; and he peremptorily ordered Pemberton to move north-eastward, crossing in advance of Grant's front, and so reaching Jackson. Had that brave but brainless General known only enough to obey his superiors, the issue might have been different. But he could not conceive of anything that could absolve him from the the duty of standing by the earthworks of his cherished fortification; and so he took it upon himself to disobey Johnston's order. Not merely this; so bent was he upon helping his adversary that, remembering the rule in the books about striking an enemy's line of communications, and utterly failing to comprehend the essence of Grant's movement, which was an abandonment of all lines of communication, he actually marched southward, big with the mighty purpose of preventing Grant from drawing supplies from Grand Gulf.

Meanwhile, Grant, hearing of Johnston's attempted concentration at Jackson, bent eastward the lines of Sherman and McClernand also, so that suddenly the whole army, thus concentrated, burst upon Johnston's feeble force. That commander, disobeyed by his subordinate on whose troops he had confidently counted for such an emergency, did the best he could; but in two hours his handful was driven from Jackson, and the accumulated stores were in flames. Then, having thus cleared away obstructions in the rear, turning sharp to the westward, Grant had before him—*Vicksburg!*

To this stage had he reached in two short weeks! For, crossing the Mississippi on the first, he was now, on the fifteenth, marching straight from Jackson upon the doomed city. All too late, Pemberton discovered his blunder. Four days before his mighty resolve to throw Grant back by cutting his communications, Grant had sent word that "he would communicate no more with Grand Gulf." Now, there-

fore, Pemberton finding that, in utter contempt of his threats, Grant was almost upon his flank, came hastening back with intent to march northeastward in the direction of Johnston's original order. But while he had been marching and countermarching, Grant, with single purpose, had been driving straight to his goal. So then, when Pemberton, coming up from his futile raid against an abandoned line, reached in his northward march the Jackson and Vicksburg railroad, he was struck by Grant's columns hastening westward. It was too late to think of concentrating now with Johnston; for his life and the life of his army he was forced to fight on the ground where he stood. Thus came about the battle of Champion Hills, at which the doom of Vicksburg was sealed.

Pemberton's position was naturally strong, and he had twenty-five thousand men to defend it. Grant's heads of columns only were up; one entire corps—that of Sherman—was still near Jackson. By eleven o'clock Hovey's division of McClernand's corps was fiercely engaged. Once it was repulsed; but Grant hastened to put in a division from McPherson's corps to strengthen it. Meantime Logan was sent far to the right to feel the enemy's flank. He found the road on which he moved suddenly bend down so as to bring him fairly upon the enemy's rear. Hovey was being once more repulsed, in spite of supports, when Pemberton discovered this new source of danger and hastily drew off. Then Hovey and the rest pressed forward; Logan's flanking column joined in; the retreat of the rebels became a rout; one whole division was cut off from their army, and the rest were driven to the Big Black—almost within hearing of the bells of Vicksburg—before nightfall.

Here came the last flickering effort of the bewildered and blindly struggling rebel commander. Crossing most of his troops, he left on the east side enough to hold the strong work defending the approaches to the river, while on the heights of the western bank he posted his artillery. Here, next morning, the advance corps of Grant's army, after some skirmishing, made an impetuous charge. The demoralized rebel force broke at once. Pemberton vainly strove to rally them. Threats, persuasion, force were all in vain; disordered, ter-

ror-stricken, a mob, not an army, they poured back to Vicksburg. There were still left them a few hours in which to escape, for Grant was delayed half a day bridging the Big Black. Johnston's peremptory order once more came to save them, but not even as by fire was this Pemberton to be saved. He could still see nothing but Vicksburg, and while he debated with his officers about Johnston's strange order to evacuate and hasten northeastward, Grant's columns came sweeping up in rapid deployment around the city, and thenceforward there was no evacuation for the caged army. It was only the 18th of May ; the movement had begun on the 1st. Into such brief limits was crowded the most brilliant campaign of the General whose star, bursting at last from all clouds and concealment, soared thenceforward steadily to the zenith.

Here Grant might well have rested, for his right had already carried the Yazoo, and communications with the fleet were once more restored, and the issue of a siege could not be doubted. But as Johnston was known to be in the rear with a force which he would doubtless strive to increase for the purpose of raising the siege, and as the rebel garrison was known to be greatly demoralized, it was thought best to try the effect of an immediate assault. Accordingly the day after the investment, this was ordered, but resulted only in carrying the lines forward upon the very verge of the enemy's works. Two days later, after ample preparations, a grand simultaneous assault along the whole line was made. Twenty-five hundred men were lost in the attempt, and Grant then concluded, to use his own words, "that the enemy's position was too strong, both naturally and artificially, to be taken in that way."

Then followed the regular details of a siege. The utmost activity was maintained ; Grant himself exercised the closest supervision of all the bombardments, mines, parallels, and siege approaches. By and by Johnston was reported to be moving upon him. Straightway Sherman was detached to face the new danger. "The rebels," wrote Grant, referring to the intercepted letters on which he based this movement, "seem to put a great deal of faith in the Lord and Joe John-

ston ; but *you* must whip Johnston at least fifteen miles from here."

With all his efforts Johnston was too late. By the 7th of July, as he finally wrote Pemberton, he would be able to make an effective diversion. But Pemberton never received the letter ; it went, like so many more, to swell the well-grounded confidence of the taciturn commander who now pressed his lines hard against every point of the beleaguered defenses. The garrison had long been on half rations ; hope was exhausted ; on the 3d of July Pemberton sought to "capitulate" on terms which "commissioners" might arrange. Grant knew his advantages and replied that commissioners were useless, since he had no terms but unconditional surrender to offer. Still he was willing to have an interview on the subject. Pemberton gladly assented. They met between the lines under a clump of trees, at a spot since marked by a monument. Pemberton insisted upon commissioners. Grant, between the puffs of his cigar, replied that it was impossible. They sat down on the grass—tens of thousands of eager troops from the lines on either hand devouring their every movement—and talked it over. Pemberton still stood out for better terms. Grant agreed to parole the entire rebel army, and permit it to carry off such provisions as it wanted. Pemberton, on the morning of the Fourth of July, gained the further privilege of marching out with colors and arms, and stacking them in front of his limits. This done the conqueror rode in. McPherson and Logan were by his side ; a division of the army that had followed him from his movement on Jackson six months before, through all the buffets and reverses that fortune had given him, up to this crowning moment, followed him now. As he rode, the "uncle-like youth" placidly smoked his cigar !

This triumphant ending of the six months' efforts against Vicksburg caused an instant outburst of enthusiasm that bore Grant to the first rank among all the Generals in the service of the country. From the day that Vicksburg fell, he was, in the eyes of the men who made up the army, and of the men who sustained it, the central figure of the war.

President Lincoln addressed him a characteristic letter—

"in grateful acknowledgment for the almost inestimable service you have done the country. I wish," he continued, "to say a word further. When you first reached the vicinity of Vicksburg, I thought you should do what you finally did—march the troops across the neck, run the batteries with the transports, and thus go below, and I never had any faith, except a general hope that you knew better than I, that the Yazoo Pass expedition and the like could succeed. When you got below, and took Port Gibson, Grand Gulf and vicinity, I thought you should go down the river and join General Banks; and when you turned northward, east of the Big Black, I feared it was a mistake. I now wish to make a personal acknowledgment that you were right and I was wrong." Rarely as such words have reached a General from the head of a great Government, it has been more rarely still that the high honor they confer has been so meekly borne.

Throughout these operations, thus happily ended, three great traits of character shone conspicuously. Grant rarely mistook his men, or failed to choose for every task leaders amply qualified to execute it. He was uniformly calm and sensible, even in his moods of most audacious undertaking. And his determination to conquer, at whatever cost, was invincible—not to be daunted by any risk, not to be turned back by any slaughter.—WHITELAW REID.

THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS.

Lee's army lay behind the Rapidan—a stream which had never been crossed by the Union army save to be quickly recrossed. The three Confederate corps were positioned *en échelon* behind that river—Ewell's corps guarding its course; Hill's corps lying around Orange Court-house, and Longstreet's corps being encamped about Gordonsville. Lee's army at this time numbered 52,626 men of all arms.

The Army of the Potomac had wintered in cantonments along the Orange and Alexandria Railroad in the vicinity of Culpeper Court-house. Since Grant's arrival it had been reorganized into three corps—the Second, Fifth, and Sixth. The Second Corps was under Major-General W. S. Hancock, the Fifth under Major-General G. K. Warren, and the Sixth

under Major-General John Sedgwick—three most able and experienced lieutenants, subordinate commanders of the highest type. With the Army of the Potomac was associated the Ninth Corps, which arrived immediately before the opening of the campaign. It was under General A. E. Burnside, who held command independent of General Meade—a very faulty arrangement, which worked so ill that the corps was afterwards merged in the Army of the Potomac. The powerful body of cavalry, numbering over ten thousand sabres, had been placed under General P. H. Sheridan, the man of all others most worthy the command. There was a great deal of raw material in the different corps, but it had been thoroughly fused with the veteran element; so that the army of 130,000 men which Grant held in hand was not only very formidable in numbers, it was in excellent discipline and in the highest spirits. "Hope elevated and joy brightened its crest."

The camps were broken up during the 3d of May, and at midnight the columns moved out under the starlight towards the Rapidan. To those of us who lay in Culpeper Court-house there was little sleep that night; for during all its hours the air was filled with the tramp of armed men and the rumble of wagons—and indeed the anticipations of the morrow were too exciting to permit slumber. When the morning came, Generals Grant and Meade and their staffs rode forward to the Rapidan at Germanna Ford. We found that Warren's corps had already crossed there on pontoon bridges, and that Sedgwick's corps was following. Hancock's corps, forming the left column, was at the same time filing across the Rapidan at Ely's Ford, a few miles down stream from Germanna Ford. The crossing of the river was made without the slightest opposition, for the points of passage were quite beyond Lee's right flank. The few videttes had fled at the apparition of the Union cavalry which preceded the infantry. Before the afternoon was spent the whole army was across, and the heads of columns, plunging into the depths of the forest, were lost to view. Hancock pushed out to Chancellorsville, and lay all night on the old battle-field of Hooker. Warren advanced southward by the Stevensburg plank-road six miles, to Old Wilderness Tavern. Sedg-

wick remained close to the river. Burnside had orders to hold Culpeper Court-house for twenty-four hours, and then follow in the path of the other corps. The headquarters' tents were pitched for the night within a few hundred yards of the river; but the troops of Hancock and Warren bivouacked in the heart of the Wilderness.

Lee had predetermined that if Grant turned his right by crossing the Rapidan at the lower fords, he would take the offensive, launch forward his army to the Wilderness, and there join battle with his antagonist. From the position of the three Confederate corps, the average distance to where—marching north-eastward, they might strike the Union force after crossing the Rapidan—was about twenty miles; but the movement was facilitated by two excellent roads (one a turnpike, the other a plank-road) from Orange Court-house to Fredericksburg. By throwing forward his army on these roads Lee would strike Grant's line of march at right angles, and if the movement was made with sufficient celerity it would avail to intercept the Union army in the Wilderness. Lee made his dispositions accordingly, and while, during the 4th, the Union columns were defiling across the Rapidan, the Confederate army was hastening forward to meet them as fast as legs and hoofs and wheels could travel. By dark of the 4th, so much of the intervening distance had been overpassed that Ewell, whose corps moved by the Orange turnpike, and Hill, whose corps advanced by the Orange plank-road, had approached to within a very few miles of where Warren lay at Old Wilderness Tavern, which is at the junction of the Orange turnpike with the Stevensburg plank-road leading southward from Germanna Ford.

At headquarters we were up long before dawn of the 5th of May, and rode southward from Germanna Ford to reach Warren's position at Old Wilderness Tavern. We found the road filled with Sedgwick's corps faring forth in the same direction. The sun blazed hotly and fiery red, and many soldiers succumbed by the roadside to die ere the campaign was begun. After a few hours' ride we reached Old Wilderness Tavern. We found that Warren's corps had bivouacked here during the night—one division (Griffin's) being thrown out

on the Orange turnpike about a mile to the westward to guard the approaches by which the enemy would advance if he was minded to risk battle. Warren's orders had been to resume the march early that morning, and advance by a wood-road running south-westerly from Wilderness Tavern to Parker's Store on the Orange plank-road. Accordingly at daybreak Crawford's division, followed by the divisions of Wadsworth and Robinson, moved forward to attain that point—Griffin's division being still held on the turnpike. But when Crawford's division had neared Parker's Store it found a Union cavalry body that had been sent forward to preoccupy that point being driven out by a hostile column which was pushing rapidly down the plank-road; and at the same time Griffin's skirmishers on the turnpike became engaged with another body of the enemy.

When, on the 4th of May, the Army of the Potomac, by its successful passage of the Rapidan at Germanna and Ely's fords, had turned Lee's right flank, it seemed a warrantable inference to conclude that the Confederate commander, finding his river-line now become obsolete, would not attempt to join battle near the Rapidan, but that he would be compelled, in view of the wide dispersion of his corps, to choose a point of concentration nearer Richmond. Grant and Meade therefore had no thought of being interrupted in the march through the Wilderness, and their purpose was, by a rapid march south-westward, to throw themselves between Lee and his capital, or at least to catch the Confederate corps divided, and beat them in detail. It was in execution of this purpose that on the morning of the 5th, Warren was directed on Parker's Store, and that Hancock, whose corps had bivouacked at Chancellorsville, was ordered, that morning, to move to Shady Grove Church, six miles south of Parker's Store. By launching forward in the same south-westerly direction, it was supposed that the Union army would, in a few vigorous marches, bring Lee to battle somewhere between Gordonsville and Louisa Court House. Now, when, on the morning of the 5th, Warren reported that Griffin had encountered a hostile force pressing down upon him on the Orange turnpike, Grant and Meade, fully believing that Lee was executing a movement of

retreat, did not attach any importance to the fact. It was concluded that the force which now faced Griffin was only some part of the Confederate right which had been observing the line of the Rapidan, and which was now left behind as a rear-guard while the mass of Lee's army concentrated far below.

Such were appearances. The reality was very different. Lee, instead of falling back on learning of Grant's advance, had no sooner detected the nature of the manœuvre than he resolved to assume the offensive. On the morning of the 4th he directed Ewell to march rapidly eastward on the turnpike; he gave Hill the same direction on the plank-road, and he called Longstreet up from Gordonsville to follow Hill. Ewell and Hill, after marching during the whole of the 4th, encamped within a few miles of where Warren lay at Old Wilderness Tavern—Ewell being on the turnpike and Hill on the plank-road. The force that encountered Griffin on the morning of the 5th, was Ewell's van; the column seen by Crawford hastening down the plank-road was that of Hill. Lee had met Grant's move with another equal in dexterity and surpassing it in boldness.

That the hope of getting between Lee and Richmond was futile soon became apparent to the Union commander, for as the forenoon wore away, the pressure on Griffin's front became more and more weighty, and on the plank-road an endless column of the enemy was seen filing past with swift strides. It was now imperative to form new combinations. Hancock at least must be recalled from his march southwards towards Shady Grove Church, and brought up into position with the rest of the army; if indeed it were only possible that he should get up in time, for the enemy was gathering so strongly on the plank-road, and pushing forward so strenuously, that it was doubtful whether he would not sever connection between Hancock and the rest of the army! "My advance," says Hancock, "was about two miles beyond Todd's Tavern, when at 9 A. M. I received a dispatch from the Major-General commanding the Army of the Potomac to halt at the Tavern, as the enemy had been discovered in some force on the Wilderness pike. Two hours later I was directed

to move my command up the Brock road to its intersection with the Orange plank-road." To prevent Hill's attaining this all-important intersection, and allow Hancock, who was now full ten miles off, to come up into position on the left of Warren, Getty's division of the Sixth Corps was sent to the junction of the Brock road and the Orange plank-road to hold it at all hazards; and, meanwhile, Warren was to attack Ewell on the turnpike with all his force, Sedgwick assisting on his right. Warren, mounting, rode to his command and ordered an assault.

It was the Wilderness! This desolate region embraces a tract of country of many miles, stretching southward from the Rapidan, and westward beyond Mine Run—the whole face of it being covered with a dense undergrowth of low-limbed and scraggy pines, stiff and bristling chinkapins, scrub-oaks, and hazel. Passing westward from Wilderness Tavern, across the insignificant brook of Wilderness Run, one ascends a considerable ridge which slopes westward into an extensive clearing, then pleasant and green with the verdure of spring —the one oasis in the circumjacent wild. On the western hill-slope stands the house of one Major Lacy, and on the hill itself, beneath some fine trees, Generals Grant and Meade took their station.

By noontide Warren had formed his corps. Griffin's division was across the turnpike; Wadsworth's division was to go in and take position on the left of Griffin, with Robinson's division in support and one brigade of Crawford's division (the movement on Parker's Store being now suspended) was put in on the left of Wadsworth.

Griffin's division, with Ayres's brigade on the right and Bartlett's brigade on the left of the Orange turnpike, attacked with great impetuosity; and as at the first onset only a part of Ewell's corps had come up, Griffin for a while carried everything before him. Then, however, the Confederates turned at bay, formed on a wooded acclivity, and there being joined by the remainder of Ewell's corps, refused to be moved any farther. Unhappily there was no connection between Griffin's division and that of Wadsworth, which went forward on its left, and a great misfortune befell the latter. In

advancing Wadsworth's division, Warren was compelled, as there were no roads, to give it direction by a point of the compass. Its course was to be due west from the Lacy House, which would have brought it to the left of Griffin's division, and on a prolongation of its line. But Wadsworth started facing north-west, instead of going due west, so that by the time he had approached the enemy his left had swung so far round as to present that naked flank to the fire of the Confederates. Becoming confused in the dense forest, the division broke, and retired in much disorder. At the same time Ewell assumed the offensive against Griffin, and succeeded in throwing back that division over all the ground it had before wrenched from the enemy. The fate of McCandless's brigade of Crawford's division was still worse, for occupying an isolated position, it was nearly surrounded and was driven from the field with the loss of almost two whole regiments. Thus all the ground gained was given up; but the Confederates did not follow, and Warren assumed a new line across the turnpike, a little west of Wilderness Tavern. The shock to the Fifth Corps was very severe, and entailed a loss of above three thousand men.

Hancock thus reports what took place on the left: "When I first joined General Getty, near the Orange plank-road, he informed me that two divisions of Hill's corps were in his immediate front, and that he momentarily anticipated an attack. I therefore directed that breastworks should be constructed in order to receive the assault, should the enemy advance. Between three and four o'clock I was ordered to attack with Getty's command, supporting the advance with my whole corps. At 4.15 P.M. General Getty moved forward on the right and left of the Orange plank road, having received direct orders from General Meade to commence the attack without waiting for me. His troops encountered the enemy's line of battle about three hundred paces in front of the Brock road, and at once became hotly engaged. Finding that General Getty had met the enemy in great force, I ordered Birney to advance his command (his own and Mott's division) to support the movement of Getty at once, although the formation I had directed to be made before carrying out my instruc-

tions to advance were not yet completed. General Birney immediately moved forward on General Getty's right and left—one section of Ricketts's battery moving down the plank road, just in rear of the infantry. The fight became very fierce at once; the lines of battle were exceedingly close, and the musketry was continuous along the entire line. At 4.30 P.M. Carroll's brigade of Gibbon's division advanced to the support of Getty's right on the right of the plank-road, and a few minutes later Owen's brigade of Gibbon's division was also ordered into action in support of Getty, on the right and left of the Orange plank-road. The battle raged with great severity and obstinacy till about 8 P.M., without decided advantage to either party."

Thus closed the first day of the Wilderness—a deadly combat, or series of combats, yet hardly a battle. It was the fierce grapple of two mighty wrestlers, suddenly meeting. The action was thoroughly indecisive. If Grant had been arrested in his passage through the Wilderness, Lee, at least, had been foiled in his purpose of interposing between the two divided Union columns. The whole army was brought into position, and Burnside's corps was ordered up to participate in the great struggle, now seen to be inevitable. Lee anxiously awaited Longstreet, who would doubtless arrive in the morning.

For combinations of grand tactics there was manifestly no opportunity in the Wilderness. Men might here carry on a deadly work of "bushwhacking," but for an army to manœuvre in this chaparral, through which a bird could scarcely wing its way, was wholly out of the question. Grant's plan was formulated in a single sentence,—"Attack along the whole line at five in the morning."

At early dawn of the 6th we were up again on the hill near the Lacy House, to await the overture of the battle. But fifteen minutes before the appointed hour of attack arrived, the enemy, anticipating us, snatched the honor of the opening. The onset was made on the Union right (Sedgwick's corps), falling first upon Seymour's brigade, then involving the whole of Rickett's division, and extending finally to Wright's. But it made no impression on the Sixth

corps front, and Sedgwick was able to join in the general attack. The battle-line, as now drawn, was about five miles in length—running north and south and facing westward. Sedgwick held the right, Warren the centre, and Hancock the left. Burnside's corps, after a forced march, arrived during the morning, and was to be thrown in to fill up an interval between Warren and Hancock. There were, therefore, to be no reserves—a circumstance that made some of the old campaigners shake their heads.

The chief interest centred in the left, under Hancock. It was from them that the main and most forceful attack was to be directed, and with this view a very weighty accumulation of troops was made on that flank. In addition to his own powerful corps of four divisions, Hancock held in hand Getty's division of the Sixth corps, and Wadsworth's division of the Fifth corps, which during the previous evening had been sent through the woods to co-operate with Hancock, and had secured a position hard by the left flank of the hostile force confronting that officer. This consisted of two divisions of Hill's corps—the divisions of Wilcox and Heth,—which held position across the Orange plank road, their left connecting with the right flank of Ewell's corps. These two divisions constituted the whole of Lee's right wing, for neither Longstreet nor Hill's other two divisions had come up when at five in the morning a blaze of musketry announced that Hancock was advancing.

From the breastworks along the Brock road Hancock sent forward his battle-line, covered by a cloud of skirmishers. The assaulting force was made up of Birney's, Mott's, and Getty's divisions, with Carroll's and Owen's brigades of Gibbon's division; the remaining brigade of Gibbon's division and the whole of Barlow's division, forming the left of Hancock's line, were retained in the works along the Brock road; for Hancock had been warned that Longstreet was approaching by the Catharpen road in such a manner that had he advanced his left, Longstreet would have fallen full on his rear. The left flank rested securely on a piece of open and commanding ground, where a plentiful supply of artillery had been massed.

Pushing out into the dense thicket along both sides of the Orange plank-road, the assaulting line presently encountered the two divisions of Hill, upon which it fell with such vigor that they soon began to waver and shake; and as at the same time Wadsworth terrified them by an attack in flank, the Confederates were completely disrupted, and retired in much disorder. "After a desperate contest, in which our troops conducted themselves in the most intrepid manner, the enemy's line," says Hancock, "was broken at all points, and he was driven in confusion through the forest for almost one and one-half miles, suffering severe losses in killed and wounded and prisoners." In fact Hill's troops could not be stayed till in their retreat they had overrun the trains and artillery and even the headquarters of the Confederate commander, where, as Longstreet afterwards told me, he found on his arrival a confused huddle of bewildered and broken battalions. It required but that the Union troops should press on in order to snatch a crowning victory; for the overthrow of Hill's divisions uncovered the whole extent of the Confederate line.

But if the Confederates in their rout were thrown into disorder, the advance of the Union force so far through the forest brought upon it scarcely less confusion. For in such wood-fighting all that gives cohesion to a battle array—the touch of the elbow, the sight of a firm support on either side—is wanting, and in a short time all alignment is hopelessly lost. It thus came about that when Hancock's men in pressing after the flying enemy had advanced into the heart of the Wilderness, it was found that the integrity of formation had so disappeared that the commander was forced to call a halt in order to make a readjustment of the line. It was now almost seven A.M., Getty's exhausted division was replaced by Webb's brigade, drawn from Gibbon's command on the left; Frank's brigade of Barlow's division made an advance from the same flank, and after an obstinate contest succeeded in forming a connection with the left flank of the advanced line; Stevenson's division of Burnside's corps reported to Hancock ready for duty, and Wadsworth's division, after being gallantly fought by its intrepid commander across

the front of that part of the Second corps which lay on the right hand of the plank-road, was now brought into proper relations with the rest of the forward line.

Two hours passed in perfecting these dispositions. But these two hours had wrought a change for the Confederates. The remaining divisions of Hill's corps had arrived, and the head of Longstreet's column was reported not far behind. Lee, seizing hold of the first comers, hurried them forward to patch up his broken front; and reading a little trepidation in the faces of the men at the sight of the *débris* of Heth's and Wilcox's divisions, the Confederate commander put himself at the head of Gregg's Texans, and commanded them to follow him in a charge; but a grim and rugged soldier of the line raised his voice in determined resistance, and was immediately followed by the rank and file of the whole brigade in positive refusal to advance till the well-loved chief had gone to his proper place in the rear. After this there was no faltering. Anderson's and Field's divisions quickly deployed, and Longstreet's powerful corps, soon afterward coming up, added such weight and breadth to the line that the Confederate commander was in position not only to withstand further pressure, but himself to strike. When, therefore, at nine A.M., Hancock, having perfected his dispositions, resumed the advance, he struck a front of opposition that was now immovable. Though he assaulted furiously, he made no farther progress.

The situation of Hancock's force was now somewhat peculiar. His left remained on the Brock road; his centre and right were advanced a mile or more in front of that road. But while that portion that remained in the breastworks along the Brock road had a secure stay for its flank, the left of the forward line was wholly unprotected, being quite in the air. It had been found impossible to further move the enemy, and for a defensive position the advanced line was ill-placed. Yet it was soon to be thrown on the defensive by a fierce attack of the enemy.

From the close of Hancock's morning combat about nine A.M., there was a long lull till near noon. Then a terrific outburst of musketry announced that the Confederates had

taken the offensive, and in a few minutes a throng of fugitives came rushing back from Hancock's advanced line, and overran us on the Brock road and spread through the woods in great confusion. Hancock, flaming out with the fire of battle, rode hither and thither, directing and animating; but the disruption of the left flank spread calamity through the line, and though Hancock endeavored by throwing back that flank to still hold on to the advanced position with his right, it was found impossible to do so, and he had to content himself with rallying and reforming his troops behind the breastworks on the Brock road. Wadsworth, on the right of Hancock, opposed the most heroic efforts to the enemy's onset; but he was finally unable to hold his men to their work, and he fell mortally hurt while endeavoring to stay their flight.

It seemed indeed that irretrievable disaster was upon us; but in the very torrent and tempest of the attack, it suddenly ceased, and all was still. It appears that on Longstreet's arrival, Lee determined by concentrating both corps in a supreme effort to overwhelm Hancock in one decisive stroke. The forenoon was therefore spent in careful preparations; and in order to give full effect to the meditated blow, it was planned that while one force should press directly against the Union front, another should be sent by a detour to attain the rear of the Union left, and seize the Brock road. Having seen the front attack opened with most encouraging success, Longstreet, with his staff, galloped down the plank-road to direct the efforts of the turning force, when, suddenly confronting a portion of his own turning column, the cavalcade was by it mistaken for a party of Union horse, and received a volley, under which Longstreet fell severely wounded. As that officer had made all the dispositions, his fall completely disconcerted the plan; so that Lee suspended the attack, and it was not till four in the afternoon that he got things in hand to renew it.

Returning to headquarters under the trees on the hill-side near the Lacy House, I found Grant sitting on the grass, smoking alternately a pipe and a cigar—calm, imperturbable, quietly awaiting events and giving few orders, for indeed on such a field there were few orders to be given. I soon learnt

that little had resulted from the attack of Warren and Sedgwick. And indeed the main interest centred on Hancock, to whom, from the corps of the former officer, had been sent two divisions, and from that of the latter one division—so that Hancock held in hand full half of the army. Nevertheless, with the remaining moiety of these corps both Sedgwick and Warren had vigorously attacked in the morning. It soon became apparent, however, that the enemy held one of those powerful positions that could not be carried, and against which all effort was a vain sacrifice of life. In fact, both Warren and Sedgwick were brought to a dead-lock; no impression whatever could be made on the enemy's position. Much had been hoped from an effort which was to be made by Burnside, who was to advance through an interval between Warren's left and Hancock's right in such a manner that he would have struck the rear of the hostile force confronting the latter officer. But after passing the day in a fruitless course of peripatetics through the woods, the corps in the afternoon fell back and entrenched. It thus came about, that as the fight died away along the right and centre, and as after Lee's attack upon Hancock there was quiet also on the left, the storm of war all along the opposing lines was hushed into a dead calm that continued up to four P.M.

But Grant was far from having given up the fight. He ordered Hancock to attack once more at six P.M. Yet it soon appeared that neither was the aggressive ardor of Lee wholly quenched. For while Hancock was making his dispositions for the attack, the Confederates resumed the offensive against him. Lee had, at length, got things in hand, and, being resolved to complete the work begun by Longstreet, but broken off by that officer's fall, he once more launched forward his lines. A little past four, the Confederate lines in long and solid array came forward through the woods, and overrunning the Union skirmishers pressed up without halting to the edge of the abattis less than a hundred paces from Hancock's front lines. Here, pausing, they opened a furious and continuous fire of musketry, which, however, did not greatly harm the Union troops,, who, kneeling behind their breastworks, returned the fire with vigor. It is not doubtful that

the repulse of the enemy would have been easily effected; but an untoward accident for a time placed the result in jeopardy. The forest in front, through which the battle of the morning had been fought, chanced to take fire, and a short time before the afternoon attack was made the flames communicated to the log parapet of the left of the front line. At the critical moment of the enemy's onset a high wind blew the intense heat and smoke in the faces of the men, many of whom were from this cause kept from firing, while others were compelled to vacate the lines. The Confederates seizing the opportunity swept forward, and some of them reached the breastworks, which they crowned with their colors. But the triumph was short-lived. "At the moment when the enemy reached our lines," says Hancock, "General Birney ordered Carroll's brigade of Gibbon's division to advance upon them and drive them back. Carroll moved by the left flank and then forward at the double-quick, retaking the breastworks at once, and forcing the enemy to fall back and abandon the attack in great disorder and with heavy loss in killed and wounded."

This substantially closed the action of the second day of the Wilderness, though the enemy contrived to excite considerable alarm by a night sally made against the right flank of the army. In this affair Generals T. Seymour and Shaler were captured; but the result was, as a whole, unimportant. The morning of Saturday, May 7, found the opposing armies still confronting each other in the Wilderness; yet neither side showed any aggressive ardor. There was light skirmishing throughout the forenoon; but it was manifest that both armies were so worn out that they mutually feared to attack, though they were not unwilling to be attacked. It had been a deadly wrestle, yet the result so far was indecisive. The Union troops, wearied and chagrined, sent up no cheer of victory through the Wilderness. During the day the corps were gathered into compact shape, the trains were drawn out of the way, and the columns were disposed for the march; for Grant, like Phocion, desired to have an army "fitted for the long race." When night came, he seized the mighty mass and launched it southward—towards Richmond!

The battle of the Wilderness prefigured the campaign. As an action it was without brilliancy in its conduct. It was a mere collision of brute masses—or, as an officer on the field pithily expressed it to me, "the bumping, bumping of two armies, to see which could bump the hardest." It might have been fought by any other commander. But the difference in the result was this: that while any other commander we had thus far seen would have fought the battle of the Wilderness and gone backward, Grant fought the battle of the Wilderness and went—*forward!*

Looking at the war as a whole, we can see that the time had come for this manner of procedure. The North, fatigued with three years of seemingly fruitless warfare in Virginia, chagrined at the constant advances followed by constant retreats, demanded a captain who, without too chary a regard for human life, should *go on:* and the people were perfectly willing that he should use the resources lavishly, provided only he produced results. If the time had come, the battle of the Wilderness showed that the man also had come.—W. SWINTON.

GENERAL GRANT AND THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE.

(Speech at the Grant Banquet, Chicago, November 13, 1879.)

Our first commander was the illustrious general whose fame has grown to fill the world! Nay, more! Our old band of the Tennessee was his first army! What honorable memories of old association, you, companions, may now recall!

How splendid was your entrance on the scene of arms! The anxious eye of the North had long been fixed intently on the Eastern theatre, almost unconscious of the new-formed Army of the Tennessee, and its unknown general. Suddenly there fell on the startled ear the roar of your fight at Donelson, and your chieftain's victorious cry—which waked the country's heart to ecstasy, and rung, like a prophetic knell, the doom our army of salvation bore to rebels—"Nothing but unconditional surrender."

Then, but a few days later, there burst at Shiloh, on his Army of the Tennessee, the flame and fury of the first great field-fight of the war. In desperate doubt, the nightfall of

the bloody day closed on the unequal struggle. Higher, then, rose the iron resolution of that great commander! Urged by cautious counsel to prepare a way for retreat, with trust in your valor, he gave the characteristic answer, "I have not despaired of whipping them yet." And loyally, on the morrow, was he vindicated in that reliance, as he rode before his soldiery, driving the enemy over the victorions field.

How darkly comes back, in recollection, the long and dismal toil in the pestilential swamps before impregnable Vicksburg! The sky was overhung in gloom, and the soaked earth sunk under the foot. Unlit by the flash of powder, unheralded by the noise of arms, in miserable darkness, the last enemy irresistibly plied his fatal work, changing the river levees—where only was solid ground for burial—into tombs for our trebly-decimated ranks. Then, again, new light broke from his troubled genius on the scene, and displayed the possible path of valor. Breaking past the rebel battlements, and across the great river, he flung our army into the midst of the hostile host, like a mighty gladiator surrounded by his foes, choosing no escape but in victory. There, with fiery zest, in fierce rapidity he smote the foe the crushing strokes of Port Gibson, Raymond, Jackson, Champion Hills and Black River, and seized the doomed city with the unrelenting grasp of his Army of the Tennessee. And when, on the new birthday of the republic, her flag shook out its beautiful folds above the ramparts of that boasted citadel, the territory of revolt was finally split in twain, the backbone of rebellion was broken.

Such, in a glance, is your splendid story, companions, under our first commander!

He and his Army of the Tennessee entered on the page of history together. Together they achieved the first great prophetic triumphs for the Union; together they followed and fought her enemies from field to field, pushing our advancing arms in steady career toward the Gulf. Nor were their efforts for our country disunited, until, having dismembered the vast rebellion, the beginning of its utter downfall had been seen.

Guided by his genius your army had learned to fight only to conquer. Parted from him, it forgot not the teaching. Its march and war struck every revolted State save two, but never

general anywhere lamented over its retreat from the field of arms. Joyfully may we point to that exalted fame, which, rising like a pinnacle of the Alps, breaks through the firmament above to carry up the name of the unconquered Grant; for it is our felicity, that on the solid base from which it lifts, history has written the proud legend of the Army of the Tennessee, which never shunned or lost a battle with its foes.

Joined to it by such a story, and especially when so assembled, his old associates and soldiers in war, we may rightfully, without censure and without adulation, claim and speak the just measure of his merit and renown. Nor shall his presence deny that satisfaction to us. His reputation is not his, not even his country's, alone; it is, in part, our peculiar possession. We, who fought to aid its rising, may well rejoice in its meridian splendor.

The foundations of his title are deep-laid and safe. There was reaction in the minds of our people after the intense strain of war, and many distracting subjects for attention. But with regained composure and reflection, his reputation augments, and its foundations more and more plainly appear irremovably fixed for lasting duration. They spring not from merely having enjoyed possession of the honors of place and power, which his countrymen have bestowed; others have had them too. They lie not specially on his shining courage and personal conduct before the enemy, who was never outdone in calm intrepidity; nor in the splendid daring with which he ever urged the battle he immediately ordered; though long these will live in song and story. Beyond the warrior's distinction —which was his early glory—his is the true genius of the general. The strategic learning of the military art was to him a simple implement, like colors and brush to a Raphael, not fetters to the mind. How like a weapon in a giant's hand, did he wield the vast aggregation of soldiery, whose immensity oppressed so many minds! How easily moved his divisions, yet how firm the place of all! How every soldier came to feel his participation a direct contribution to the general success! And when, at length, his merit won the government of the entire military power of the North, how perfect became, without noise or friction, the co-operation of

every army, of every strength, throughout the wide territory of the war, toward the common end! Subordinate every will and jealous soul, the profound military wisdom of the capital, even, to the clear purpose and comprehensive grasp of the one commanding mind! Then how rapidly crumbled on every side the crushed revolt! Where shall we find, in past records the tale of such a struggle, so enormous in extent, so nearly matched at the outset, so desperately contested, so effectively decided! Through what a course of interrupted victory did he proceed from the earliest engagements to a complete dominion of the vast catastrophe!

Spare, in pity, the poor brain which cannot see, in this career, more than a dogged pertinacity! Out upon the unjust prejudice which will consciously disparage the true meed of genius! Leave it where his reliant silence leaves it! Leave it to history! Leave it to the world!

But in the great cause, so well understood, and the great results to men, so well accomplished, the basis of his renown is justly broadened. For the salvation of this government of freedom for mankind, we took up arms. When liberty was safe, they were laid again down. Risen to the highest seat of power, he has descended as a citizen, of equal rank with all. This goes to the soul of American liberty, ennobling individual citizenship above all servants in office. His is indeed the noblest grandeur of manhood, who can rise from the grasp of overtopping power above the ambition of self, to exalt the ambition of humanity; denying the spoils of the brief time to the lasting guerdon of immortal honor.

The judgment of immediate contemporaries has been apt to rise too high or fall too low. But let not detraction or calumny mislead. They have ever been the temporal accompaniments of human greatness. That glory cannot rise beyond the clouds which passes not through the clouds. We may confidently accept the judgment of the world. It has been unmistakably delivered. But lately, as he has pressed his wandering course about the round earth, mankind has everywhere bowed in homage at his coming, as the ancient devotees of the East fell before the sun at his rising. These honors were not paid to his person, which was unknown; they were

not paid to his country, for which he went on no errand, and whose representative never had the like before; they were not paid to him as to some potentate of a people, for he journeyed not as a man in power. They have been the willing prostration of mortality before a glory imperishable!

His memory shall, indeed, be in the line of the heroes of the war, but distinctive, and apart from the great number. Not with the kind of Alexander, who ravaged the earth to add to mere dominion; nor of Belisarius, who but fed the greedy craving of an imperial beast of prey; not with Marlborough, Eugene, Wellington, who played the parts set them by the craft of diplomacy; not with the Napoleons, who chose "to wade through slaughter to a throne, and shut the gates of mercy on mankind;" not with Cæsar, who would have put the ambitious hand of arms on the delicate fabric of constitutional freedom; America holds a higher place in the congregation of glory for her heroes of liberty, where sits, in expectation, her majestic Washington. In nobler ambition than the gaining of empire, they have borne their puissant arms for the kingdom of man, where liberty reigneth forever. From the blood poured out in their warfare, sweet incense rose to heaven, and angels soothed, with honorable pride, the tears which sorrow started for the dead.—Col. W. F. Vilas.

Grant's Life-Work.

The hour came. There was Titanic work to do. A nation was called from its tasks, called in masses of hundreds of thousands to do it. Among them was Grant. His apprenticeship was over, and now, at last, he was a master workman. The part assigned was that of a modest captain of volunteers.

Here came the disappointment of his life—one from which he never quite recovered—the failure to secure a nomination as Major on the staff of Major General McClellan, then the young Napoleon and rising hope of his country in command of the Department of Ohio. Grant had known and admired McClellan with an admiration which never died out. Still he could not be Assistant Adjutant General with the rank of Major. This master workman could only keep driving at his work—drilling, marching, shifting about on the military chess-

board as a knight in the hands of Fremont or Halleck, until the moves of the game brought him to Fort Henry and Fort Donelson. He was now no longer a piece on a chess game, moved by the hands of another, but a master workman with his work before him, and the right to do it in his own way. He did it as it had never been done on this continent—with thoroughness, decision, and without reserve. And when out of that long night of gloom, anxiety and despair there came the revelation of a man—the fact that here at last was a soldier whose terms were unconditional surrender, who could tell an enemy that he meant to move immediately upon his works, and thus compel him and the thousands who followed to lay down their arms—when the country saw that here was one who knew that to the warrior war was war, it was felt that the night was breaking and that day would surely come.

Those who recall the splendor of Donelson, and the electric enthusiasm of the country when it heard the grand, imposing news, will remember that victory as the most striking incident in civil war, surpassed only in the emotions it awakened by those which attended the capture of Richmond and the surrender of Lee. And now, at last, the workman was found and the task was to be done! From the hour when his sure hand fell upon Donelson until he saluted Lee and bade him sheath the sword at Appomattox, he was leader and chief—conquering and unconquerable.

Let us recall the various incidents of the work—Donelson, with its breaking of the night; Shiloh, where the impetuous Southerners, under Captains like Polk, Breckinridge, Beauregard and Sidney Johnston, first learned that there was valor as well as endurance in the Northern soldier; Vicksburg, which opened the Mississippi and compelled from Halleck the compliment that it was a campaign equal to that of Napoleon at Ulm; Mission Ridge, with its release of Tennessee; the Wilderness, Richmond, Appomattox, and—the end!

Yes, the end!—and with no proscription, no punishment, no retaliation, no revenge. Victory, magnanimity, peace! "Gentlemen, go home! You that had swords and honorably used them, you—Lee, Longstreet, Gordon, Mahone, Mosby

and the rest—keep your swords! You, gentlemen, who carried muskets, lay them down. Seek comfort with your wives and families! Take to your fields and plow them, and think no more of war."

And so the master workman had done the task appointed. He had saved the Republic. It involves no reflection upon others who gave their genius, their blood, their lives to the Union, to say that the sword of Grant was the agency which, under God's Providence, more than any other brought the war to the end, and forever made impossible the severance of the Union.

We might dwell at length upon his civil career—how he carefully gathered up and disbanded the armies he had commanded; how, under his sure, watchful eyes, his legions were transformed into peaceful modest laborers and tillers of the soil; how the sword became the ploughshare or the pruning-hook; how the most warlike people of the century, and armies larger than those under Napoleon, were transmuted into peaceful citizens. This was a noble achievement. We did not, at the time, see its significance; we note it now with gratitude, as first among the services which this illustrious citizen rendered his country.

The Presidency was to crown it all. To the civil administration of Grant we owe two things which, even without his military renown, should ensure him immortal fame—international peace, which came as the consequence of the Geneva Arbitration; the veto of the Inflation Bill, which consolidated and consecrated the national credit.

We point out these two achievements on the page of history, and ask, what other President ever did more shining services to the Republic or mankind? Lincoln gave us Emancipation, and we bow before the majesty of that deed. Grant gave us Peace and Financial Integrity. As blessings to civilization, they will live with a glory as undying as that of the Proclamation which gave freedom to the slave.

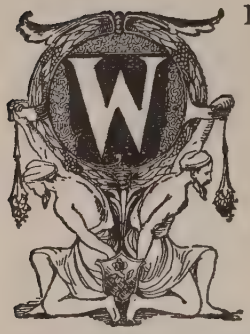
His work was done and yet not done. This supreme soldier, who was to overcome the chivalry and valor of the South—this honest patriot, who was to teach statesmen how to assure peace, and financiers how to sustain the Nation's

credit—was to win other titles to renown. He was to be tried by the extremes of fortune and to teach an example of modesty under pageantry and adulation, of patient suffering and endurance under a mortal disease, such as the world had never known.

He was to traverse the world—to receive the confidences of kings and the homage of nations. He was to be the occasion of the loftiest pageant ever paid to man. He was to venture upon business experiments, in which the very honesty which had burnished his fame, was to lead him into cureless ruin. He was to come into the presence of death, and even as he sat in the cruel inexorable shadow, even when torn and racked with pain—speechless and in the sorest agony—he was to give us a book to be remembered with the Commentaries of Cæsar.

Thus he lived, and thus he died! And we who loved and honored him; who shared his disappointments, his hopes, his victories; who rejoiced in his leadership; who followed with loyalty those proud conquering eyes; we who not only followed, but believed in Grant, and in that right arm upon which Lincoln leaned, and never in vain;—we, in a sentiment of reverence and patriotic recognition of one of the master spirits of the age, come together with devotion and gratitude to honor his illustrious name. We give him the full tribute of affection. We are with him in spirit, even as when we stood in the undaunted column of the 306. We thank God that through His Providence this fellow-citizen was sent to us, seventy-one years ago, and we believe that he was sent because it was the Divine Will that the Republic founded by Washington should not dissolve and pass away.—JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG.

GEN. W. T. SHERMAN.



WILLIAM T. SHERMAN'S name is enshrined in the memory of the American people with that of Grant. General Sherman, in all parts of his career, showed an original and independent way of thinking and acting that was apt to bring him into conflict with commonplace men, whether officially above him or around him. The steadfast fidelity which he always showed to Grant, in word and deed, and his constant testimony to Grant's inherent fitness for the chief command, are the more honorable on this account. The devotion thus displayed was always reciprocated by the magnanimous Grant. This was shown most conspicuously when, at the close of the war, Sherman was negotiating with General Joseph E. Johnston for the surrender of all the Confederate armies remaining in the service. The terms named by Sherman were those outlined by the lamented Lincoln; but his recent assassination had so infuriated the public and the officials at Washington, that these terms were rejected by the authorities, and Grant was sent to supersede Sherman in conducting the negotiations, which were finally completed in Sherman's name.

William Tecumseh Sherman was the son of Judge Charles R. Sherman of the Supreme Court of Ohio, and the brother of the well-known Senator John Sherman. He was born at Lancaster, Ohio, on the 8th of February, 1820. His father's death, in 1829, left the family in embarrassed circumstances, and William was thereafter brought up in the house of his

uncle, Thomas Ewing, who was a member of Congress. At the age of sixteen he was sent to the West Point Military Academy, whence he graduated in 1840, being sixth in a class of forty-three. His first actual military experience was in the war with the Seminole Indians in Florida; but he was chiefly engaged in garrison duty at Charleston, South Carolina, until 1846, when he was sent to California. Here he remained until the annexation of that territory and the discovery of gold.

In 1850 Sherman returned to the East and was married to Ellen Boyle, daughter of his benefactor, Thomas Ewing, who was then Secretary of the Interior in President Taylor's cabinet. In the next year he removed to St. Louis, where he served as commissary of subsistence, and still later to New Orleans. Resigning his commission in 1853, he returned to San Francisco to become the manager of a banking-house. In 1855 that city, which had sprung up like Jonah's gourd, was thrown into terror by the outrages of villains who overawed the city authorities. The larger part of the respectable citizens organized themselves into a vigilance committee to repress disorder by summary measures. Sherman, however, took sides with the city authorities, who deprecated the movement, but could not enforce the laws. He returned to the East, and in 1859, having applied to the War Department for occupation, he accepted an appointment as superintendent of the Louisiana Military Academy. This position he retained until Louisiana seceded from the Union. Returning to the North, he offered his services to the Federal Government, and in June, 1861, he was made colonel of the Thirteenth Infantry.

He was engaged in the disastrous battle of Bull Run, commanding a brigade, which fought more vigorously and suffered more loss than any other in that fight. For his gallantry he was made brigadier-general of volunteers, and was soon after assigned to a command in Kentucky. Here he found that the sympathies of the people were largely with the Southern Confederacy, and the few troops under his command were entirely inadequate to make any serious movement. When McClellan was made commander-in-chief, Sherman at once telegraphed to him: "Our forces are too small to do

good, and too large to be sacrificed." His constant demand for reinforcements became distasteful, and when he found his calls unheeded he asked to be relieved. This request was granted, and General D. C. Buell was appointed to succeed him. Sherman, indeed, was then regarded as crazy, and proof of this charge was supplied by his statement to the Secretary of War, that "to make a successful advance against the enemy, as then posted in Kentucky and Tennessee, would require an army of 200,000 men."

The "lunatic," however, was placed in charge of a camp of recruits at St. Louis; and when Halleck, who had known him well in California, took command of the Department of the West, he was sent to Paducah to forward troops to Grant, then moving on Fort Donelson. After Grant had captured this stronghold, Sherman became commander of the Fifth Division of his army. In the battle of Shiloh, Sherman's division held the key of the position around the little church; and though surprised by the onset of the enemy and driven back almost to the river by its force, was able to resist it eventually. Sherman was in the thickest of the fight, had three horses killed under him, and was twice wounded. Grant acknowledged that he was indebted to Sherman's individual efforts for the success of the battle. For these services Sherman was appointed major-general of volunteers. He continued with Grant's army during its advance on Corinth, and when operations against Vicksburg were commenced in the following December, Sherman led in the first assault, but owing to the smallness of his force was obliged to retire. He soon proposed and carried into execution a plan for the capture of Arkansas Post, where 7,000 prisoners were taken. In March a combined military and naval expedition was made against Vicksburg, by the way of the Yazoo river; and Sherman was able to rescue Admiral Porter from the predicament caused by the obstructions, natural and artificial, of the swampy stream and its bayous. During the regular siege of that stronghold Sherman's corps bore its full part; and when General Joseph E. Johnston threatened the rear of the besieging army, Sherman, turning, drove him to Jackson, which was finally captured on July 13.

A lull succeeded the close of the Vicksburg campaign; but in September Sherman's army was ordered to the relief of Rosecrans, who had been defeated at Chickamauga. The way was difficult and the enemy was on the alert; but Sherman pushed on until he joined Grant on the 15th of November. His next task was to dislodge General Bragg from his commanding position on Missionary Ridge, which had been fortified so as to be deemed impregnable. But Sherman's army gained the mastery on the 25th, and released Rosecrans from his imprisonment in Chattanooga. The Confederates were driven off into Georgia, and Sherman started to relieve Burnside, who, like Rosecrans, was besieged in Knoxville. The Confederate General Longstreet withdrew on his approach, and Tennessee was again entirely in possession of the Union armies. The hardships surmounted in this autumn campaign among the mountains of Tennessee and Northern Georgia had never been exceeded in the war. The winter was diversified with raids in Mississippi.

When Grant was, in March, 1864, placed at the head of all the forces of the Union, Sherman succeeded to his command of the Western armies. When Grant set out for Richmond, Sherman started on a similar campaign towards Atlanta—or, rather, as he declared in his "Memoirs," the objective was the "army of Joe Johnston," go where it might. Johnston retreated, Parthian-like, striking as he fell back. The movement was through a wooded mountainous region, with wretched roads, readily obstructed, and often turned into quagmires by rain. The fighting was continuous from June 10 to July 3, the severest being at Kenesaw Mountain. Johnston was driven across the Chattahoochee river, and then, by the order of President Davis of the Southern Confederacy, was superseded by General Hood, who, as a "fighting general," was expected to retrieve what had been lost. But the purpose could not be realized. On the 1st of September Hood was compelled to evacuate Atlanta. For this capture Sherman received the congratulations of Lincoln, Grant, Halleck, and, indeed, of all the lovers of the Union. He now ordered the civil population to depart from Atlanta, expecting to be besieged there. But Hood had resolved to cut his communica-

tions with Kentucky, and Sherman, aware of his purpose, sent Thomas back to defend Nashville, while he himself prepared for a march to the sea.

On November 16th the march through Georgia began. Sherman's army numbered 62,000 men, and moved in three columns; General O. O. Howard commanding the right wing, and General H. W. Slocum the left. There was no enemy to hinder progress, as Hood was far away. The course was directed towards Savannah, and the troops lived off the country. Foraging parties were sent out daily for miles on each side of the line of march, and were required to be prompt in their return. To the soldiers it was a grand picnic. When they reached Milledgeville, the former capital of Georgia, a mock State Convention was held, the Ordinance of Secession was repealed, and the State of Georgia restored to the Union. Savannah was invested by land and water, and on the 21st of December, after a week's siege, the Confederate General Hardee evacuated the city. Sherman entered on the next day, and gave his soldiers five weeks' rest.

On February 1st, 1865, a similar march was commenced northward, in the course of which the beautiful town of Columbia, the capital of South Carolina, was burned. The fire was due to the burning of cotton-bales; and afterward Sherman laid the responsibility for the act on the retreating Confederates, while the citizens accused his troops of wanton destruction. The last fight of the campaign was at Bentonville, North Carolina, when Sherman defeated General Joseph E. Johnston with severe loss, on the 21st of March. While still pursuing Johnston, Sherman received news of the surrender of Lee to Grant, and at once made arrangements for a truce. A convention, which included political as well as military terms, was arranged; but after the assassination of President Lincoln, its terms were repudiated by President Andrew Johnson and his cabinet. General Grant hastened to Sherman, and made a new arrangement on the same terms as had been allowed to General Lee at Appomattox. Johnston's surrender took place at Durham's Station on the 26th of April. A month later the gallant army which had marched from Atlanta to the sea, and thence northward, was reviewed

in Washington by President Johnson and his Cabinet. "It was, in my judgment," says Sherman in his "Memoirs," with honorable pride, "the most magnificent army in existence,—65,000 men, in splendid physique, who had just completed a march of nearly 2,000 miles in a hostile country."

Before the reconstruction of the Southern States was accomplished, the whole country was divided into five military divisions, and Sherman took command of that of the Mississippi (afterwards called the Missouri), with headquarters at St. Louis. When Grant was raised to the new rank of General of the United States, in July, 1866, Sherman succeeded him as Lieutenant-General in the regular army. In October he was sent as escort to the newly-appointed United States Minister to Mexico; and in performance of his commission endeavored in vain to reach the headquarters of Juarez, who had been recently elected President of that country. The true object of the movement was to protest, by a significant act, against the presence of the Austrian Archduke Maximilian, who had, by the aid of French troops, been proclaimed Emperor of Mexico. In 1869, when Grant became President, Sherman was at once appointed general of the army, and in 1871 he went abroad and spent a year in Europe, being everywhere received with the respect due to his rank and fame. He held the position of General until he was relieved, at his own request, on the 1st of November, 1883, having reached the age prescribed by law for the retirement of military officers.

For a short time thereafter he resided in St. Louis, but he soon removed to New York city, where his time was fully occupied in social duties, the preparation of his "Memoirs," and the writing of letters and articles on questions relating to the war and affairs of public moment. The great success of his "Memoirs" led publishers to seek a similar work from the pen of General Grant. General Sherman had always been noted for the ability to wield the pen as well as the sword, and his contributions to war-literature have proved increasingly valuable as time has passed on. The constant demands on his time, for social as well as literary purposes, exhausted the strength of his once vigorous constitution. He died at

New York on the 14th of February, 1891, and was buried at St. Louis.

General Sherman's indisputable military ability has been thus described: "Above all his other excellencies shone his promptitude, celerity, and immeasurable activity. What for some commanders were winter-quarters were to him a bivouac. Always ready for the start, indefatigable on the march, omnipresent in battle, relentless in pursuit, General Sherman made himself not only more feared, but more respected by the enemy, than any general in the national armies save, perhaps, the one who commanded them all."

The Atlanta Campaign.

On the 5th of May, 1864, the campaign against Joe Johnston and Atlanta opened. Sherman hoped to force Johnston to speedy and decisive battle; Johnston, with the cautious wisdom that distinguished him, saw at once that, with his weak forces, his policy was to act on the defensive, draw Sherman away from his base, weaken his army at every step for guards for his attenuated line of supplies, and so finally bring on the decisive battle on something more nearly approaching equal terms. But he was nevertheless prepared to make his defensive campaign an obstinate one. His main defenses, in his present position, were along the Rocky Face Ridge, a short distance north of Dalton; at Tunnel Hill and Buzzard's Roost Gaps. Here the heights were crowned with artillery, the approaches were obstructed with abattis, and, to complete the work, these were finally flooded by the aid of dams on the adjacent streams.

Not proposing to sacrifice his soldiers against this impregnable position, General Sherman made it his aim to manœuvre Johnston into open ground, and then suddenly bring him to battle. To this end he sent Thomas to make a strong feint directly against the works, while McPherson, marching from his position on the west around Johnston, should silently seize the Snake Gap, and throw himself upon the railroad below him at Resaca, thus forcing him out of his craggy fastness to fight for his line of supplies. Thomas carried out his part of the plan admirably, and made so formidable a demonstration

that he fairly forced himself into the gap on Johnston's front. Meantime McPherson hastened around on his western detour, only to find that Johnston had seen through the whole plan from the outset, and had effectually guarded against it. In ample time he had dispatched troops to Resaca, and McPherson reported that he "found the place too strong to be taken by assault." And besides, so complete were Johnston's preparations that he had not only fortified Resaca, but had so strengthened his tenure of the line of railway to Dalton, above, that McPherson found it impossible to burst in upon it anywhere. Yet more, he had cut roads through the rough country so as to be able, by a sudden march, to pounce down from Dalton upon the flank of any adventurous force here seeking to molest his rear. Thus endangered, McPherson thought it necessary for his own safety to draw back and fortify at Snake Gap. But Sherman, with a fertility of resource that was admirable, was ready at once for the contingency, although, as he said, "somewhat disappointed at the result." He at once prepared to make the attack at Resaca with almost his entire force, leaving only a single corps to keep up the feint at Buzzard's Roost. So ended the first stage of the campaign.

But Johnston was again to offer a skillful parry. No sooner had Sherman's movement commenced than, divining its object, his antagonist began to move to meet it. On the 13th Sherman's army began to arrive before Resaca. On the 13th Johnston abandoned Dalton, and marched down to Resaca, leaving the corps Sherman had left keeping up the feint, to march quietly after him. Next morning when Sherman arrived, he perceived at a glance that he was foiled again. This time, however, he determined to fight; while, at the same time, he should again essay cutting Johnston's line of supplies. From Resaca southward the Oostenaula interposed its waters between Sherman and the railroad to Atlanta. Laying a pontoon bridge across this stream, a few miles below Resaca, Sherman crossed here a single division. Behind this, and much further down, he sent Garrard's cavalry division to cut the railroad far to the southward. Then, placing Thomas in the centre, McPherson on the right, and

Schofield on the left, he made a fierce attack upon the intrenchments of Resaca. Thomas and Schofield found the obstructions too great, and gained little or nothing. McPherson fared better, and succeeded in securing ground whence his batteries swept the rebel positions. Meantime, hearing of the pontoon bridge across the river a little way below him, and of the threat there made on his rear, Johnston dispatched Hood to guard against this new danger. But before he could accomplish anything, Sherman was swinging his whole right across the bridge. This settled the matter. Johnston at once evacuated Resaca, and retreated southward, burning the bridges behind him.

Thus ended the second stage of the campaign. It cost between four and five thousand men, while the rebel loss was proportionately far less, on account of their intrenchments, and the result was finally obtained, not by sanguinary fighting, but by the bloodless flanking operations below the town. Sherman was again disappointed in seeking to force Johnston's forty-five thousand to pitched battle with his hundred thousand. He must find his battle-field yet further from his base.

Pursuit was promptly begun. McPherson had a skirmish at Calhoun; there was a brisker little engagement at Adairsville; and finally Johnston was found intrenched at Cassville, a point on the railroad about midway between Chattanooga and Atlanta. The rebel army was now reinforced by a fresh division of Polk's corps, making it a little stronger than at the outset of the campaign; and an attack was ordered on Sherman's advancing columns. But the orders were misunderstood; nothing was done, and Sherman soon had his artillery favorably posted, and playing upon the intrenchments. Hood and Polk, at nightfall, waited upon Johnston and urged a retreat, insisting that the national artillery made their positions untenable. The rebel commander dissented from their views; but the representations of his two best officers had so strong an influence upon him that, against his better judgment, he finally consented. Next morning Sherman found his antagonist gone. So ended one more stage in the campaign.

Already far down into the enemy's country, beyond what, six months before, had seemed the utmost capacity of the

Government to supply the army, Sherman did not hesitate. Thus far he had wonderfully preserved the thread of railroad by which his supplies passed through the hostile regions of Kentucky, Tennessee, and Northern Georgia, to reach him; and, emboldened by his success, and fertile in expedients, he at once resolved on yet more hazardous ventures. He was greatly disappointed in being unable to bring Johnston to decisive battle, and he knew full well the aim of "that astute commander," as he often styled him, in drawing him yet further and further from his base of supplies. But reinforcements continued to reach him, and with bold hearts his troops once more turned their faces southward.

Sherman's thorough study of the topographical features of the country led him to the belief that Johnston's next stand would be in the strong natural position of Allatoona Pass, a point he had no desire to attack. Loading his wagons, therefore, with food and powder he made a long stride away from his railroad—marching far to the south-westward of Johnston's supposed position, and hoping to seize Dallas, toward the west and rear of Allatoona Pass. But "the astute commander" saw through Sherman's efforts to mask his real purpose; and when the heads of columns appeared near Dallas they found Johnston behind formidable intrenchments, ready to receive them. Here, in the vicinity of New Hope Church, Hooker, who led the advance of Thomas's army, had a fierce engagement as he came up on the 25th of May; and for the next three days there was skirmishing, sometimes swelling into heavy fighting, all along the lines. On the 27th Sherman ordered an assault, which cost some three thousand men, while the enemy lost only four hundred and fifty, and held his ground. The next day, however, Johnston fell upon McPherson's army, but found it already behind good breastworks, and received an equally bloody repulse.

Thus, for ten days, stood the two skillful antagonists, fairly matched, facing each other with thrust and parry. But Sherman was not so to be balked. To flank again to the westward would throw him, as he thought, too far from the railroad, with which it was vital to maintain his connection. He therefore gradually extended his lines to the eastward,

Johnston closely watching and following every move. Throwing his cavalry out, he succeeded in seizing Allatoona Pass and Acworth, on the railroad; then, establishing himself there, he began to accumulate supplies and prepare for a desperate grapple with the enemy, who, still resolutely confronting him, now lay a little further down on the railroad at Marietta. Between the hostile armies interposed a mountain spur—henceforth as bloody and ill-omened a name in our history as Fredericksburg—the heights of Kenesaw. They were held by the enemy.

Within the next five days Sherman had the railroad repaired to his very camps, had abundant supplies, and was ready for a fresh movement. Weary of perpetual flanking, which seemed only to result in driving the enemy to stronger positions, and knowing very well what his antagonist hoped in thus drawing him on, he now determined to abandon his effort to bring on a battle on equal ground, and to attack Johnston just where Johnston had prepared for attack. Yet the results of his reconnoissances might well have given him pause. Directly in front loomed Kenesaw, bristling with batteries, scarred with intrenchments and abattis. To the west, securely covering the flank, was Lost Mountain; thrust forward between the two was Pine Hill. But, with his quick eye for detecting the salient points of a position, Sherman saw that this line was too much extended for Johnston's weak force, and trusting to the chances that might result from carrying the weaker of the heights, he proceeded to attack.

From the 9th of June, on which the advance was made, till the 3d of July, Sherman lay beating away his strength against those rock-bound barriers. He soon, indeed, forced Johnston off Lost Mountain and Pine Hill; but in so doing he only strengthened his position. Emboldened, however, by these successes, as it would seem, and doubtless remembering the scaling of Missionary Ridge, at which all the world wondered, he now brought himself, well knowing the danger, to order an attack on Kenesaw itself. Ample time was given for preparation. Finally, on the 27th, the batteries swept the mountain side with a fearful storm of shell; and at last two armies, Thomas's and McPherson's, rushed to the

assault. They were completely and bloodily repulsed; the position was impregnable. "Failure it was, and for it I assume the entire responsibility," said Sherman, manfully.

Here, indeed, was his great merit. Unshaken by misfortune, he rose above it to fresh brilliancy. Instantly recognizing, with that swift perception that had so often stood him in good stead, the utter impossibility of seeking by further efforts to *drive* Johnston out of Kenesaw, he once more launched out his flanking column far to the south-westward. Straightway, in the darkness of a single night, Kenesaw fell without a blow!

Johnston first halted at Smyrna Church; then, as Sherman's quick manœuvres threw him out of this position, fell back beyond the Chattahoochee. Sherman pushed forward, and lo! in sight rose the spires of Atlanta! But between him and them lay the network of defenses, drawn and held by a skillful general, whose parapets were for many weary days to keep the army at bay. Johnston now considered that the long-awaited favorable moment had come for decisive battle. He had compelled the powerful antagonist, who mustered more than two soldiers to his one, to spend seventy-two days in marching a hundred miles; he had lured him on to attack fortified positions, and, as he believed, had inflicted great loss. As the line lengthened, he knew that the assailant must weaken his forces at the front to protect it, and he reckoned on this as a cause of still greater depletion in the hostile ranks. Meanwhile his own were strengthened. Whereas he had begun the campaign with scarcely forty-five thousand men, yet now, notwithstanding the natural losses of so active a series of operations, his reinforcements had raised his strength to fifty-one thousand. Believing, therefore, that he at last approached terms of equality with his antagonist, he prepared such measures as seemed to promise decisive victory. Sherman, remembering his plan for demonstrating on the east side of Atlanta or its communications, as announced to Grant at the outset, had already crossed the Chattahoochee to the eastward of the railroad and city; but between him and Atlanta there still lay the swampy banks of Peachtree Creek. On the further side of this stream John-

ston prepared his first works. He proposed that Sherman should be permitted to cross; that then, sallying from his works, he would fall upon the adventurous army and essay to drive it back in confusion into the stream. Failing in this, his next plan would be to draw off to the south and east, deserting these works, and leaving Sherman to march fair upon Atlanta. Then, issuing from his new positions, he would fall upon the flank of Sherman's passing column, break it if possible, and beat the fragments in detail.

Such was the reception preparing for our army, when the rebels themselves dealing the weightiest blows to their own cause, came to our aid. "Such a mysterious blow to the Confederacy," says Swinton, "was that by which General Johnston was removed from its Western army, when he was most needful for its salvation; kept from its command till an intervening general had ruined and disintegrated it, and then gravely restored to the leadership of its pitiful fragments."

There was left to oppose Sherman's advance, General J. B. Hood! It was a sorry contrast. The one, warlike by instinct, trained to military methods, and educated by long experience, was now the most brilliant soldier in the armies of his country. The other was a brave, rash, inconsiderate fighter—nothing more. Conscious, as it would seem, of his unfitness for the task to which the blind passions of the Confederate President had assigned him, he appealed to his late chief for assistance. Johnston explained all his plans, and Hood, adopting them, at once proceeded to essay their execution.

So it happened that, when Sherman, advancing across the Peachtree Creek, was coming out upon the firm ground, whence he hoped to march on Atlanta, he was suddenly struck with tremendous force at an unfortunate gap between Schofield and Thomas. Pushing his advantage, bravely but not skillfully, General Hood strove to carry out Johnston's plan, and drive the disordered columns into the stream. But a part of the line had been protected by hastily-erected breastworks of rails; here the onset was handsomely resisted, the other corps rallied and were reinforced, and, in the end, Hood was driven back to his intrenchments, with a loss, as Sher-

man estimated it, of well-nigh five thousand men. Sherman's own loss was but 1,733.

Foiled at the outset, Hood next faithfully strove to carry out Johnston's second plan. In the night he abandoned his Peachtree lines and drew down to his fortifications east of Atlanta. Next morning, Sherman was astonished to find that the works whence had flamed forth such fierce attack were deserted. In the first surprise, and with his natural swiftness of reasoning, he leaped to the conclusion that Atlanta itself must be evacuated; and straightway he put his columns in motion to occupy the city. It was nearly noon when Hood, lying in wait, conceived the opportune moment to have come. Issuing, then, from his works, far to the rear of Sherman's advance, he fell upon his flank, where McPherson's army was marching. The attack was irresistible; the column, broken and in some disorder, was pushed back, some batteries were captured, McPherson himself—weightiest loss of all—was killed. But Sherman, never long disconcerted by anything, quickly disposed his greatly superior force, hurried up Schofield, and at last, after a terrible struggle, continuing from noon till night, beat Hood back. The battle cost Sherman 3,722 men; he estimated Hood's loss at eight thousand, doubtless an exaggeration.

Hood now drew back into the works immediately around the city; Sherman dispatched cavalry to attempt cutting the rebel communications; then at last, convinced that there was no hope on the east side of Atlanta, swung over to the west. But Hood, discerning the movement, marched as promptly, and the next day struck the national lines in what Sherman himself called a "magnificent assault." But it was timed a little too late. No sooner had Sherman's troops been halted than their very first moments had been given to throwing up rapid breastworks. Behind these, therefore, they met Hood's onset. It was fiercely made, and for four hours continued, with a final result of six hundred lost to Sherman, and, as he estimated, not less than five thousand to Hood.

The desperate struggles of the army that stood savagely at bay in Atlanta here ended for a little—apparently through sheer exhaustion. Sherman completed his works, planted

batteries, shelled the town (frequently setting it on fire), and gradually extended his lines around to the southward, toward the railroad by which Hood drew the bulk of his supplies. Schofield was ordered to attempt breaking through the enemy's southern lines, but the effort failed. There followed a period of bombardments, of skirmishing along the line, of simultaneous extensions of works on either hand.

But at last, having fully counted the cost, Sherman took his resolution. Filling his wagons with supplies, and cutting loose from his base, he swung around to the south-westward with the bulk of his army. He first struck the West Point Railroad, broke and thoroughly destroyed it for many miles; and then pushed straight eastward, for the only remaining railroad connecting Atlanta with the Confederacy. He strikes it near Jonesboro', finds a considerable portion of Hood's army here, fights and repulses them, interposes between them and Atlanta, and proceeds with a vigorous destruction of the track. Hood now needs no strategist to tell him the effect of that repulse. That night dull reverberations at the north, in the direction of Atlanta, arouse the sleepers. It is the end of the long campaign. Hood is evacuating the city, out of which he has been manœuvred.

The exultation of the army was tempered by the remembrance of the graves that lined the railroad back to Chattanooga, and of the fresh perils that came with the victory. But the rejoicing of the country knew no bounds. General Grant fired a shotted salute from every battery bearing on the enemy about Richmond in honor of the great achievement of his friend. The President ordered a salute of a hundred guns from each leading city and military post in the country; and in special executive order tendered to General Sherman the thanks of the nation for "the distinguished ability, perseverance, and courage displayed in the campaign." The name and praise of Sherman were in every mouth.

The popular verdict indeed made amends to Sherman for previous coldness by fervid excess of praise. Of the remarkable campaign thus happily ended, it must be said that its main object was, after all, unattained. General Sherman had sought to bring the rebel army to decisive battle at Dalton;

he had sought it at every stage of his advance; but the army had at last escaped him, shattered, indeed, but still an effective organization, with all its trains and war *matériel* intact. He had neither crushed it nor signally defeated it. But, viewed simply as an operation for conquering territory, the entire campaign was masterly. Each feature, its tactics, its logistics, its strategy, was equally admirable. Blunders there undoubtedly were. Need we recall that wise saying of Marshal Turenne's, "Whoever has committed no faults has not made war." But, as a whole, the campaign will long be studied as a brilliant exemplification of sound military principles skillfully put in practice. Two features in it will always attract special attention; the marvelous manner in which, by judicious accumulations of supplies at various secondary bases along the route, thoroughly protected by strong garrisons and fortifications, the army was kept constantly supplied, in spite of raids to the rear, the hostility of the inhabitants, and the inevitable exposure of so unprecedentedly long a line; and the no less marvelous manner in which, moving great armies over great spaces, in the face of a wary antagonist, General Sherman handled them as deftly and as precisely as he might the pieces on a chess-board.—WHITELAW REID.

LINCOLN AND SHERMAN.

The names of Lincoln and Sherman are indissolubly linked together in the yet continued dispute over Lincoln's original views on reconstruction, as Sherman claimed to represent them in the terms of the first surrender of Johnston to Sherman at Durham Station, North Carolina. On the 18th of April, 1865, Sherman and Johnston met at the house of Mr. Bennet to agree upon the terms for the surrender of Johnston's army. On the 12th of April Sherman had announced to his army the surrender of Lee. Two days later a flag of truce was received from Johnston proposing "to stop the further effusion of blood and devastation of property," and suggesting that the civil authorities of the States be permitted "to enter into the needful arrangements to terminate the existing war." Sherman's answer of the same date said: "I am fully empowered to arrange with you any terms for the suspension of

further hostilities between the armies commanded by you and those commanded by myself." An interview with Johnston having been arranged by a staff officer, Sherman started from Raleigh on the 17th to fill the appointment with Johnston. When he was about to enter the car he was stopped by a telegraph-operator, who gave him the startling information of the assassination of Lincoln on the 14th. He gave orders that no publicity should be given to the death of Lincoln, and he did not even inform the staff officers accompanying him. As soon as he was alone with Johnston he communicated to him the fact of Lincoln's assassination, and he adds that "the perspiration came out in large drops on his (Johnston's) forehead, and he did not attempt to conceal his distress." This conference with Johnston did not result in formulating the terms of surrender. Johnston did not assume to possess authority to surrender all the various armies yet in the field; but as Jefferson Davis, with Breckinridge, his Secretary of War, and Reagan, his Postmaster-General, were within reach of Johnston, he proposed to meet Sherman on the following day, when he hoped to have authority to surrender the entire Confederate armies remaining in the service. When they met again Breckinridge was with Johnston without assuming to act in any official capacity, and the terms of surrender were formulated and signed by Sherman and Johnston. So far as the purely military terms were involved, they were practically the same as those agreed to by Grant and Lee at Appomattox. The third article of the basis of agreement provided for "the recognition by the Executive of the United States of the several State governments on their officers and legislatures taking the oath prescribed by the Constitution of the United States." The fifth article provided for substantial amnesty, so far as in the power of the President, to all who accepted the terms of surrender, who should be protected in "their political rights and franchise as well as their rights of person and property." It was provided also that the armies of Sherman and Johnston should refrain from all warlike movements until the terms of surrender were finally accepted, and in the event of failure forty-eight hours' notice should be given by either side for the resumption of hostilities. Sherman transmitted the agree-

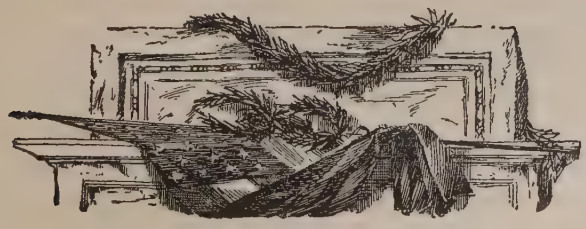
ment to the government through Grant, and Stanton published the disapproval by the administration with most offensive reflections upon Sherman.

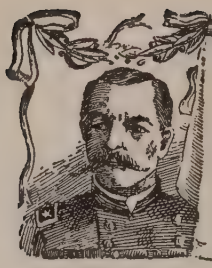
But for the dispute that arose over Sherman's original terms of surrender with Johnston, Lincoln's views as to reconstruction would never have been crystallized in history. The fact that Sherman claimed to act under the direct authority of Lincoln in the terms he gave to Johnston and to the civil governments of the insurgent States brings up the question directly as to Lincoln's contemplated method of closing the war; and it is notable that many of Lincoln's biographers have infused partisan prejudice into history and have studiously attempted to conceal Lincoln's ideas as to the restoration of the Union. Whether he was right or wrong, it is due to the truth of history that his convictions be honestly presented. The plain question to be considered is this: Did or did not Lincoln expressly suggest to Sherman the terms he gave to Johnston in his original agreement of surrender? If he did, it clearly portrays Lincoln's purposes as to reconstruction and fully vindicates Sherman. If he did not thus suggest and instruct Sherman, then Sherman is a deliberate falsifier; and who is prepared to doubt the integrity of any positive statement made by William T. Sherman? There were four persons present at the conference held at City Point on the 28th of March, 1865. They were Lincoln, Grant, Sherman and Admiral Porter. It was before these men that Lincoln freely discussed the question of ending the war, and in Sherman's "Memoirs" he says: "Mr. Lincoln was full and frank in his conversation, assuring me that in his mind he was all ready for the civil reorganization of affairs at the South as soon as the war was over." Had Lincoln stopped with the general assurance of his purpose to restore the South to civil government, it might be plausible to assume that Sherman misinterpreted his expressions; but Sherman adds the following positive statement: "He (Lincoln) distinctly authorized me to assure Governor Vance and the people of North Carolina that as soon as the rebel armies laid down their arms and resumed their civil pursuits they would at once be guaranteed all their rights as citizens of a common country; and that to

avoid anarchy the State governments then in existence, with their civil functionaries, would be recognized by him as the governments *de facto* till Congress could provide others." There was no possibility for Sherman to mistake this expression of Lincoln. He was distinctly instructed to assure the Governor of North Carolina, the State in which Sherman's army was then operating, that upon the surrender of the insurgent forces all would be guaranteed their rights as citizens, and the civil governments then in existence would be recognized by Lincoln. There was no chance for misunderstanding on this point. Either Lincoln thus instructed Sherman or Sherman states what is deliberately untrue.

These were the last instructions that Sherman received from Lincoln or from the governmont until the surrender of Johnston. In a little more than two weeks thereafter Lincoln was assassinated, and the only event that could have been regarded as an additional guide for Sherman was the surrender of Lee, in which all the rights that Sherman accorded to Johnston's army had been given to Lee's army by Grant. The testimony of Lincoln could not be had after the issue was raised with Sherman, as Lincoln was then dead; but Sherman knew that on the 6th of April, Lincoln had authorized the reconvening of the Virginia Legislature, and thus felt sure that Lincoln was doing in Virginia precisely what he had instructed Sherman to do in North Carolina. Grant, always reticent in matters of dispute except when testimony was a necessity, was not called upon to express any opinion as to the correctness of Sherman's understanding of Lincoln's instructions. General Badeau, who was with Grant at the time he received Stanton's offensive revocation of the agreement between Sherman and Johnston, says that Grant pronounced Stanton's ten reasons for rejecting the terms of surrender to be "infamous." An entirely new condition had been produced by the murder of Lincoln and the succession of Johnson, and had Sherman been advised of the frenzy of public sentiment that followed the assassination of the President, he probably would not have obeyed Lincoln's instructions by giving the promise that the government would recognize the Confederate civil authorities of the States.

The tragic death of Lincoln aroused public sentiment to the highest point of resentment. The new President was ostentatious in his demand for vengeance upon the Southern leaders. Stanton was most violent in his cry for the swiftest retribution, and it was in this changed condition of sentiment and of authority that Sherman's terms, accorded to Johnston in obedience to the peaceful purposes of Lincoln, were sent to the government for approval or rejection. Stanton immediately proclaimed the rejection of the terms of surrender in a dispatch given to the public press, in which he denounced Sherman with unmingled ferocity as having acted without authority and surrendered almost every issue for which the war had been fought. So violent was this assault upon Sherman from Stanton that soon after, when Sherman's victorious army was reviewed in Washington by the President and Secretary of War, Sherman refused the proffered hand of Stanton before the multitude. President Johnson subsequently assured Sherman that Stanton's public reflection upon him had not been seen by the President nor any of Stanton's associates of the Cabinet until it had been published. Admiral Porter, who was the remaining witness to the instructions received by Sherman, took down notes immediately after the conference ended, and within a year thereafter he furnished Sherman a statement of what had occurred, in which he fully and broadly sustained Sherman as to Lincoln's instructions. I assume, therefore, that it is true beyond all reasonable dispute that Sherman in his original terms of Johnston's surrender in North Carolina implicitly obeyed the directions of Lincoln, and was therefore not only fully justified in what he did, but would have been false to his trust had he insisted upon any other terms than those he accepted.—A. K. McClure.





GEN. SHERIDAN.

ENERAL SHERIDAN'S fame has been impressed on the popular memory by his dashing ride from Winchester to retrieve the fortune of a field almost lost. He is therefore generally regarded as a hard-riding, hard-fighting soldier, whose constant success and rapid rise to fame were due to personal bravery, aided, perhaps, by exceptional good luck. Yet General Grant, who had the best opportunity of knowing thoroughly his capacity, selected him as his cavalry leader in his campaign against Lee, and bears, in his "Memoirs," emphatic testimony to Sheridan's ability as a general of the highest rank.

Sheridan has been called the Murat of the civil war, and not altogether without reason, for there were many points in which he resembled Napoleon's famous Marshal. He was an ideal executive officer, prompt and energetic in action, fertile in expedients in times of emergency, and withal a bold, dashing cavalry leader, who won the affection of his men and challenged the admiration of his adversaries by his chivalry and courage.

Philip Henry Sheridan was the second son of John and Mary Sheridan, humble Irish immigrants, who came to the United States in 1828, and settled at Somerset, in Ohio, in the next year. Here Philip was born, on the 6th of March, 1831. The father was a laborer, who afterwards became a contractor for road-making. The son was a rollicking boy, ever ready for a frolic or a fight, and fond of "playing soldier." About the time of the Mexican war, by favor of the Congressman of his district, he was appointed to the Military Academy

at West Point, and became the room-mate of General Henry W. Slocum, who helped him in his studies. His unfortunate propensity for breaking rules and a fight with a fellow-student, delayed his graduation for a year; but in 1853 he finished his course, being number thirty-four in a class of fifty-two.

His first service was in Texas; but in 1854 he was transferred, with his regiment, the Fourth Infantry, to Oregon, where he spent six years, partly in protecting gold-seekers from the hostility of the Indians. His gallantry in some affairs caused him to be made commander of the Indian Reservation. In this remote post he was occupied for months after the Civil War had broken out in the East, and raised his comrades to the command of regiments and brigades. When he was recalled in September, 1861, he expressed the modest wish that he "might get a captaincy out of the thing."

In course of the winter he realized his wish, being made captain in the Thirteenth Infantry, whose colonel was W. T. Sherman. Sheridan was employed first at St. Louis in auditing claims, and afterwards as quartermaster and commissary on the staff of General S. R. Curtis. When General Halleck took the field, after the battle of Shiloh, he recommended Sheridan to be colonel of the Second Michigan Cavalry. The colonel led his regiment to Booneville, Missouri, and was soon in command of a brigade; and after a brilliant fight, on the 1st of July, was commissioned brigadier-general of volunteers. From Missouri the young brigadier went to form a part of Buell's army, in Kentucky; fought at Perryville, and marched to Nashville, where he came under the command of General Rosecrans.

In the desperate battle of Stone River, or Murfreesboro, on the last day of 1862, Sheridan, commanding a division of McCook's corps, bore the brunt of the Confederate Cleburne's attack on the left wing. It had its three brigade commanders killed, and seventy other officers, and nearly half its men killed or wounded. After these severe losses it was obliged to give way, in spite of Sheridan's heroic efforts. Yet his stubborn resistance of the left, with that of Thomas in the centre, enabled Rosecrans to form a new line of battle and finally to compel Bragg to withdraw. Sheridan was rewarded

by being made major-general of volunteers. In Rosecrans advance, in the following May, Sheridan led the way, and finally reached Chattanooga. In the battle of Chickamauga, on the 19th and 20th of September, Sheridan's division was separated from the rest of the Union army and driven back to Chattanooga, where, with all the rest, he was besieged until relieved by General Grant.

When the new commander undertook to dislodge the enemy from Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, Sheridan was directed to take the line of rifle-pits at the base of the hill; but, seeing that the most effectual way to accomplish the object was to capture the summit, he sent back word that he was going on. The Union troops pierced the Confederate lines, and did not rest until they held the summit. Sheridan's men were the first to cross the crest, and when the whole army of the enemy was compelled to retreat, they pressed their rear-guard till long after dark. Sheridan wished to push on to Chickamauga, but was restrained by his superiors, who afterwards regretted that his suggestion was not taken. Sheridan spent the winter in Tennessee; but in March, 1864, when Grant was called to the command of the armies in the East, he urged upon President Lincoln the need for an energetic leader of cavalry with the Army of the Potomac. "How would Sheridan do?" said Halleck, who was present. "The very man I want," replied Grant.

Sheridan, therefore, on April 4, 1864, took command of the cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac, and was soon ready to take the field. In the bloody battles of the Wilderness his cavalry covered the front and flanks of the infantry; but he was soon directed by Grant to strike out and sweep around Lee's army and cut his communications. Sheridan moved directly towards Richmond, and after destroying much stores and recapturing Union prisoners, encountered the Confederate cavalryman, J. E. B. Stuart, who had thrown his force in the way at Yellow Tavern. In the severe fight that ensued Stuart was killed, and Sheridan was able to enter the outer defences of Richmond; but not being able to hold them, pushed on to the Chickahominy river, where he was obliged again to fight, and after some peril escaped to the James river

and opened communication with General Butler at Haxall's Landing. Grant, in his "Memoirs," lauds Sheridan's exploits in this raid in the highest terms, declaring that the main army was thereby "freed from annoyances of the cavalry of the enemy for more than two weeks." Sheridan, rejoining Grant, took part in the later battles of the campaign. In June he was sent into the Shenandoah Valley, to assist in bringing General Hunter's army to unite with that of Grant; but, though he inflicted severe damage on the enemy, the main purpose was not effected.

After General Early had in July advanced from Richmond by way of the Shenandoah Valley so as to threaten and almost capture Washington, Grant determined that this inviting highway and harvest-field of the enemy must be cleared so as to prevent such raids in future. For this purpose, in August, he put Sheridan in command of the Middle Military Division, comprising 30,000 men, of whom 8,000 were cavalry. The campaign that ensued was a succession of advances and retreats, with sharp fighting at intervals. The battle of Opequan, on September 14th, was a severe defeat for Early, and it was followed by another at Fisher's Hill, after which Sheridan advanced to Harrisonburg, while his cavalry pushed on to Staunton.

Having driven out the enemy, he proceeded to execute Grant's orders, and destroyed the barns, mills, forage and whatever might be serviceable to troops throughout the valley. When the Union army, thus engaged, was withdrawing, it was followed by the enemy's cavalry, and the camp at Cedar Creek was surprised on the 19th of October before daybreak. The whole Union force was driven back in confusion for some miles. Sheridan had been absent on business in Washington, but had returned as far as Winchester, when he heard reports of cannon. Riding beyond Winchester he encountered men and teams in hurried flight. Dashing onward up the turnpike with an escort of twenty men, he reached his army eleven miles from the town, and was hailed with shouts of joy. He speedily united the corps, formed a compact line, and ordered an advance. The Union army responded with an irresistible onset, and the repulse of the Confederates became a complete

rout. The twenty-four guns lost in the morning were recaptured, and twenty-four Confederate pieces were captured. The total Union loss was 5764, while Early's was much less, about 3,100. For the rest of the year Sheridan kept possession of the main part of the valley, while Early lay close to Richmond. At the end of the following February Sheridan again advanced from Winchester and surprised Early at Waynesboro, capturing most of his men, guns, flags, and stores. Sheridan then destroyed the Virginia Central Railroad and the James River Canal, with a view to crippling Lee's army and cutting off its supplies. On the 27th of March Sheridan rejoined Grant before Petersburg.

Grant had been waiting for the arrival of this force, needing the cavalry to execute his plans. Sheridan was ordered to push around Lee's army across the Southern Railroad; but the Confederate leader easily divined the plan, and sent a heavy infantry force to attack him at once. A battle ensued at Five Forks, on April 1st, which resulted in a complete overthrow of Lee's right wing, and compelled the evacuation of Petersburg and abandonment of Richmond. Sheridan led the van in the pursuit of Lee, and overtook Ewell at Sailor's Creek, where 6,000 men were captured. Sheridan reached Appomattox in advance of Lee's army, and when an attempt was made to break through his lines, he made such a display of strength that a flag of truce was displayed. The terms of surrender were soon arranged between Grant and Lee, and the war in Virginia was at an end.

General Sheridan took no part in the grand review of the troops of the Eastern and Western armies in Washington in May. He had been sent to Texas to receive the surrender of Kirby Smith, and he was also directed to watch the movements of the French troops in Mexico. He was appointed to the command of the Military Division of the Gulf, with headquarters at New Orleans. With his army of observation on the banks of the Rio Grande, he made such demonstrations of hostility as compelled the withdrawal of Marshal Bazaine, which was followed by the execution of the unfortunate Archduke Maximilian, in June, 1867. Meantime the serious problem of reconstruction of civil government in the Southern

States had involved President Johnson and the Congress in a vicious dispute. Sheridan, obeying the directions of the legislative body, ruled severely. He removed the mayor of New Orleans, the governors of Louisiana and Texas, and so balked the President's wishes that in August, 1867, he was superseded by General Hancock. Sheridan was transferred to the command of the Department of the Missouri, with headquarters at Leavenworth.

Here he was soon involved in an Indian war, as the Indian tribes, long left to follow their own ways, were now restless when constant encroachments were made on their hunting grounds. Conflicts were frequent, and Sheridan, after a year's experience, decided that the only effective method to settle the troubles was by force. In October, 1868, he ordered the gallant General Custer to attack the Cheyennes, who were encamped on the Washita. The programme was executed with rigid strictness, and the tribes were almost totally destroyed.

When Grant became President, in 1869, Sheridan was promoted to be lieutenant-general, with command of the Division of the Missouri, and headquarters at Chicago. In 1870 he made a tour in Europe and witnessed the battles of the Franco-Prussian War. In 1874 he was married to Miss Jane Rucker, daughter of Major-General Rucker. Soon after, being ordered to New Orleans, on account of conflict between rival State governments in Louisiana, he used the pretext of making a wedding trip to that city. Having taken a rapid survey of the situation, he displayed his authority and with prompt decision quelled disorder among the factions. After a brief sojourn he returned to Chicago. On the 1st of November, 1883, when General Sherman retired from the command of the Army of the United States, General Sheridan was appointed to succeed him. Even further honor of this kind awaited him, for in May, 1888, Congress revived the rank of General and enabled President Cleveland to confer this rank upon him. But the hand of death was already upon the brave Sheridan. In June, to avoid the summer heat of Washington, he was conveyed by the U. S. steamer "Swatara" to Nonquit, Massachusetts, where he died on the

5th of August, 1888. His remains were brought back to Washington and interred in the Arlington National Cemetery.

Sheridan, in personal appearance, was short, but with a physique thoroughly well-developed. From his earliest years he showed military aptitude. He was prompt, daring, self-reliant, enthusiastic, and capable of inspiring others with his own courage and determination. Yet he was also most careful to provide for every emergency, and without allowing it to be manifest, he calculated both the means necessary to effect his purpose and the alternative to be adopted in case of its failure. His mental movements were quick, alert, free from indecision, and yet accurate. His practice was always to act on the offensive, to be the attacking party, and to follow to the utmost every advantage gained. He insisted that after a hard-fought battle the victors were and must be in better condition physically and morally, for new exertions, than the defeated, and they were even superior to what they themselves had been at the commencement of the engagement. Towards the close of his life, Sheridan, following the example of Grant and Sherman, prepared "Personal Memoirs," which, without reaching the excellence of the others, exhibit similar traits of character—freedom from vanity and envy, earnest patriotism and frank simplicity.

The Battle of Five Forks.

The vast line of Confederate earthworks which once engirdled Petersburg and Richmond, after stretching from left to right full thirty-five miles, paused on the White Oak road where the Claybourn road crosses, and thence carried its retired flank a few miles northerly along the latter highway. Four miles due west of the terminus of the main Confederate line was a cross-roads as important as any which that line covered in its course; it was the intersection of the White Oak road with the one running from Dinwiddie to the Southside Railroad, and the junction was known as Five Forks, since there five paths radiate. The possession of Five Forks by the Union forces would enable them to march thence by what is called the Ford road against the Southside Rail-

road; it became, therefore, a point of strategic importance. To furnish forth a garrison for the Five Forks, which might also serve to confront the Union column which was marching to turn the Confederate right, Lee resorted to the well-worn device of stripping the Petersburg intrenchments. The force he had so collected, consisted of Pickett's division, 7,000 strong, which for nine months had seen comparatively little service, Bushrod Johnson's division, 6,000 strong, and the two small brigades of Wilcox and Wise, in all 15,000 men. This force made the attacks in the preliminary battles of White Oak Ridge and Dinwiddie Court House.

On the morning of April 1st, Sheridan began a new movement against Five Forks. To him had been assigned the command of all the forces designed for the attempt, consisting of his own cavalry, now about 8,000 strong, McKenzie's cavalry division, 1,000 strong, and the Fifth corps now 12,000 to 13,000 strong—the losses of Warren and Sheridan during the three days previous having been from 2,500 to 3,000 men.

The plan of battle was brilliant in its simplicity. It was to drive the enemy by means of the cavalry back to Five Forks, to keep him within the works there, and to make a cavalry feint of turning his right; then, under that curtain of horse which Sheridan knew so well how to draw, while behind its impenetrable screen he manœuvred the footmen, he would secretly move the Fifth corps up on the enemy's left, and swing it full against that flank, cutting off the whole force from Petersburg and capturing it.

The topography of the region around Five Forks gives the clew to the Confederate movements. The general position assumed by its garrison, and by the forces of Sheridan at Dinwiddie and of Warren at White Oak Ridge, on the 31st, had been that of a triangle, of which the Union column occupied two angles and the Confederates a third. Partly to secure the obvious advantage of the offensive, and partly to prevent the Union forces from advancing with impunity against Five Forks, both by the Dinwiddie and White Oak roads, and so executing the manœuvre which Sheridan did the next day execute, Lee fell upon Warren's corps on the morning of the 31st. But this manœuvre had uncovered the strategic posi-

tion itself to Sheridan, who, advancing on the Dinwiddie road, had seized Five Forks. No advantage gained against Warren would make amends for giving Sheridan free course; and accordingly the Confederates hastily rushed back, and drove Sheridan's advance from Five Forks, a movement more readily made after their severe check by Miles and Griffin; it is easily seen how, in the subsequent advance, General Warren says he "met with but little opposition." In the same way, after having driven Sheridan to Dinwiddie that same night, the Confederates were again obliged to withdraw their main force towards Five Forks, to prevent the Fifth corps from marching on the White Oak road, and so seizing that point and cutting off their retreat.

Accordingly, Sheridan had little difficulty, during the morning of April 1st, in executing the first part of his scheme. At daylight, Merritt's two divisions, with Devin on the right and Custer on the left, Crook being in the rear, easily drove the force left in their front from Dinwiddie to the Five Forks. Merritt, by impetuous charges, then expelled the Confederates from both their skirmish lines, and, in fine, at two o'clock Sheridan had sealed them up within their main works and had drawn across their front his mask of cavalry skirmishers, behind which he now proceeded to the second part of his plan —the secret moving of the infantry.

General Warren had been directed, until the cavalry movement should be consummated, to halt at the point where he joined Sheridan, in order to refresh his men. At one o'clock, he received orders from Sheridan to march the Fifth corps to Gravelly Run Church, about three miles distant, forming with his two divisions in front and one in reserve. This formation was at once begun. Meanwhile Merritt was demonstrating strongly against the Confederate right at Five Forks to deceive the enemy. Lynx-eyed, and attent to every quarter of the field, Sheridan now prepared to guard against any sally from the main Petersburg works upon what, after his line had been formed, would become his right and rear. This task was entrusted to McKenzie. The precaution was timely, for McKenzie, marching along the White Oak road towards the angle of the Confederate works at the Claybourn road, met a

hostile force thence issuing. Attacking it boldly and skillfully, he drove it towards Petersburg.

The Fifth corps was now formed, and eager to advance and strike. Crawford was on the right, Ayres on the left, and Griffin massed in column of regiments behind Crawford; Ayres and Crawford were each formed with two brigades in front and the third in rear, each brigade being in two lines. Then Warren pushed straight on to the White Oak road, which was speedily reached, being about half a mile distant, and changed front forward, so that in place of being parallel to the road his line crossed it at right angles, and faced westward. This manœuvre was a left wheel, in which Ayres was the pivot and Crawford with Griffin behind the wheeling flank. The Fifth corps was now directly upon the left of the Confederate position, overlapping it for a long distance, and McKenzie, having countermarched and returned on the White Oak road, as Warren advanced to attack, was sent by Sheridan round to the latter's right.

The breastworks at Five Forks were of the usual character —a strong parapet of logs and earth, with redoubts at intervals, and heavy slashings thrown down in front; a thick pine undergrowth covered its approaches. The main line ran along the White Oak road upwards of a mile on each side of the road from Dinwiddie; and the breastwork was retired northerly on its left flank about one hundred yards, in a crochet; the interval thence to Hatcher's Run was guarded only by a skirmish line.

It happened, therefore, that when the Fifth corps wheeled into position across the White Oak road, close upon the Confederate left, Ayres's division covered the ground fronting the reformed line of breastworks, while Crawford and Griffin overlapped it. Before the two latter divisions had completed their change of front, Ayres became sharply engaged with the Confederate skirmishers, and driving them back, worked his men well up to the breastworks. There, however, the enemy opened a hot fire, which reached not only Ayres, but the left of Crawford. The latter officer, in order to get by the enemy's flank, as he had been directed, in order to seize the Ford road, obliqued to the right, so as to draw his other flank from the

severe fire it was receiving across open ground. But this manœuvre uncovered the right of Ayres, which staggered and finally broke under a flank fire. In this crisis, Warren promptly repaired the line by throwing Griffin into the interval between Ayres and Crawford, and this disposition had a second good effect in allowing Crawford to swing out with confidence upon the enemy's rear.

Ayres now charged the entrenchments with his whole division, Gwin's brigade on the right, the Marylanders in the centre, and Winthrop's brigade on the left. The troops dashed in with splendid impetuosity and captured the works, over a thousand prisoners, and several flags. Griffin, on the right of Ayres, falling upon the enemy's left and rear, carried the works there and fifteen hundred prisoners. Meanwhile, Crawford had struck and crossed the all-important Ford road, in the enemy's rear. This latter success rendered of course the whole position of the enemy untenable, and, to make assurance doubly sure, Warren directed Crawford to change front, and move briskly down the Ford road. Coulter's brigade led, with Kellogg's on its right and rear and Baxter's beyond, and, encountering a four-gun battery posted to command the road, charged and captured it, Coulter suffering severely in the gallant exploit.

At this juncture the Confederate position was almost entirely surrounded; for, while Warren was attacking from the east, Merritt, who took the cue for assault from the roll of the infantry fire, was charging from the south. But one avenue of escape remained open, that to the west, along the White Oak road. But before this could be gained, the exultant Union columns had broken in upon all sides, and most of the Confederates were forced to surrender.

The Forks having been carried, Warren directed Crawford to change front again to the right, and to pursue southwesterly so as to take the enemy a second time in flank and rear; and thither also he sent a mounted cavalry brigade, which had approached on the Ford road. About a mile west of the Forks, and two miles west of the entrenchments which he had first carried, Warren found a similar line, designed to protect the left flank of what remained of the enemy, while

the latter held the western extremity of his intrenched front against the Union cavalry on the south. Sheridan's orders had been, that if the enemy was routed, there should be no halt to reform broken lines; but the infantry, although full of spirit and enthusiasm, had become disorganized somewhat by their own victory, and by marching and fighting in the woods; and pausing before the enemy's new line, they were losing the momentum of pursuit in a straggling skirmish fire. At that moment Warren rode through to the front, and called those near him to follow. The officers and color-bearers sprang out, the straggling fire ceased, and in an enthusiastic charge the last position was captured, with such of the enemy as had remained to defend it. In this charge Warren's horse was shot within a few paces of the enemy's line, an orderly killed by his side, and Colonel Richardson of the 7th Wisconsin, who had heroically sprung forward to shield Warren, was grievously wounded.

The day was now done and the battle ended. But for a distance of six miles along the White Oak road, Merritt and McKenzie chased the fugitives, until night protected them. Pickett's loss is not recorded, but he left over five thousand prisoners, with four guns, and many colors, in the hands of the impetuous Sheridan. The lightness of the Union loss formed a novel sensation to the Army of the Potomac, compared to the inestimable value of the victory; for it was not above one thousand in all.

So ended Five Forks—a battle which may be pronounced the finest in point of tactical execution, on the Union side, of any ever delivered in Virginia, and in which, nevertheless, brilliancy of execution is eclipsed by the magnificence of its issue. It was a fit climax to that Shenandoah career which had already made illustrious the name of Sheridan.—W. SWINTON.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

Up from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,

The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight,
As if he knew the terrible need:
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering South,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eyes full of fire.
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;
What was done? what to do? a glance told him both.
Then, striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because,
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye, and the red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down to save the day."

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky—
The American soldier's temple of fame—
There, with the glorious General's name,
Be it said in letters both bold and bright,
"Here is the steed that saved the day,
By carrying Sheridan into the fight
From Winchester, twenty miles away!"—T. B. READ.

GENERAL R. E. LEE.

ROBERT EDWARD LEE, the greatest of the Confederate generals, came of a family conspicuously connected with the State of Virginia and early American history. About the year 1666 Richard Lee settled in that part of Virginia lying between the Rappahannock and the Potomac, called the Northern Neck. Thomas Lee, grandson of Richard, was widely known for his enterprise in the exploration of the river Ohio. He died in 1750, leaving six sons, three of whom attained historical celebrity.

Robert Edward Lee was born in Stratford, Westmoreland County, Virginia, January 19, 1807, being the son of the famous "Light Horse Harry" of the Revolutionary War. By his early associations, he acquired the ease of manner and quick perception of propriety characteristic of the best old Virginian families. He inherited the military instinct from his father, and from natural temperament chose the army as his profession. At the age of eighteen he entered the West Point Military Academy, and graduated with honor in 1829, having obtained second place in a class of forty-six. During his entire course he had never received a demerit mark. Joseph E. Johnston, of the Confederate Army, and Ormsby M. Mitchel, of the Union Army, were among his classmates. From the time of his graduation until the outbreak of the war with Mexico, the young soldier acted as

lieutenant in the Topographical Engineers, and filled with credit the post of chief engineer under General Wool. After this he was placed on the general staff, and in Mexico had almost exclusive direction of all engineering operations with the Army of Invasion under Gen. Winfield Scott. This was the field in which the leading commanders of the civil war on either side were trained. Rising through the several intermediate grades in the service, Lee received the brevet of colonel for gallant and meritorious service at Cerro Gordo, Contreras and Chapultepec. He was afterwards made superintendent of the West Point Military Academy, and during his three years' tenure of this important position, he extended the course of study, and by wise suggestions and beneficial measures raised the institution to the standard of the best military schools of Europe.

In the meantime Congress ordered a levy of two cavalry regiments. Lee was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the Second, under Albert Sydney Johnston, and assigned to duty on the western prairies and the Texan frontier. In 1859 Lee returned from Texas, where his regiment had been on service since 1855, and while at Washington was sent in command of the forces who captured the insurrectionist John Brown. Lee had already met him in Kansas, and at once identified him as having been concerned in the conflict there.

When the Virginia Convention adopted the ordinance of secession, Lee held the closest relation to General Scott, the commander of the United States Army, who was then disabled for service in the field. Lee appeared certain to succeed Scott if he remained in the army. General Scott was also a Virginian by birth, and used every argument to induced Lee not to resign, but to remain firm in his adherence to the United States flag. But Lee, after a severe mental struggle, decided that he owed his first duty to his State. His opinion on the whole subject may be gathered from a letter to his sister, dated April 20, 1861: "We are in a state of war which will yield to nothing. The whole South is in a state of revolution, into which Virginia, after a long struggle, has been drawn, and, though I recognize no necessity for this state of things, and would have forborne and pleaded to the end for redress

of grievances, real or supposed, yet in my own person I had to meet the question, whether I should take part against my native State. With all my devotion to the Union, and the feeling of loyalty and duty of an American citizen, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home. I have, therefore, resigned my commission in the army, and, save in defence of my native State, with the sincere hope that my poor services may never be needed, I hope I may never be called on to draw my sword."

Accordingly, after a service of twenty-five years under the United States flag, Lee tendered his resignation, which was reluctantly and regretfully accepted by General Scott. Lee immediately repaired to Richmond, and was made commander-in-chief of the forces of Virginia, with the title of major-general, and worked with energy to organize the State troops, positively declining any service in connection with the Confederacy. The Confederate capital was, at that time, Montgomery; but very soon after the seat of government was transferred to Richmond. Lee was formally claimed as one of the insurgent leaders, and received from the Confederate War Department the commission of full general, with command of the forces of Western Virginia, which were to oppose McClellan and Rosecrans. Before he could well get hold of his troops they were captured or destroyed by Rosecrans, and the brief campaign ended in disaster and defeat for the Confederates.

On the retirement of Jefferson Davis from military duties, Lee came to Richmond as sole director of all the armies of the Confederacy. As a military organizer he was eminently successful, and his influence was quickly felt through all the branches of the service. In the meantime McClellan held or threatened all the northern approaches to Richmond, and the city was considered to be in imminent peril. Advancing by way of the York River, McClellan had reached the Chickahominy, when he found that his programme of attack on Richmond had failed.

At the battle of Seven Pines or Fair Oaks, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was severely wounded and Lee took his place, June 1, 1862. Having collected considerable reinforcements,

he attacked McClellan's right wing, and in the course of a few days the Army of the Potomac was forced back on the James River, where it lay under the protection of the gunboats at Harrison's Landing. The tide, however, turned at Malvern Hill, where the Confederates suffered severely in consequence of attacks on a strong position held by the retreating enemy. McClellan's movement against Richmond had failed; but it is a question for military critics whether Lee also had not lost the opportunity during these operations of compelling the surrender of the Union army.

Richmond had been saved, and Lee was now eager to take the offensive. One of the most brilliant of his achievements was his bold advance in the valley of the Rappahannock, in which "Stonewall" Jackson forced Pope back, and at the second battle of Manassas or Bull Run, on the 29th and 30th of August, inflicted on him such a disastrous defeat that the Federal army was compelled to seek safety within the defences of Washington. This movement began on the 13th of August, 1862, and was completely successful by the 2d of September. Lee and his lieutenants conducted this brief campaign in such a way as to reflect the greatest credit on themselves and the forces under their command. They were thus stimulated to cross the Potomac and threaten both Baltimore and Washington. Harper's Ferry, with a large garrison, was captured, and the advance reached the city of Frederick. It was not long, however, before Lee met with a repulse at Sharpsburg, on Antietam Creek, which fully counterbalanced all the advantages gained. McClellan had been suddenly restored to the command of the remnants of his old army, and met the combined Confederate forces and drove them back, but did not venture across the Potomac.

Burnside, having superseded McClellan in November, attacked Lee, who was entrenched at Fredericksburg, in December, 1862. A frightful slaughter ensued; but Lee was again completely victorious, although he had risked a dangerous experiment in dividing his army to accomplish his object. Throughout the winter the armies lay facing each other on opposite banks of the Rappahannock. In the next spring Lee commenced another series of offensive operations,

in the course of which he defeated Hooker at Chancellorsvile by most brilliant movements, though with the serious loss of his most able lieutenant, "Stonewall" Jackson. He then marched northwards, crossed the Potomac at different points and assailed Chambersburg and threatened York and other towns of Pennsylvania. Hooker was superseded by Meade, who quickly formed his combinations and hastened towards Gettysburg, where Lee was concentrating his veteran forces. His cavalry, however, had wandered too far and was slow in returning. After the partial success of the first day of July, there ensued two days of fearful slaughter, in which the utmost gallantry was displayed on both sides, and victory finally declared for the Union troops. Lee, by a combination of fortunate circumstances as well as by good generalship, succeeded in leading his shattered army across the Potomac, back to their impregnable position on the Rappahannock. Here his organizing ability was once more displayed, the campaign having closed at an unusually early date.

From the fragments of his once great army, and a number of raw recruits, Lee formed a force sufficiently effective by the spring of 1864, to make prolonged resistance and baffle the plans of the most successful general of the North. With his 80,000 men he fought the terrible battles of the Wilderness against 140,000 of the enemy. Grant had probably expected that when Lee found his flank turned by a superior force, he would retreat at once toward Richmond. But Lee, well acquainted with the country in which he had defeated Hooker the year before, resolved to attack the enemy where the woods might partly neutralize the superior numbers of the enemy. The result of this bold idea and its skillful execution was the bloody battle of the Wilderness, after which each army threw up intrenchments which were sufficient for defence. Grant again attempted to outflank Lee; but the cautious Confederate anticipated the movement and another battle was fought at Spottsylvania on May 12th. The two generals and the two armies, all things considered, appeared equally matched. Both failed in their directly offensive movements. Yet Lee was gradually forced back toward Richmond. At the close of May the Confederates were strongly posted at Cold Harbor,

and Grant knowing that if they could be defeated here, their ruin would be complete, on account of the Chickahominy in their rear, ordered repeated desperate attacks on their strong earthworks, but in vain. After ten days of waiting for some chance of inflicting injury, Grant crossed the James River and attempted to seize Petersburg, but was again checkmated by Lee. No one more willingly attests the military ability of Lee in this campaign than his successful assailant.

Lee now found time to draw breath and fill up his ranks with fresh troops at Richmond. But the Confederate general was held fast in the deadly grip of his bull-dog antagonist, and could not release himself, although he put forth every effort of which he was capable. If Lee had been left to decide the matter for himself, there is no doubt that he would have relinquished Richmond for the open field, where concentration and strategy were possible, and might have enabled him to offer a more successful resistance; but the government was bent on saving Richmond at all hazards. After the capture of Petersburg a futile attempt was made to retreat towards Lynchburg; it was too late; the enemy was in force on every hand, and nothing remained for Lee but to comply with General Grant's summons to lay down his arms. The surrender took place at Appomattox Court House on April 9, 1865. The great Civil War was ended, and Lee might have said, "All is lost, save honor." But he spent no time in vain regrets. He had not sought war, nor had he felt that the alleged causes justified the conflict. Peace being restored, he turned to cultivate the arts of peace, with deeper devotion than ever to his beloved Virginia.

In the following September General Lee was elected President of Washington College, at Lexington, Va., and continued to perform the duties intrusted to him with energy and success to the day of his death. He lived a retired life, and between the termination of the war and the last day of his life, appeared in public on only two occasions; once as a witness before the Reconstruction Committee at Washington, and again as a witness on the proposed trial of Jefferson Davis. In each case he answered the questions put to him with frankness and good sense. For five years all his energies were

devoted to his duties as President of Washington College. The sedentary nature of the occupation was rather trying to one who had led a life of such activity; but to the last, he continued to give all his thoughts and all his time to promote the interests of the students under his charge.

In his latter years he exhibited a gentleness and sweetness of character, which attested most evidently his devoted Christian piety. On the 28th of September, 1870, while sitting at table he had a stroke of paralysis from which he never fully rallied. On the 12th of October, the great soldier and exemplary Christian quietly expired in the midst of his family.

It is universally acknowledged that Lee's military career shows ability of the highest order. It has been questioned by some whether he were not better fitted for waging a defensive war than offensive; but this is simply owing to the fact that he was defeated on both occasions when he carried his army north of the Potomac. The army which he commanded was at all times inferior in numbers to his opponents; though generally moving on interior lines, he was better able to concentrate his forces, and thus bring enough to bear on the decisive point. Lack of material resources also interfered with his achievements. The greatness of his skill was never more fully displayed than in the last hopeless struggles against the persistent onsets of Grant.

The memory of Lee has become sacred to those who were interested in the "Lost Cause" which he espoused. Those who uphold the righteousness of the Union cause in the war do not question the purity of his motives in taking the other side. He was thoroughly unselfish; he was swayed only by the principle which he had been taught to believe, and had ever firmly held, that his allegiance to his native State was higher than that which he owed to the Union. When the dread arbitrament of war decided that the Union must be preserved, Lee submitted and thenceforth devoted himself with the same unflinching self-sacrifice to the new tasks of peace. Without hesitation and without repining, he entered upon a new round of comparatively humble duty in a private station as if he had never controlled the whole force of his country in the grand field of battle.

General Lee's Report of the Gettysburg Campaign.

On the night of Ewell's appearance at Winchester, the enemy in front of A. P. Hill, at Fredericksburg, recrossed the Rappahannock, and the whole army of General Hooker withdrew from the north side of the river. In order to mislead him as to our intentions, and at the same time protect Hill's corps in its march up the Rappahannock, Longstreet left Culpeper Courthouse on the 15th, and advancing along the eastern side of the Blue Ridge, occupied Ashby's and Snicker's Gaps. He had been joined, while at Culpeper, by General Pickett, with three brigades of his division.

General Stuart, with three brigades of cavalry, moved on Longstreet's right and took position in front of the gaps. Hampton's and Jones's brigades remained along the Rappahannock and Hazle rivers, in front of Culpeper Courthouse, with instructions to follow the main body as soon as Hill's corps had passed that point.

On the 17th, Fitz Lee's brigade, under Colonel Munford, which was on the road to Snicker's Gap, was attacked near Aldie by the Federal cavalry. The attack was repulsed with loss, and the brigade held its ground until ordered to fall back, its right being threatened by another body coming from Hopewell towards Middleburg. The latter force was driven from Middleburg, and pursued towards Hopewell by Robertson's brigade, which arrived about dark. Its retreat was intercepted by W. H. F. Lee's brigade, under Colonel Chambliss, and the greater part of a regiment captured.

During the three succeeding days there was much skirmishing, General Stuart taking a position west of Middleburg, where he awaited the rest of his command. General Jones arrived on the 19th, and General Hampton in the afternoon of the following day, having repulsed on his march a cavalry force sent to reconnoitre in the direction of Warrenton. On the 21st, the enemy attacked with infantry and cavalry, and obliged General Stuart, after a brave resistance, to fall back to the gaps of the mountains. The enemy retired the next day, having advanced only a short distance beyond Upperville.

In these engagements the cavalry sustained a loss of five hundred and ten killed, wounded and missing. Among them were several valuable officers, whose names are mentioned in General Stuart's report. One piece of artillery was disabled and left on the field. The enemy's loss was heavy. About four hundred prisoners were taken and several stands of colors.

The Federal army was apparently guarding the approaches to Washington, and manifested no disposition to resume the offensive. In the meantime the progress of Ewell, who was already in Maryland, with Jenkins's cavalry advanced into Pennsylvania as far as Chambersburg, rendered it necessary that the rest of the army should be within supporting distance, and, Hill having reached the valley, Longstreet was withdrawn to the west side of the Shenandoah, and the two corps encamped near Berryville.

General Stuart was directed to hold the mountain passes with part of his command as long as the enemy remained south of the Potomac, and with the remainder to cross into Maryland, and place himself on the right of General Ewell; upon the suggestion of the former officer that he could damage the enemy and delay his passage of the river by getting in his rear, he was authorized to do so, and it was left to his discretion whether to enter Maryland east or west of the Blue Ridge, but he was instructed to lose no time in placing his command on the right of our column as soon as he should perceive the enemy moving northward.

On the 22d, General Ewell marched into Pennsylvania with Rodes's and Johnson's divisions, preceded by Jenkins's cavalry, taking the road from Hagerstown through Chambersburg to Carlisle, where he arrived on the 27th. Early's division, which had occupied Boonsboro', moved by a parallel road to Greenwood, and, in pursuance of instructions previously given to General Ewell, marched towards York. On the 24th, Longstreet and Hill were put in motion to follow Ewell, and on the 27th encamped near Chambersburg.

General Imboden, under the orders before referred to, had been operating on Ewell's left, while the latter was advancing into Maryland. He drove off the troops guarding the Balti-

more and Ohio Railroad, and destroyed all the important bridges on that route from Martinsburg to Cumberland, besides inflicting serious damage upon the Chesapeake and Ohio canal. He was at Hancock when Longstreet and Hill reached Chambersburg, and was directed to proceed to the latter place by way of McConnnellsburg, collecting supplies for the army on his route.

The cavalry force at this time with the army, consisting of Jenkins's brigade and White's battalion, was not greater than was required to accompany the advance of General Ewell and General Early, with whom it performed valuable service, as appears from their reports. It was expected that as soon as the Federal army should cross the Potomac, General Stuart would give notice of its movements, and nothing having been heard from him since our entrance into Maryland, it was inferred that the enemy had not yet left Virginia. Orders were therefore issued to move upon Harrisburg. The expedition of General Early to York was designed in part to prepare for this undertaking, by breaking the railroad between Baltimore and Harrisburg, and seizing the bridge over the Susquehanna at Wrightsville. General Early succeeded in the first object, destroying a number of bridges above and below York, but on the approach of the troops sent by him to Wrightsville, a body of militia stationed at that place, fled across the river, and burned the bridge in their retreat. General Early then marched to rejoin his corps. The advance against Harrisburg was arrested by intelligence received from a scout on the night of the 28th, to the effect that the army of General Hooker had crossed the Potomac and was approaching the South Mountain. In the absence of the cavalry it was impossible to ascertain his intentions, but to deter him from advancing further west, and intercepting our communications with Virginia, it was determined to concentrate the army east of the mountains.

Hill's corps was accordingly ordered to move towards Cashtown on the 29th and Longstreet to follow the next day, leaving Pickett's division at Chambersburg to guard the rear until relieved by Imboden. General Ewell was recalled from Carlisle and directed to join the army at Cashtown or Gettys-

burg, as circumstances might require. The advance of the enemy to the latter place was unknown, and the weather being inclement, the march was conducted with a view to the comfort of the troops.

Heth's division reached Cashtown on the 29th, and the following morning Pettigrew's brigade, sent by General Heth to procure supplies at Gettysburg, found it occupied by the enemy. Being ignorant of the extent of his force, General Pettigrew was unwilling to hazard an attack with his single brigade, and returned to Cashtown. General Hill arrived with Pender's division in the evening, and the following morning, July 1st, advanced with these two divisions, accompanied by Pegram's and McIntosh's battalions of artillery, to ascertain the strength of the enemy, whose force was supposed to consist chiefly of cavalry.

The leading division, under General Heth, found the enemy's videttes about three miles west of Gettysburg, and continued to advance until within a mile of the town, when two brigades were sent forward to reconnoitre. They drove in the advance of the enemy very gallantly, but subsequently encountered largely superior numbers, and were compelled to retire with loss, Brigadier-General Archer, commanding one of the brigades, being taken prisoner.

General Heth then prepared for action, and as soon as Pender arrived to support him, was ordered by General Hill to advance. The artillery was placed in position, and the engagement opened with vigor. General Heth pressed the enemy steadily back, breaking his first and second lines, and attacking his third with great resolution. About 2.30 P.M. the advance of Ewell's corps, consisting of Rodes's division, with Carter's battalion of artillery, arrived by the Middletown road, and forming on Heth's left, nearly at right angles with his line, became warmly engaged with fresh numbers of the enemy. Heth's troops having suffered heavily in their protracted contest with a superior force, were relieved by Pender's, and Early, coming up by the Heidlersburg road, soon afterwards took position on the left of Rodes, when a general advance was made.

The enemy gave way on all sides, and were driven through

Gettysburg with great loss. Major-General Reynolds, who was in command, was killed. More than five thousand prisoners, exclusive of a large number of wounded, three pieces of artillery, and several colors, were captured. Among the prisoners were two Brigadier-Generals, one of whom was badly wounded. Our own loss was heavy, including a number of officers, among whom were Major-General Heth, slightly, and Brigadier-General Scales, of Pender's division, severely wounded.

The enemy retired to a range of hills south of Gettysburg, where he displayed a strong force of infantry and artillery. It was ascertained from prisoners that we had been engaged with two corps of the army formerly commanded by General Hooker, and that the remainder of the army, under General Meade, was approaching Gettysburg. Without information as to its proximity, the strong position which the enemy had assumed could not be attacked without danger of exposing the four divisions present, already weakened and exhausted by a long and bloody struggle, to overwhelming numbers of fresh troops.

General Ewell was therefore instructed to carry the hill occupied by the enemy if he found it practicable, but to avoid a general engagement until the arrival of the other divisions of the army, which were ordered to hasten forward. He decided to await Johnson's division, which had marched from Carlisle by the road west of the mountains, to guard the trains of his corps, and consequently did not reach Gettysburg until a late hour. In the meantime the enemy occupied the point which General Ewell designed to seize, but in what force could not be ascertained, owing to the darkness. An intercepted dispatch showed that another corps had halted that afternoon four miles from Gettysburg. Under these circumstances it was decided not to attack until the arrival of Longstreet, two of whose divisions, those of Hood and McLaws, encamped about four miles in the rear during the night. Anderson's division, of Hill's corps, came up after the engagement.

It had not been intended to deliver a general battle so far from our base unless attacked, but coming unexpectedly upon

the whole Federal army, to withdraw through the mountains with our extensive trains would have been difficult and dangerous. At the same time we were unable to wait an attack, as the country was unfavorable for collecting supplies in the presence of the enemy, who could restrain our foraging parties by holding the mountain passes with local and other troops. A battle therefore had become, in a measure, unavoidable, and the success already gained gave hope of a favorable issue.

The enemy occupied a strong position, with his right upon two commanding elevations adjacent to each other, one southeast, and the other, known as Cemetery Hill, immediately south of the town, which lay at its base. His line extended thence upon the high ground along the Emmitsburg road, with a steep ridge in rear, which was also occupied. This ridge was difficult of ascent, particularly the two hills above mentioned, as forming its northern extremity, and a third at the other end on which the enemy's left rested. Numerous stone and rail fences along the slope served to afford protection to his troops and impede our advance. In his front the ground was undulating and generally open for about three-quarters of a mile.

General Ewell's corps constituted our left, Johnson's division being opposite the height adjoining Cemetery Hill, Early's in the centre, in front of the north face of the latter, and Rodes upon his right. Hill's corps faced the west side of Cemetery Hill, and extended nearly parallel to the Emmitsburg road, making an angle with Ewell's. Pender's division formed his left, Anderson's his right, Heth's, under Brigadier-General Pettigrew, being in reserve. His artillery, under Colonel Walker, was posted in eligible position along his line.

It was determined to make the principal attack upon the enemy's left and endeavor to gain a position from which it was thought that our artillery could be brought to bear with effect. Longstreet was directed to place the divisions of McLaws and Hood on the right of Hill, partially enveloping the enemy's left, which he was to drive in. General Hill was ordered to threaten the enemy's centre to prevent reinforce-

ments being drawn to either wing, and co-operate with his right division in Longstreet's attack. General Ewell was instructed to make a simultaneous demonstration upon the enemy's right, to be converted into a real attack should opportunity offer.

About 4 P.M. Longstreet's batteries opened, and soon afterwards Hood's division, on the the extreme right, moved to the attack. McLaws followed somewhat later, four of Anderson's brigades, those of Wilcox, Perry, Wright and Posey, supporting him on the left in the order named. The enemy was soon driven from his position on the Emmitsburg road, to the cover of a ravine and a line of stone fences at the foot of the ridge in his rear. He was dislodged from these after a severe struggle, and retired up the ridge, leaving a number of his batteries in our possession. Wilcox's and Wright's brigades advanced with great gallantry, breaking successive lines of the enemy's infantry, and compelling him to abandon much of his artillery. Wilcox reached the foot, and Wright gained the crest of the ridge itself, driving the enemy down the opposite side; but, having become separated from McLaws and gone beyond the other two brigades of the division, they were attacked in front and on both flanks, and compelled to retire, being unable to bring off any of the captured artillery. McLaws's left also fell back, and it being now nearly dark, General Longstreet determined to await the arrival of General Pickett. He disposed his command to hold the ground gained on the right, withdrawing his left to the first position from which the enemy had been driven. Four pieces of artillery, several hundred prisoners, and two regimental flags were taken.

As soon as the engagement began on our right, General Johnson opened with his artillery, and about two hours later advanced up the hill next to Cemetery Hill with three brigades, the fourth being detained by a demonstration on his left. Soon afterwards General Early attacked Cemetery Hill with two brigades, supported by a third, the fourth having been previously detached. The enemy had greatly increased the strength of the positions assaulted by Johnson and Early by earthworks.

The troops of the former moved steadily up the steep and rugged ascent under a heavy fire, driving the enemy into his entrenchments, part of which were carried by Stewart's brigade and a number of prisoners taken. The contest was continued to a late hour, but without further advantage. On Cemetery Hill the attack by Early's leading brigades—that of Hays and Hoke's under Colonel Avery—was made with vigor. Two lines of the enemy's infantry were dislodged from the cover of some stone and board fences on the side of the ascent and driven back into the works on the crest, into which our troops forced their way and seized several pieces of artillery. A heavy force advanced against their right, which was without support, and they were compelled to retire, bringing with them about one hundred prisoners and four stands of colors. General Ewell had directed General Rodes to attack in concert with Early, covering his right, and had requested Brigadier-General Lane, then commanding Pender's division, to co-operate on the right of Rodes. When the time of attack arrived, General Rodes, not having his troops in position, was unprepared to co-operate with General Early, and before he could get in readiness the latter had been obliged to retire from want of expected support on his right. General Lane was prepared to give the assistance required of him, and so informed General Rodes; but the latter deemed it useless to advance from the failure of Early's attack.

In this engagement our loss in men and officers was large. Major-Generals Hood and Pender, Brigadier-Generals Jones, Semmes, G. T. Anderson and Barksdale, and Colonel Avery, commanding Hoke's brigade, were wounded—the last two mortally. Generals Pender and Semmes died after their removal to Virginia.

The result of this day's operations induced the belief that with proper concert of action, and with the increased support that the positions gained on the right would enable the artillery to render the assaulting columns, we should ultimately succeed, and it was accordingly determined to continue the attack.

The general plan was unchanged: Longstreet, reinforced

by Pickett's three brigades, which arrived near the battle-field during the afternoon of the 2d, was ordered to attack the next morning, and General Ewell was directed to assail the enemy's right at the same time. The latter during the night reinforced General Johnson with two brigades from Rodes's and one from Early's division.

General Longstreet's dispositions were not completed as early as was expected, but before notice could be sent to General Ewell, General Johnson had already become engaged, and it was too late to recall him. The enemy attempted to recover the works taken the preceding evening, but was repulsed, and General Johnson attacked in turn. After a gallant and prolonged struggle, in which the enemy was forced to abandon part of his entrenchments, General Johnson found himself unable to carry the strongly fortified crest of the hill. The projected attack on the enemy's left not having been made, he was enabled to hold his right with a force largely superior to that of General Johnson, and finally to threaten his flank and rear, rendering it necessary for him to retire to his original position about 1 P.M.

General Longstreet was delayed by a force occupying the high, rocky hills on the enemy's extreme left, from which his troops could be attacked in reverse as they advanced. His operations had been embarrassed the day previous by the same cause, and he now deemed it necessary to defend his flank and rear with the divisions of Hood and McLaws. He was, therefore, reinforced by Heth's division and two brigades of Pender's, to the command of which Major-General Trimble was assigned. General Hill was directed to hold his line with the rest of his command, afford General Longstreet further assistance if requested, and avail himself of any success that might be gained.

A careful examination was made of the ground secured by Longstreet, and his batteries placed in positions which it was believed would enable them to silence those of the enemy.

Hill's artillery, and part of Ewell's, was ordered to open simultaneously, and the assaulting column to advance under cover of the combined fire of the three. The batteries were

directed to be pushed forward as the infantry progressed, protect their flanks, and support their attacks closely.

About 1 P.M., at a given signal, a heavy cannonade was opened and continued for about two hours with marked effect upon the enemy. His batteries replied vigorously at first, but towards the close their fire slackened perceptibly, and General Longstreet ordered forward the column of attack, consisting of Pickett's and Heth's divisions, in two lines, Pickett on the right. Wilcox's brigade marched in rear of Pickett's right to guard that flank, and Heth's was supported by Lane's and Scale's brigades under General Trimble.

The troops moved steadily on under a heavy fire of musketry and artillery, the main attack being directed against the enemy's left-centre. His batteries reopened as soon as they appeared. Our own having nearly exhausted their ammunition in the protracted cannonade that preceded the advance of the infantry, were unable to reply or render the necessary support to the attacking party. Owing to this fact, which was unknown to me when the assault took place, the enemy was enabled to throw a strong force of infantry against our left, already wavering under a concentrated fire of artillery from the ridge in front, and from Cemetery Hill on the left. It finally gave way, and the right, after penetrating the enemy's lines, entering his advance works, and capturing some of his artillery, was attacked simultaneously in front and on both flanks, and driven back with heavy loss. The troops were rallied and reformed, but the enemy did not pursue.

A large number of brave officers and men fell or were captured on this occasion. Of Pickett's three brigade commanders, Generals Armistead and Garnett were killed, and General Kemper dangerously wounded. Major-General Trimble and Brigadier-General Pettigrew were also wounded, the former severely.

The movements of the army preceding the battle of Gettysburg had been much embarassed by the absence of the cavalry. As soon as it was known that the enemy had crossed into Maryland, orders were sent to the brigades of Robertson and Jones, which had been left to guard the passes of the

Blue Ridge, to rejoin the army without delay, and it was expected that General Stuart with the remainder of his command would soon arrive. In the exercise of the discretion given him when Longstreet and Hill marched into Maryland, General Stuart determined to pass around the rear of the Federal army with three brigades, and cross the Potomac between it and Washington, believing that he would be able by that route to place himself on our right flank in time to keep us properly advised of the enemy's movements.

He marched from Salem on the night of the 24th of June, intending to pass west of Centreville, but found the enemy's forces so distributed as to render that route impracticable. Adhering to his original plan, he was forced to make a wide detour through Buckland and Brentsville, and crossed the Occoquan at Wolf Run Shoals on the morning of the 27th. Continuing his march through Fairfax Courthouse and Dranesville, he arrived at the Potomac, below the mouth of Seneca creek, in the evening. He found the river much swollen by the recent rains, but, after great exertion, gained the Maryland shore before midnight with his whole command. He now ascertained that the Federal army, which he had discovered to be drawing towards the Potomac, had crossed the day before, and was moving towards Fredericktown, thus interposing itself between him and our forces.

He accordingly marched northward, through Rockville and Westminster, to Hanover, Pennsylvania, where he arrived on the 30th, but the enemy advanced with equal rapidity on his left, and continued to obstruct communication with our main body.

Supposing from such information as he could obtain that part of the army was at Carlisle, he left Hanover that night, and proceeded thither by way of Dover. He reached Carlisle on July 1st, when he received orders to proceed to Gettysburg. He arrived in the afternoon of the following day and took position on General Ewell's left. His leading brigade, under General Hampton, encountered and repulsed a body of the enemy's cavalry at Hunterstown endeavoring to reach our rear.

General Stuart had several skirmishes during his march,

and at Hanover quite a severe engagement took place with a strong force of cavalry, which was finally compelled to withdraw from the town. The prisoners taken by the cavalry and paroled at various places amounted to about eight hundred, and at Rockville a large train of wagons coming from Washington was intercepted and captured. Many of them were destroyed, but one hundred and twenty-five, with all the animals of the train, were secured. The ranks of the cavalry were much reduced by its long and arduous march, repeated conflicts and insufficient supplies of food and forage, but the day after its arrival at Gettysburg it engaged the enemy's cavalry with unabated spirit, and effectually protected our left. In this action Brigadier-General Hampton was seriously wounded while acting with his accustomed gallantry.

Robertson's and Jones's brigades arrived on the 3d of July, and were stationed upon our right flank. The severe loss sustained by the army, and the reduction of its ammunition, rendered another attempt to dislodge the enemy inadvisable, and it was therefore determined to withdraw.

The trains, with such of the wounded as could bear removal, were ordered to Williamsport on July 4th, part moving through Cashtown and Greencastle, escorted by General Imboden, and the remainder by the Fairfield road. The army retained its position until dark, when it was put in motion for the Potomac by the last-named route. A heavy rain continued throughout the night, and so much impeded its progress that Ewell's corps, which brought up the rear, did not leave Gettysburg until late in the forenoon of the following day. The enemy offered no serious interruption, and after an arduous march we arrived at Hagerstown in the afternoon of the 6th and morning of the 7th July.

The great length of our trains made it difficult to guard them effectually in passing through the mountains, and a number of wagons and ambulances were captured. They succeeded in reaching Williamsport on the 6th, but were unable to cross the Potomac on account of the high stage of water. Here they were attacked by a strong force of cavalry and artillery, which was gallantly repulsed by General Imboden, whose command had been strengthened by several bat-

teries and by two regiments of infantry which had been detached at Winchester to guard prisoners, and were returning to the army. While the enemy was being held in check, General Stuart arrived with the cavalry, which had performed valuable service in guarding the flanks of the army during the retrograde movement, and after a short engagement drove him from the field.

The rains that had prevailed almost without intermission since our entrance into Maryland, and greatly interfered with our movements, had made the Potomac unfordable, and the pontoon bridge left at Falling Waters had been partially destroyed by the enemy. The wounded and prisoners were sent over the river as rapidly as possible in a few ferry boats, while the trains awaited the subsiding of the waters and the construction of a new pontoon bridge.

On the 8th of July the enemy's cavalry advanced towards Hagerstown, but was repulsed by General Stuart, and pursued as far as Boonsboro'. With this exception, nothing but occasional skirmishing occurred until the 12th, when the main body of the enemy arrived. The army then took a position previously selected, covering the Potomac from Williamsport to Falling Waters, where it remained for two days with the enemy immediately in front, manifesting no disposition to attack, but throwing up entrenchments along his whole line.

By the 13th the river at Williamsport, though still deep, was fordable, and a good bridge was completed at Falling Waters, new boats having been constructed, and some of the old recovered. As further delay would enable the enemy to obtain reinforcements, and as it was found difficult to procure a sufficient supply of flour for the troops, the working of the mills being interrupted by high water, it was determined to await an attack no longer. Orders were accordingly given to cross the Potomac that night—Ewell's corps by the ford at Williamsport, and those of Longstreet and Hill on the bridge. The cavalry was directed to relieve the infantry skirmishers and bring up the rear.

The movement was much retarded by a severe rain storm, and the darkness of the night. Ewell's corps, having the

advantage of a turnpike road, marched with less difficulty, and crossed the river by 8 o'clock on the following morning. The condition of the road to the bridge, and the time consumed in the passage of the artillery, ammunition wagons and ambulances, which could not ford the river, so much delayed the progress of Longstreet and Hill, that it was daylight before their troops began to cross. Heth's division was halted about a mile and a half from the bridge to protect the passage of the column. No interruption was offered by the enemy until about 11 A.M., when his cavalry supported by artillery appeared in front of General Heth. A small number in advance of the main body was mistaken for our own cavalry retiring, no notice having been given of the withdrawal of the latter, and was suffered to approach our lines. They were immediately destroyed or captured with the exception of two or three, but Brigadier-General Pettigrew, an officer of great merit and promise, was mortally wounded in the encounter. He survived his removal to Virginia only a few days.

The bridge being clear, General Heth began to withdraw. The enemy advanced, but his efforts to break our lines were repulsed, and the passage of the river was completed by 1 P.M. Owing to the extent of General Heth's line, some of his men most remote from the bridge were cut off before they could reach it, but the greater part of those taken by the enemy during the movement, supposed to amount in all to about five hundred, consisted of men from various commands, who lingered behind overcome by previous labors and hardships, and the fatigues of a most trying night march. There was no loss of material except a few broken wagons, and two pieces of artillery which the horses were unable to draw through the deep mud. Other horses were sent back for them, but the rear of the column had passed before their arrival.

The army proceeded to the vicinity of Bunker Hill and Darksville, when it halted to afford the troops repose. The enemy made no effort to follow, except with his cavalry, which crossed the Potomac at Harper's Ferry, and advanced towards Martinsburg on the 16th of July.

General Lee Offers His Resignation.

The Pennsylvania campaign was over. The reverberations of the thunders of Gettysburg had ceased. The blood of the gallant dead who so sternly wrestled for its possession no longer stained the bosom of Cemetery Hill. Nothing save the scars and wreck of battle gave physical token of one of the most decisive engagements of the Civil War. Near Falling Waters the swollen Potomac had been successfully crossed by the retiring Confederates in the face of General Meade's army, which, although far outnumbering, had been so stunned by the recent conflict that it hesitated to dispute the dangerous passage. Having conducted his troops safely into Virginia, General Lee re-occupied his old encampment on the banks of the Opequan, where his wearied and depleted legions might, for a season, enjoy at least partial relief from their arduous labors, and await the return of numerous stragglers whom fatigue and wounds had caused to falter during the retreat.

Oppressed by the responsibilities of his high station and the numerous wants of his army, well nigh overborne by the weight of extraordinary anxieties and the effect of protracted privations—the lingering traces of a severe indisposition encountered the previous spring still exerting their depressing influences—the great Confederate chieftain was forced to admit that his splendid physical constitution was being taxed almost, if not quite, beyond endurance. It was a time of profound solicitude, in which the victories and reverses of the past were commingled with conflicting hopes and fears for the future. Supreme was his desire to perform his whole duty, and to omit nothing which might further the best interests of the Confederate struggle for independence. Personal advancement and the influence of commanding rank he valued only as they afforded the best opportunity for promoting the general welfare.

The failure of the grand charge at Gettysburg, in which, amid the smoke and carnage of more than two hundred pieces of artillery, Pickett heroically yet vainly attempted to pierce the Federal centre, was often present in his saddest

thoughts. His great and generous heart yearned over the slain of his people, lamenting the fall of so many gallant dead whose eyes had frequently met those of their beloved leader by the quiet camp-fires, on the tiresome march, and in the glare of battle, and whose places could never again be filled from the decimated ranks of the Confederacy.

Although General Lee had, from perilous environment, withdrawn his army strong in organization, proud in spirit, and with confidence unshaken, and was in full possession of his legitimate line of defense, he could but acknowledge that all had not been accomplished which the late advance was designed to compass. "This has been a sad day for us, Colonel, a sad day; but we can't expect always to gain victories," was his remark to Colonel Fremantle, as, sublime in his indifference to personal danger, and calm in the midst of the hurry and confusion of the scene, the Confederate leader encouraged his men when, torn and worn by the battle, they fell back before the triumphant roar of the Federal artillery which swept the whole valley and slope of Seminary Ridge with shot and shell. As a soldier, and as the chief captain of the Confederate hosts, he admitted that he had been foiled of his aim; and although, in his own language, if a spirit of disappointment and discontent existed in his army, his brother officers had been too kind to report it, and his troops too generous to exhibit it, the tone of the public press and the sentiment of the country indicated dissatisfaction with the result of a campaign from which grander achievements had been blindly expected than the troops and resources employed in its conduct ought in reason to have justified. It was not in human nature, in its most heroic development and conscious of its noblest effort, to remain, under the circumstances, entirely indifferent to or unaffected by such expression.

It was under such circumstances that the following noble letter was penned:

CAMP ORANGE, 8 Aug., 1863.

MR. PRESIDENT: Your letters of 28 July and 2 Aug. have been rec'd, and I have waited for a leisure hour to reply, but I fear that will never come. I am extremely obliged to you

for the attention given to the wants of this army, and the efforts made to supply them. Our absentees are returning, and I hope the earnest and beautiful appeal made to the country in your proclamation may stir up the whole people, and that they may see their duty and perform it. Nothing is wanted but that their fortitude should equal their bravery, to insure the success of our cause. We must expect reverses, even defeats. They are sent to teach us wisdom and prudence, to call forth greater energies, and to prevent our falling into greater disasters. Our people have only to be true and united, to bear manfully the misfortunes incident to war, and all will come right in the end.

I know how prone we are to censure, and how ready to blame others for the non-fulfillment of our expectations. This is unbecoming in a generous people, and I grieve to see its expression. The general remedy for the want of success in a military commander is his removal. This is natural, and in many instances proper. For, no matter what may be the ability of the officer, if he loses the confidence of his troops, disaster must sooner or later ensue.

I have been prompted by these reflections more than once since my return from Penna. to propose to your Exc'y the propriety of selecting another commander for this army. I have seen and heard of expressions of discontent in the public journals at the result of the expedition. I do not know how far this feeling extends in the army. My brother officers have been too kind to report it, and so far the troops have been too generous to exhibit it. It is fair, however, to suppose that it does exist, and success is so necessary to us that nothing should be risked to secure it. I therefore, in all sincerity, request your Exc'y to take measures to supply my place. I do this with the more earnestness because no one is more aware than myself of my inability for the duties of my position. I cannot even accomplish what I myself desire. How can I fulfill the expectations of others? In addition, I sensibly feel the growing failure of my bodily strength. I have not yet recovered from the attack I experienced the past spring. I am becoming more and more incapable of exertion, and am thus prevented from making the personal exam-

inations and giving the personal supervision to the operations in the field which I feel to be necessary. I am so dull that in making use of the eyes of others I am frequently misled. Everything therefore points to the advantages to be derived from a new commander, and I the more anxiously urge the matter upon your Exc'y from my belief that a younger and abler man than myself can readily be obtained. I know that he will have as gallant and brave an army as ever existed to second his efforts, and it would be the happiest day of my life to see at its head a worthy leader; one that would accomplish more than I could perform, and all that I have wished. I hope your Exc'y will attribute my request to the true reason, the desire to serve my country, and to do all in my power to insure the success of her righteous cause.

I have no complaints to make of any one but myself. I have received nothing but kindness from those above me, and the most considerate attention from my comrades and companions in arms. To your Excellency I am specially indebted for uniform kindness and consideration. You have done everything in your power to aid me in the work committed to my charge, without omitting anything to promote the general welfare. I pray that your efforts may at length be crowned with success, and that you may long live to enjoy the thanks of a grateful people.

With sentiments of great esteem I am very respectfully and truly yours, R. E. LEE, General.

His Exc'y Jeff'n Davis, Pres. Confed. States.

His resignation was not pressed, and the Confederate hero continued to occupy the position for which, above all his companions, he was best suited, encircling it with the halo of his pure life and great deeds, and rendering it illustrious for all time by the tried valor, the self-sacrifice and the devotion of his followers.—C. C. JONES, JR.

President Davis's Reply.

RICHMOND, VA., August 11, 1863.

GENERAL R. E. LEE,
Commanding Army of Northern Virginia:

Yours of the 8th instant has just been received. I am glad that you concur so entirely with me as to the wants of our country in this trying hour, and am happy to add that after the first depression consequent upon our disasters in the West, indications have appeared that our people will exhibit that fortitude which we agree in believing is alone needful to secure ultimate success.

It well became Sydney Johnston, when overwhelmed by a senseless clamor, to admit the rule that success is the test of merit; and yet there has been nothing which I have found to require a greater effort of patience than to bear the criticisms of the ignorant, who pronounce everything a failure which does not equal their expectations or desires, and can see no good result which is not in the line of their own imaginings. I admit the propriety of your conclusions that an officer who loses the confidence of his troops should have his position changed, whatever may be his ability; but when I read the sentence I was not at all prepared for the application you were about to make. Expressions of discontent in the public journals furnish but little evidence of the sentiment of the army. I wish it were otherwise, even though all the abuse of myself should be accepted as the results of honest observation.

Were you capable of stooping to it, you could easily surround yourself with those who would fill the press with your laudations, and seek to exalt you for what you have not done, rather than detract from the achievements which will make you and your army the subject of history and object of the world's admiration for generations to come.

I am truly sorry to know that you still feel the effects of the illness you suffered last spring, and can readily understand the embarrassments you experience in using the eyes of others, having been so much accustomed to make your own reconnoissances. Practice will, however, do much to relieve that

embarrassment, and the minute knowledge of the country which you had acquired will render you less dependent for topographical information.

But suppose, my dear friend, that I were to admit, with all their implications, the points which you present, where am I to find that new commander who is to possess the greater ability which you believe to be required? I do not doubt the readiness with which you would give way to one who could accomplish all that you have wished, and you will do me the justice to believe that if Providence should kindly offer such a person for our use I would not hesitate to avail of his services.

My sight is not sufficiently penetrating to discover such hidden merit, if it exists; and I have but used to you the language of sober earnestness, when I have impressed upon you the propriety of avoiding all unnecessary exposure to danger, because I felt our country could not bear to lose you. To ask me to substitute you by some one in my judgment more fit to command, or who would possess more of the confidence of the army, or of the reflecting men of the country, is to demand an impossibility.

It only remains for me to hope that you will take all possible care of yourself, that your health and strength will be entirely restored, and that the Lord will preserve you for the important duties devolved upon you in the struggle of our suffering country for the independence which we have engaged in war to maintain.

As ever, very respectfully and truly,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

GENERAL LEE'S FAREWELL TO HIS ARMY.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
April 10, 1865.

After four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources. I need not tell the survivors of so many hard-fought battles, who have remained steadfast to the last, that

I have consented to this result from no distrust of them; but, feeling that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that could compensate for the loss that would have attended the continuation of the contest, I have determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen.

By the terms of the agreement, officers and men can return to their homes, and remain there till exchanged. You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of a duty faithfully performed, and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you his blessing and protection.

With an increasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell. R. E. LEE, *General.*

STONEWALL JACKSON.

STONEWALL JACKSON is one of the most picturesque characters of the American civil war. His grim matter-of-fact character, earnest, old-fashioned piety, and his fierce relentless energy as a military leader have caused this rugged, self-taught soldier to be the subject of innumerable stories of adventure in camp and field.

Thomas Jonathan Jackson, better known as "Stonewall Jackson," was born at Clarksburg, among the mountains of Western Virginia, on the 21st of January, 1824. His family, which was Scotch-Irish, had settled in Virginia as early as 1748. His father, Jonathan Jackson, was a lawyer of good standing, a sociable, easy-tempered man, rather improvident and irregular in his habits. At a very early age Thomas was left an orphan, but was cared for by a near relative until he was invited to a pleasant home with his uncle, Cummins Jackson, who lived in Lewis County. The "old field school" made no pretensions to give anything beyond the merest rudiments of an education, and Thomas, seeking something better, discharged the office of constable and collector, in order to raise the fees for a higher course of instruction. He saw an excellent opportunity of securing a good education at the expense of the government through a vacancy at West Point, and applied to Mr. Hays, the member representing his congressional district. Letters of recommendation were immediately obtained and dispatched; but so eager was Jackson to secure

his appointment, that he set out for Washington to support his cause in person, and traveled a great part of the way on foot. Dusty and travel-stained as he was, he made his way to his patron's house, and without having changed his dress, was introduced by him to the war department. The secretary was pleased with the lad's spirit and resolution, and at once made out a warrant for cadetship.

There was nothing brilliant in Jackson's four years' curriculum at West Point. He had entered upon his course with altogether inadequate preparation, and at the end of his first year barely escaped being ruled out as incompetent for the service. But he was plodding and laborious, and learned thoroughly what he did learn. Among his class-fellows were McClellan, Gibbon, Stoneman, Couch and Foster, afterwards of the Union army; and Hill, Maury, Pickett, Jones, Wilcox and W. I. Smith, of the Confederate army. Jackson was the last who would have been singled out for future eminence by any casual observer. As a youth, he was shy and awkward, rather disposed to silence and solitude, embarrassed in conventional intercourse and indifferent to every kind of amusement. His eccentricities were a subject of frequent comment among his companions, who were afterwards forced to the conclusion that these very peculiarities were in some measure characteristic of original genius.

Jackson was assigned to the first regiment of the heavy artillery in the Mexican war. His record shows active and daring achievements, which were officially recognized. He was made first lieutenant after the siege of Vera Cruz. His services at Contreras and Cherubusco gained for him the brevet of captain. Having obtained a transfer to the light artillery, he was placed in charge of a section of Magruder's light field-battery at Chapultepec, and exhibited such gallantry that he received the brevet of major. His progress at West Point had been slow and not very certain; but in the field on active service, he made more rapid strides in rank than any other officer in the Mexican War. Within the short space of seven months, the brevet second-lieutenant had become a brevet major. He was by nature a soldier, although at first he was not aware of it, and from this time forward

concluded that the military career was the one for which he was best fitted. Magruder wrote of him: "If devotion, industry, talent and gallantry are the highest qualities of a soldier, then he is entitled to the distinction which their possession confers." Although we find Jackson afterwards a peaceful professor at the Virginia military institute, actuated by religious fervor, and delighting in exercises of piety, still he retained to the last the combative spirit, and felt a kind of exultation in the hot atmosphere of battle. In 1851 Jackson became professor at the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington. He is described as a harsh and awkward teacher of youth, whose eccentricities drew upon him from his pupils the sobriquet of "Fool Tom Jackson."

When Virginia withdrew from the Union, Jackson decided to place his sword at the service of his State, and left Lexington for Richmond, on half a day's notice, without even taking time to arrange his private affairs. After performing various duties in the camp of instruction and the engineering department, he was nominated by Governor Letcher as colonel of the Virginia forces, and ordered to take command either at Norfolk or at Harper's Ferry. The State convention showed some distrust in this nomination to important positions, and some one asked who this Jackson was. The member from Rockbridge replied that "he was one, who if ordered to hold a post, would never leave it alive in the face of the enemy." Such a recommendation was eminently agreeable to the convention, and Jackson's appointment was confirmed.

In May, 1861, Jackson took command of a number of raw recruits at Harper's Ferry. They were in a state of thorough disorganization, with scarcely six rounds of ammunition to a man. This was a severe test of his organizing ability; but in the course of a few weeks Jackson was able to show a little army of nine regiments and two battalions of infantry, four companies of artillery and a respectable squadron of cavalry. On May 23d Jackson was superseded by General Joseph E. Johnston and assigned to command the Virginia regiments, now formed into a brigade. For his energy at Harper's Ferry, and his activity in the field, Jackson received the commission of brigadier-general.

On the field of Manassas it was Jackson who turned the flank and broke the centre of the National troops, and converted what would have been certain defeat into a substantial victory for the Confederates. On this occasion too he received the name of "Stonewall." At the crisis of the battle, General Bernard Bee, in rallying his Georgia troops, called out to them: "See Jackson and his Virginians standing like a stonewall." General Bee was shot down a few minutes after giving this name, which afterwards became an appellation of honor to Jackson and his brigade.

Jackson's brilliant action was ignored for a time, to the surprise of his friends who were aware of his valuable services. Writing to his wife on this subject he says: "You must not be concerned at seeing other parts of the army lauded, and my brigade not mentioned. Truth is powerful and will prevail." A few months after this he moved towards the head waters of the Potomac to protect the valley of Virginia against General Banks. He was next advanced to the rank of major-general, and took command of various bodies of troops which had been serving in Western Virginia. With an army of 10,000, he advanced towards Bath and Romney, wrecked the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and effected considerable captures. This campaign was but partially successful. A serious dispute arose when General Loring, who had been Jackson's senior in Mexico, induced the Confederate war department to countermand an order which Jackson had given to Loring. Then Jackson resigned his commission and the army and people of Virginia made an outcry which caused the Secretary of War to reverse his action and send Loring elsewhere. Jackson was restored, and thereafter the War Department never interfered with his authority.

In March, 1862, General Banks occupied Winchester. Jackson retreated about forty miles, and then apprehending the necessity of a sudden diversion, hurried back and engaged the enemy's rear at Kernstown. He had to retire from this field, leaving about a fifth of his small force dead or wounded. This was his first and his last defeat. After this we follow him reinforced by Ewell's division, making a rapid movement to McDowell, driving back the brigades of

Milroy and Schenck to Franklin, capturing a garrison of 700 men at Front Royal, and chasing Banks across the Potomac. The important point in this campaign in the Valley of the Shenandoah was that he had neutralized a force of nearly 60,000 men intended to operate against Richmond, and to this extent contributed to the defence of that city. Jackson had little share in the "Seven Days' Battles" before Richmond; but he rendered important service on the decisive field of Gaines' Mills, and assisted in driving McClellan to shelter at Harrison's Landing, on the James River.

When General John Pope took command in Northern Virginia, Jackson, who had been operating near Gordonsville, made some resistance to his advance to the Rapidan, and when Lee marched from Richmond Jackson was ordered to cut Pope's railroad communications. This he effected by passing through Thoroughfare Gap, and afterward he destroyed immense quantities of supplies at Manassas Junction. Pope believed that he could capture or destroy Jackson's army before Longstreet could reach him with reinforcements from Lee's army. In the battle fought at Groveton on August 30th, Jackson, who stood strictly on the defensive, was driven back. But Longstreet, who had for some time prevented Pope's own reinforcements from reaching him, afterwards joined in pressing on the left flank of the Union army, until Pope was compelled to retreat across Bull Run back to the defences of Washington. Of the Confederate loss of 7,250 men, nearly 5,000 belonged to Jackson's corps. Pope's total loss was about 11,000.

Jackson was thereafter dispatched against Harper's Ferry, which was occupied by 11,000 Federal troops, under Colonel Miles, who had charge of immense stores for the Union armies. This stronghold was quickly surrendered while Lee crossed the Potomac into Maryland. Jackson rejoined him at Sharpsburg, but was able only to prevent the complete destruction which seemed to await Lee at the Potomac. The familiar story about Barbara Frietchie and Jackson's march through Frederick, commemorated by the poet Whittier, appears to have had little or no foundation in fact. Jackson was subsequently engaged in the battle of Fredericksburg, in

which he held the Confederate right and resisted Meade's advance.

At the battle of Chancellorsville, May 2d, 1863, after General Hooker had crossed the Rappahannock, Lee found the Union position too strong to be assailed in front; but Jackson suggested a thoroughly characteristic movement with his whole corps across Hooker's front and around his right flank, which was the only weak part of the Union line. Though such a movement was highly dangerous, Lee, trusting to Jackson's energy, permitted him to do so. According to some authorities, Lee first pointed out the possibility of this movement. On the 3d Jackson moved through the Wilderness by a wood-road, and though his movement was observed at intervals, nothing was done to hinder it, as it was regarded as a retreat. Reaching the extreme right, Jackson massed his men in the woods, and at six P.M. made an entirely unexpected attack on Howard's corps, which was driven back in utter confusion to Chancellorsville. Darkness, however, came on, and Jackson's men, having also been thrown into confusion, were withdrawn some distance. Jackson rode out with some staff-officers to reconnoiter, and on their return they were mistaken by his own men for Federal scouts, and fired upon by their comrades. Several of the escort were shot down. Jackson received a bullet through each hand, and one through the left shoulder. On being taken to the rear his arm was amputated; but pneumonia set in on the fifth day of his sufferings, and caused his death on the 10th of May, 1863.

Stonewall Jackson was tall, with an angular and muscular frame. He had a high forehead, sharp nose, deep-set eyes, and dark rusty beard. He was far from handsome, and in his movements, walking or riding, always ungraceful and awkward. He rode boldly, but without ease. He was subject to dyspepsia and ate but little. It is characteristic of him that he believed himself to be fond of liquor, yet never indulged his taste for it. He never joked, though he often smiled when in company. He was always polite in manner, but not disposed to talk. He kept his plans entirely to himself, never volunteered an opinion to his superior, never asked advice from a subordinate. After returning from Mexico, he became

a member of the Episcopalian Church, but having married a daughter of Rev. George Junkin, D.D., president of Washington College at Lexington, he became a Presbyterian and was made an elder in that denomination. His religious profession was sincere but not ostentatious.

General Jackson was considered by the Confederates their most brilliant commander in the field, and his death was to them an irreparable loss. He was a stern warrior, a stranger to all weak sentimentalism, and did not hesitate at the harsh necessities of war. In the earlier days of the war he was prone to censure the officers under his command, and he always exacted hard service and severe discipline. But when his ability to win victories became manifest, his soldiers willingly submitted to privations and long marches, and testified in every way their devotion to their rigid, yet not nnkind, leader. His staff was composed of young men, known as "Jackson's boys," whom he encouraged in lively conversation, though he took no part in it. When personal animosities assailed him, he had the sublime Christian power to forgive, and become the affectionate friend of him who confessed his error. A touching illustration of this is seen in the case of his reconciliation with General Maxcy Gregg. In all his campaigns he showed a remarkable insight into the condition and temper of the enemy. It is reported that he was never successfully surprised, and never had a train or any organized portion of his army captured. Under circumstances which caused the utmost trepidation to his comrades he retained perfect self-possession. Stonewall Jackson has bequeathed not merely to his beloved Virginia, but to the whole country, North as well as South, an inspiring example of unflinching devotion to duty, and of earnest Christian character, manifested amid the fierce blaze of the battlefield, as well as in the ordinary avocations of peace.

Jackson's Last Battle.

The left of Hooker's lines, extending from Chancellorsville to the Rappahannock, covered the United States ford, where, using a pontoon, he communicated with Sedgwick. From Chancellorsville, the right of his line ran at first in

front of the Plank Road, but was then retired, until it met again at Dowdall's or Melzi Chancellor's, the line forming the arc—the road the chord. From Dowdall's the line ran west to Wilderness church. At this point separate the Plank Road and old turnpike, which from Chancellorsville had been the same road, the former being the most southerly one.

Hooker's line ran west from this point along the old turnpike. His right was held by O. O. Howard's Eleventh Corps, two regiments and two companies of Colonel Van Gilsa's brigade of Devens' division occupying the extreme right, at right angles to the Old turnpike and to the west of the line running, in part, along it to the north of it, and facing west. Hooker's line of battle was in the shape of a V, well spread open at the ends, the apex being at Chancellorsville.

The problem presented to General Lee's mind on Friday night, May 1st, was to decide how best to attack Hooker's army in the morning of May 2nd. Time was an important element; for near Fredericksburg, in his rear, was Sedgwick, largely outnumbering the Confederate force in his front under Early. During the afternoon, General Lee wished to attack from his right and cut Hooker off from United States ford, severing his communications with Sedgwick, and rode down himself and examined the lines all the way to the river, but found no place where he could do so. Returning at night, he found Jackson, and asked him if he knew of any place to attack. Jackson said, "No." Lee said, "Then we must get around on the Federal right." Jackson said he had been inquiring about roads by the furnace. Stuart came up then, and said he would go down to the furnace and see what he could learn about roads. He soon returned with Rev. Dr. B. T. Lacy, who said "a circuit could be made around by Wilderness tavern;" and a young man living in the county, and then in the cavalry, was sent for to act as guide.

Ah! what an earnest talk Lee and Jackson had on the night of May the 1st. At sunset they took their seats on a log on the right or north side of the Plank Road, and a little distance in the woods. Colonel Marshall, the well-known aide-de-camp of General Lee, was the only other person present, having been ordered to come to the spot for the pur-

pose of writing a letter to Mr. Davis, dictated by General Lee. Marshall sat on the end of a fallen tree, within three feet of the two Generals, and heard every word that passed between them, and this is what he tells me Lee and Jackson talked about on that eventful night: "Jackson spoke to General Lee about what he had seen and heard during the advance, and commented upon the promptness with which the enemy had appeared to abandon his movement towards Fredericksburg when opposed, and the ease with which he had been driven back to Chancellorsville, and concluded by expressing the opinion very decidedly, and repeating it more than once, that the enemy would recross the Rappahannock before morning. He said, in substance, 'By to-morrow morning there will not be any of them this side of the river.' General Lee expressed the hope that General Jackson's expectations might be realized, but said 'he did not look for such a result; that he did not believe the enemy would abandon his attempt so easily,' and expressed his conviction that the main body of General Hooker's army was in his front, and that the real move was to be made from this direction, and not from Fredericksburg. On this point there was a great difference of opinion among our higher officers, and General Lee was the only one who seemed to have the absolute conviction that the real movement of the Federal army was the one he was then meeting. In this belief he never wavered from the first. After telling General Jackson that he hoped his opinion might be proved to be correct, General Lee added: 'But, General, we must get ready to attack the enemy, if we should find him here to-morrow, and you must make all arrangements to move around his right flank.' General Lee then took up the map, and pointed out to Jackson the general direction of his route by the Furnace and Brock roads. Some conversation took place as to the importance of endeavoring to conceal the movement from the enemy, and as to the existence of roads further to the enemy's right, by which General Jackson might pass so as not to be exposed to observation or attack. The general line of Jackson's route was pointed out, and the necessity of celerity and secrecy was enjoined upon him. The conversation was a lengthy one, and at the con-

clusion of it General Lee said to Jackson 'that before he moved in the morning, if he should have any doubt as to whether the enemy was still in position, he could send a couple of guns to a spot close by, and open fire on the enemy's position, which would speedily settle the question.' From the spot referred to, two of our guns had to be withdrawn that afternoon, as the infantry were suffering from the fire they were drawing from the enemy. General Jackson then withdrew, and General Lee dictated to Colonel Marshall a long letter to President Davis, giving him fully the situation. In it he regretted he would not have the assistance of Pickett's and Hood's divisions, but expressed his confidence in the good judgment that had withdrawn and kept them from him, and closed with the hope that, notwithstanding all our dangers and disadvantages, Providence would bless the efforts which he was sure his brave army would make to deserve success."

In a little pine thicket close by the scene of this conference, General Lee and staff bivouacked that night. During the evening reports reached him from Early that all was quiet along the Rappahannock. Wilcox was ordered back to Banks' ford, in consequence of other rumors. Lee's orders had been issued, his plans digested—his trusty lieutenants were to carry them out; the chieftain slept. Hooker at Chancellorsville, one and a half miles away, was, however, awake, for at 1.55, on the morning of the 2d of May, he dispatched to Butterfield, to order the pontoon bridges taken up below Fredericksburg and Reynolds' corps to march at once to his headquarters.

The morning of May 2d, 1863, broke clear. General Lee emerged from the little thicket and stood on its edge at sunrise, erect and soldierly, to see Jackson's troops file by. They had bivouacked on his right, and were now commencing the flank movement. About half an hour after sunrise, Jackson himself came riding along. When opposite to General Lee he drew rein and the two conversed for a few minutes. Jackson then started forward, pointing in the direction his troops were moving. His face was a little flushed, Colonel Marshall says, as it was turned back towards General Lee, who nodded approval to what he said.

The sun rose unclouded and brilliant, gilding the hilltops and penetrating the vapors of the valley,—rising as gorgeous as did the "sun of Austerlitz," which produced such an impression upon the imagination of Napoleon. It should be remembered by the people of the South, for its rays fell upon the last meeting, in this world, of Lee and Jackson. The Duke of Wellington is reported to have said "a man of refined Christian sensibilities is totally unfit for the profession of a soldier," but here were two devoted Christians, who faithfully performed all their duties; and so they parted.

General Lee was to keep 14,000 men in front of Hooker's 73,124, while Jackson moved around his right flank with 26,000. I say 73,124, because the Fifth, Eleventh and Twelfth Corps numbered, according to the return of April 30th, an aggregate present for duty of 42,914; the Third, 18,986, and two divisions of the Second Corps, 11,224. The total, then, would be 73,124—not including the three cavalry regiments under Pleasonton. The Second Corps numbered 16,836; but Gibbon's division of that corps was with Sedgwick. Putting one-third of the whole as Gibbon's strength, we would have 5,612 men, leaving 11,224 for the other two divisions. The First Corps, Reynolds', was not then present, and is, therefore, not included. On the 2d of May, it was marching from Sedgwick to Hooker, but it did not get to him until daylight on the 3d. This corps numbered an aggregate present for duty on the 30th of April, 19,595. After its arrival, that portion of the Federal army in General Lee's front amounted to 92,719. The strategy of General Lee was bold, but dangerous.

At the battle of Austerlitz, when the Russians made a flank movement upon Napoleon's right, he moved at once upon the weakened lines of the Allies in his front and pierced them; cutting the Russian army in two parts, leaving some battalions to hold the right wing, he wheeled upon the left wing, or flanking force, and destroyed it; then, turning towards the right wing, he directed upon it a terrible onset, and it too was no more. I am told that the men of Anderson, which was one of the two divisions left in Hooker's front, after Jackson's departure, and who formed a thin gray line tipped with steel,

were about six feet apart. How long would it have taken 73,124 men to have pierced General Lee's centre? While the commanding-general is thus situated—a condition which has Early's sincere sympathy, being in a similar situation in Sedgwick s front at Fredericksburg—let us follow Jackson. Turning to the left upon the Plank Road, near Aldrich's, he moved rapidly diagonally across Hooker's line of battle. screened from view by the forest and by Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry, which had been ordered to mask the movement, as well as to precede it. Birney, of Sickles' corps, who with his division was wedged in between Howard's left and Slocum's right, on the crest of Scott's run, as early as 8 A. M., reported to Sickles that a continuous column of infantry, trains and ambulances was passing his front towards the right. He ordered Clark's battery to go forward to a commanding eminence and fire into the column. At 12 M. Sickles ordered him to move forward, supported by Whipple's division and Barlow's brigade from Howard, pierce the column and gain the road they were moving over. This movement was reported to Hooker; he thought the Confederate army was in full retreat, and this is the explanation of his dispatch to Sedgwick on that day, ordering him to pursue the enemy on the Bowling Green road. It is dated at 4.10 P. M., and said: "We know the enemy is flying, trying to save his trains; two of Sickles' divisions are amongst them." Jackson, upon passing Catharine furnace, where a road came in from Sickles' line, a mile distant, directed Rodes to leave Colonel Best's Twenty-third Georgia regiment there to guard it. It was these troops Sickles reports having attacked and captured four hundred of them. Pleasonton was with Sickles, in command of the Sixth New York, Eighth and Seventeenth Pennsylvania Cavalry. Colonel J. Thompson Brown, who had just passed this point with his battalion of artillery, halted, and at once put his guns in position. The two nearest brigades of Jackson's column—Archer's and Thomas's of Hill's division—supported him, and Sickles' advance was checked. They then renewed their march—Anderson having replaced them by Posey's brigade, supported by Wright's. Sickles, however, gained the road Jackson was marching upon,

and was promised the co-operation of Howard and Slocum in pursuing the *flying* Confederates.

Jackson was marching on. My cavalry was well in his front. Upon reaching the Plank Road, some five miles west of Chancellorsville, my command was halted, and while waiting for Jackson to come up, I made a personal reconnoissance to locate the Federal right for Jackson's attack. With one staff officer, I rode across and beyond the Plank Road, in the direction of the Old turnpike, pursuing a path through the woods, momentarily expecting to find evidence of the enemy's presence. Seeing a wooded hill in the distance, I determined, if possible, to get upon its top, as it promised a view of the adjacent country. Cautiously I ascended its side, reaching the open spot upon its summit without molestation. What a sight presented itself before me! Below, and but a few hundred yards distant, ran the Federal line of battle. I was in rear of Howard's right. There were the line of defence, with abattis in front, and long lines of stacked arms in rear. Two cannon were visible in the part of the line seen. The soldiers were in groups in the rear, laughing, chatting, smoking, probably engaged, here and there, in games of cards, and other amusements indulged in while feeling safe and comfortable, awaiting orders. In rear of them were other parties driving up and butchering beeves. The remembrance of the scene is as clear as it was sixteen years ago. So impressed was I with my discovery, that I rode rapidly back to the point on the Plank Road where I had left my cavalry, and back down the road Jackson was moving, until I met "Stonewall" himself. "General," said I, "if you will ride with me, halting your column here, out of sight, I will show you the enemy's right, and you will perceive the great advantage of attacking down the old turnpike instead of the Plank Road, the enemy's lines being taken in reverse. Bring only one courier, as you will be in view from the top of the hill." Jackson assented, and I rapidly conducted him to the point of observation. There had been no change in the picture.

I only knew Jackson slightly. I watched him closely as he gazed upon Howard's troops. It was then about 2 P. M. His eyes burned with a brilliant glow, lighting up a sad face.

His expression was one of intense interest, his face was colored slightly with the flush of approaching battle, and radiant at the success of his flank movement.

"Tell General Rodes," said he, suddenly whirling his horse towards the courier, "to move across the old Plank Road; halt when he gets to the old turnpike, and I will join him there." One more look upon the Federal lines, and then he rode rapidly down the hill, his arms flapping to the motion of his horse, over whose head it seemed, good rider as he was, he would certainly go. Alas! I had looked upon him for the last time.

While Jackson's column was moving to the old turnpike, my cavalry, supported by the Stonewall brigade under Paxton, moved a short distance down the Plank Road to mask the movement.

Rodes' division—Jackson's advance—reached the old turnpike about three miles in rear of Chancellorsville, at 4 P.M. (General Lee's report.) "As the different divisions arrived, they were formed at right angles to the road"—Rodes in front; Trimble's division, under Colston, in the second line, two hundred yards in the rear of Rodes, and A. P. Hill's division in the third line.

At 6 P. M., all being ready, Jackson ordered the advance. Howard, commanding Hooker's right, was at that moment at Dowdall's or Melzi Chancellor's, his headquarters. Carl Schurz was with him. Howard's right division was commanded by General Charles Devens. He reported the enemy's cavalry, with horse artillery, deployed in his front at 4 P.M.

Jackson's men burst with a cheer upon the startled enemy, and swept down in rear of Howard's line, capturing cannon before they could be turned upon them. Howard reports as the only fighting that parts of Schimmelfennig's and Krzyzanowski's brigades moved gradually back, keeping up a fire, and that "at the centre and near the Plank Road there was a blind panic and a great confusion." Devens fell back rapidly, very rapidly, upon Schurz, commanding the next division, and Hooker's right flank was yielded up by Howard. Sickles, while trying to cut off Jackson, came near being cut off himself. Pleasonton, who was with him, says he sent back the

Eighth Pennsylvania cavalry, and hurled it at Jackson's corps, with heavy loss to them, but he gained fifteen minutes, which enabled him to put twenty-two guns, double-shotted with canister, in position before the rebels came in sight, supporting them by two small squadrons of cavalry.

"In the rear of the Eleventh corps the Rebels came on," says Pleasonton, "rapidly but now in silence, with that skill and adroitness they often display to gain their object. The only color visible was the American flag with the centre battalion. To clear up this doubt, my aid-de-camp, Lieutenant Thompson, First New York cavalry, rode to within one hundred yards of them, when they called out to him, 'We are friends! come on,' and he was induced to go fifty yards closer, when the whole line in a most dastardly manner opened on him with musketry, and dropped the American colors and displayed eight or ten Rebel battle flags. He escaped unhurt!" One of the most wonderful things of this most wonderful battle is this statement that a mounted officer fifty yards from Rodes' line, should be fired at by the whole line and live to tell it!

In his official report, Rodes says, "the enemy, being taken in flank and rear, did not wait for an attack." Colston's division followed so rapidly, that they went over the works at Melzi Chancellor's with Rodes' men. Both divisions entered together a second piece of woods, filled with abattis. It was then dark and the whole line was halted to reform. There was then no line of battle between our troops and Chancellorsville, says Rodes, and so the gallant Crutchfield opened his batteries upon that point. "The enemy instantly responded," Rodes continues, "with a terrific fire, which silenced our guns, but did little execution on the infantry." The fire was probably from the twenty-two guns before mentioned. Hill then came up and his men were deployed in Rodes' front. At 9 P.M. Jackson ordered him to take charge of the pursuit. (Hill's report.) As soon as the fire from the enemy's artillery had ceased, Lane's brigade, Hill's advance, formed its line of battle—the Thirty-third North Carolina deployed in its front as skirmishers; the Seventh and Thirty-seventh North Carolina on right of the road; the Eighteenth and Twenty-eighth

North Carolina on the left. Jackson was eager to push forward to cut Hooker off from the fords of the Rappahannock. Hill came up, stopping a few feet in front of his line. Jackson was then in sight and both some paces in front of Hill.

Sending the only staff officer to Hill to tell him to move forward as soon as possible, Jackson rode slowly along the pike towards the enemy. Captain Wilbourn, of his signal corps, was on his left side, two of the signal corps just behind them, followed by couriers. Jackson was desirous of getting information useful to Hill's advance, thinking perhaps a skirmish line was still in his front. Jackson and his little party had ridden but a few rods, reaching a point near an old dismantled house to the right of the pike, when he was fired on by our troops to the right of the pike, the balls passing diagonally across—one musket firing first, perhaps accidentally. Many of his escort and their horses were shot down by this fire. Jackson, Captain Wilbourn and the few who were not dismounted wheeled their horses to the left and galloped into the woods to get out of range, but were then fired on by the troops to the left of the road, when within thirty yards of the line, having been taken for a body of the enemy's cavalry. By this fire General Jackson was wounded. The troops near the road did not fire, because they knew Jackson had passed out.—FITZHUGH LEE.

GEN. A. S. JOHNSTON.

SUCCESS is generally regarded as the criterion of ability in the case of military commanders. Judged by this rule, the verdict of history will be that General Albert Sidney Johnston was a better soldier while fighting for the old flag than after he drew his sword for the Confederacy. In the latter cause he fought under great disadvantages, but always with the greatest valor.

The life of Albert Sidney Johnston contains elements of romance as well as history. A great part of his time, previous to the American Civil War, was spent in the camp, in helping to found new homes, and in daring personal adventures arising from exciting pursuits. He was born in Washington, Mason County, Ky., in 1803. His academic education was received at the Transylvania University, Kentucky, and his military education at West Point, whence he graduated in 1826, standing eighth in his class. Having received a lieutenant's commission, he served with distinction as chief of the staff to General Henry Atkinson in the Black Hawk War of 1832.

Considering that the conditions and possibilities of a new country offered a better field for a successful career, Johnston emigrated to Texas. In 1836, when that country was struggling to assert her independence, the young soldier, anxious to seize the first opportunity that promised adventure and promotion, enlisted as a private in the Texan army under General Rusk. His superior mental and physical abilities soon attracted favorable notice, and during the next two years he rose rapidly through the different grades, and obtained the

commission of senior brigadier-general. This swift promotion provoked the jealousy of General Sam Houston, whom he had superseded, and was the occasion of a duel, in which Johnston was dangerously wounded. In 1838 he received the appointment of secretary of war from President M. B. Lamar, and showed his fitness for the office by the measures he adopted for the defence of the Texan frontier against Mexican invasion. In 1839 he was chosen to conduct an expedition against the Cherokees, and completely routed them in the valley of the river Neches.

Johnston was an ardent supporter of the proposed annexation of Texas, and when that union was ultimately achieved, he served with distinction in the Mexican War. At the battle of Monterey he had three horses shot under him, and received special commendation from General Butler, for whom he acted as aide-de-camp and inspector-general. His services entitled him to the rank of brigadier-general, and all his superiors recommended his promotion; but for political reasons, their recommendations were set aside by President Polk. Under these circumstances Johnston retired to his plantation in Brazoria County, Texas, where he remained unnoticed until 1849, when he was made paymaster of the United States army, with the rank of major, by President Taylor. In 1855 he received the commission of colonel of the second cavalry, which was then serving in the Texan department.

Towards the end of 1857 Johnston was selected to command the expedition sent against the Mormons, who were then in open revolt against the Federal authority. After enduring great hardships with his troops in the depths of the Rocky Mountains, he brought his little army into winter-quarters, and, by tact and moral suasion alone, succeeded in quelling the Mormon rebellion by the following spring, retaining his command with the rank of brigadier-general until February, 1860. In the following December he sailed for California to take command of the Pacific department.

Johnston had been an advocate of the Union in opposition to secession; and his interests lay on that side; but considering the claims of his own State supreme, he resigned his commission at the commencement of the Civil War, and prepared

to make his way to the Atlantic coast. With a party of thirty citizens and officers mounted on mules, he took the overland route through Arizona, which he proclaimed a territory of the Confederate States. On arriving at Richmond, September 2, 1861, he was received with many marks of respect, and immediately assigned by Jefferson Davis to the command of the Department of Kentucky and Tennessee. At this time he was nearly sixty years of age, yet still in the full possession of vigorous strength. It was generally reported in Kentucky that he had under his command an army of 100,000 men; but in reality he had little over one-fifth part of that number. The Federal general, Buell, who held a strong position at no great distance from him, was said to be at the head of an army of not less than 50,000. Behind him lay the Cumberland River, which might rise at any moment and admit steamboats as far as Nashville, while gunboats could pass along the Tennessee as far as Alabama. At Paducah and Smithfield, which commanded the mouths of both rivers, Union leaders were massing large naval and military forces. Johnston felt that his raw army was but ill-prepared to cope with these vast preparations, and repeatedly called on the Confederate government for reinforcements, which, however, were not furnished. Johnston was forced to keep silence before the public; he could not tell them of the real situation, and clear his own reputation in case of defeat. He was daily assailed by the irresponsible and uninformed criticisms of the press, and actually declared incompetent. The journals pictured him as a slow and unsympathetic commander, delaying to snatch a victory which a brave and efficient army was panting to obtain.

The truth came out when Fort Donelson fell in February, 1862. Then it became known that half of Johnston's forces had been detached for the defence of that place. When it surrendered he was left with only 12,000 men to effect a retreat to Nashville. He wrote to Jefferson Davis: "The test of merit in my profession is success; it is a hard rule, but I think it right. If I join this corps to the forces of General Beauregard, then those who are now exclaiming against me will be without an argument." By and by the dangerous

experiment was tried. Leaving Nashville Johnston fell back on Murfreesboro, and there succeeded in collecting an army capable of offering battle, but on account of the floods in the rivers nothing effective could be accomplished. Crossing the Tennessee at Decatur, he soon afterwards formed a junction with Beauregard and Bragg, the entire force being posted around Corinth. The capture of Forts Donelson and Henry and the evacuation of Columbus had been a fatal blow to the Confederates; for thus the three great water-ways, the Cumberland, the Mississippi, and the Tennessee were open to the Union forces. The Confederate line in the West was broken, and the campaign transferred to the southern bank of the Tennessee. The Confederate army was thus compelled to take a position at Corinth to defend the State of Mississippi and retain command of the railroads.

Johnston, inspired with the hope of a great battle by which these disasters could be counterbalanced, and confident of retrieving his fortunes, determined to attack Grant, who was already in his front, before Buell could arrive to support him. On April 6, 1862, Johnston commenced the attack, about twenty miles from Corinth on the west bank of the Tennessee. The small log meeting-house, called Shiloh Church, gave its name to this battle. Hardee's corps engaged Sherman's left and threw it into confusion. The Union troops were steadily forced back; but at one stage of the combat, the infantry made a desperate stand, and the Confederate advance was for the moment checked. At this juncture Johnston rode forward, and seizing a musket, presented it at charge-bayonet, calling on his men to follow. The Kentuckians were the first to respond to the call, then came the men of Tennessee, followed by the Mississippians and the men of Arkansas. A fearful rush was made, and the Federal infantry were slowly but surely losing ground. Johnston now rode to an eminence in the rear to observe the effect of the onset. At half-past ten the first line of the Union infantry was broken, and Johnston rode forward fully assured that the victory would be on his side. One of his staff, seeing blood on his clothes, asked if he was wounded. "Only a scratch," he replied, without taking his eyes off the troops. Scarcely had he spoken when he began

to reel in the saddle and was lifted to the ground. When his boot was pulled off it was found to be full of blood, which was still oozing from a small wound under the knee. A small artery had been severed, and what he had considered only a scratch proved to be a mortal wound. His body was borne to a ravine, and stimulants were applied, but to no purpose; the Confederate commander was already peacefully composed in death. The tide of battle turned on the second day of Shiloh, and what appeared so near victory under Johnston was turned into defeat and disaster.

The remains of the fallen general were taken to New Orleans, and with much ceremony laid in their last resting-place in the St. Louis Cemetery. Johnston was fortunate in possessing all the qualities which make up the popular picture of a hero. He had a strong sinewy frame, and stood over six feet in height. His features denoted both resolution and composure of character, and were strongly marked with lines showing a Scottish lineage. His manner was courteous; but he was naturally disposed to be grave and silent. It was often said of him that he was "born to command."

A. S. Johnston's Last Campaign.

During the latter portion of March, 1862, the troops occupied the chief points of the Mobile and Ohio, and Memphis and Charleston railroads, which unite at Corinth, Mississippi, where headquarters were established; the right was at Iuka, Mississippi, eight miles from the Tennessee river, under command of Major-General Crittenden; the centre at Corinth, some twenty-two miles from the river; and the left rested upon the Memphis road, still further from the stream. This line protected the Gulf States from any further advance. Still various attempts were made by the enemy to turn our right, by attacking the batteries of Eastport, which, however, were promptly checked by a detachment commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Schaller, taken from the forces of Major-General Crittenden and Brigadier-General Breckinridge.

The enemy, in the meantime, had concentrated a heavy force, under Major-General Grant, on the left bank of the Tennessee, near Pittsburg Landing, opposite our centre, threat-

ening Corinth, with the intention of awaiting the arrival of Major-General Buell, who, by forced marches, was hastening to effect a junction with Grant. In perfect security against the formidable opponent they deemed to have been entirely discomfited, they reposed upon the beautiful banks of the river, leisurely awaiting the command of the senior general hastening to their support.

A change—"one of the most delicate operations of war," as Napoleon has said—was here determined upon by General Johnston; the transition from the defensive to the offensive, against an enemy flushed with success.

Now, for the first time, he had an army with which he was confident he could teach a lesson to the enemy. With the junction of his force with the disciplined corps of Pensacola, under Major-General Bragg, and the troops of General Beauregard and Major-General Polk, full confidence animated every regiment of the army, and it burned for the opportunity to hurl back the invaders. As soon as the preparations and the labors of organization could be completed, he had resolved to march upon the enemy, to surprise and defeat him near the river, and, with a victorious army, to meet Buell. With the zealous coöperation of his generals, the different columns were reported ready on the 1st of April.

General Beauregard, to whom the immediate command of the troops had been offered, declined on account of his ill-health; but Major-General Bragg consented to take upon himself, in addition to the command of his *corps d' armée*, the arduous duties of chief of the general staff. The army was divided into four corps, commanded by Major-Generals Polk, Bragg, Hardee, and Brigadier-General Breckinridge, respectively—the corps of the latter acting as a reserve.

The three first-named corps marched from Corinth, the last from Burnsville, a point between the centre and right of the line, upon Farmington. The corps of reserves, having the longest march to perform, upon roads made impassable by drenching rains which had overtaken the troops in bivouac, found almost insuperable difficulties to arrive in time at the common rendezvous at Monterey, and, in fact, could not reach there before twelve hours after the appointed time. The artil-

lery of Brigadier-General Breckinridge, fast in the mud, was only relieved after great difficulties by large detachments sent to the rear from the regiments composing the corps. The perplexities were so great that Brigadier-General Breckinridge reported his situation to the general. "Let a new road be cut," was, according to Major Hayden, the laconic reply the messenger received.

The attack was to have been made on the morning of Saturday, the 5th of April, and the troops were ordered to march from Monterey—a few homesteads, surrounded by woods, and some eleven miles from the river—at three o'clock in the morning. But a heavy rain-fall during the night upon worn-out troops retarded the preparation for the march of the army until about seven o'clock. Then, in serried ranks and upon many lines, gloomy clouds charged with rain overhead, in the morning mist, at the head of every regiment, the general's *last battle-order* was read:

"Soldiers of the Army of the Mississippi," said he, "I have put you in motion to offer battle to the invaders of your country. With resolution and disciplined valor, becoming men fighting as you are for all that is worth living or dying for, you can but march to decisive victory over the agrarian mercenaries who have been sent to despoil you of your liberties, your property, and your honor.

"Remember the precious stake that is involved in this contest; remember the dependence of your mothers, your wives, your sisters, and your children is upon the result.

"Remember the fair, broad, abounding land, the happy homes, and the ties that would be dissolved and desolated by your defeat.

"The eyes and hopes of eight millions of people rest upon you. You are expected to show yourselves worthy of your race and your lineage; worthy of the women of the South, whose noble devotion in this war has never been exceeded at any time.

"With such incentives to brave deeds, and in the trust that God is with you, your generals will lead you confidently to the combat, fully assured of ultimate and glorious success."

When the reading was concluded there arose from every line such successive shouts of determination and patriotic devotion as gave unmistakable evidence of victory.

But, owing to the difficult march over rough roads, and the immense host assembled in one spot, delays occurred which retarded the arrival of the rear column at Mickey's house, six miles from the river, until near four in the afternoon. General Johnston had advanced on a personal reconnoissance within two miles of Shiloh Church, and would have begun the attack that evening but for the greatly fatigued condition of the troops. In such proximity to the enemy it was greatly to be feared that he would become aware of and prepare for the impending danger.

In the evening of Saturday a council of war was held. Several commanders called the attention of the commanding general to the long delay of thirty-six hours, which should have given ample time to the enemy to receive the shock; and one of the general officers there assembled strongly urged a retreat. But General Johnston decided upon and ordered the attack for the coming morning.

He followed thus the maxim of Napoleon: "When once the offensive has been assumed, it must be sustained to the last extremity. However skillful the manœuvres, a retreat will always weaken the *morale* of an army; because in losing the chances of success, these last are transferred to the enemy. Besides, retreats cost always more men and material than the most bloody engagements, with this difference: that in a battle the enemy's loss is nearly equal to your own, whereas in a retreat the loss is on your side only."

The wisdom of General Johnston's decision was apparent the following morning, when Major-General Hardee, with his corps, surprised and overthrew the advance forces of the enemy. From that moment he never doubted a complete victory, and the speedy recovery of all the territory he had lost—a result destined to remain unfulfilled by the interposition of the hand of death.

We do not here design to record the character, events, failures, and consequences of the battle of Shiloh, but only

wish to confine ourselves to those facts immediately bearing upon the illustrious name heading this paper. For this purpose we can offer no more acceptable and interesting account than that from the pen of Colonel, now Major-General, William Preston, the intimate friend of General Johnston, given in a letter to the general's son, Colonel W. Preston Johnston, dated, "Corinth, April 18, 1862."

"The country from Corinth to Pittsburg passes over low and swampy lands, poor and uncultivated, to Monterey, eleven miles from the former place. The road then passes northward to a farm-house called Mickey's, for about four miles, and a number of country roads, through hilly and wooded uplands, some seven miles, to the Tennessee river. Owl creek flows nearly east into the Tennessee near Pittsburg, and Lick creek in a general parallel direction about five miles distant to the south. The ridge dividing the small branches and tributaries of these creeks lies from Mickey's northeastward to the river, and country roads traversing hills becoming bolder and more difficult as you approach the river, pass by Shiloh, a little country chapel, three miles from Pittsburg. Occasional fields and cabins intervene, but the clearings are not numerous or extensive. The enemy were encamped near Shiloh, before Pittsburg, on the verge of some woodlands, half a mile from the river, and near the fields.

"The morning of the 6th of April was calm, bright, and beautiful. We were in the saddle before the dawn was clear, and a fire between skirmishers opened in the front on the line of Hardee's advance. Between dawn and sunrise sharp volleys were heard, and the general, with his staff, rode to the verge of the wood near a field where Hindman's brigade was suffering under a heavy fire. Some of the men were breaking ranks, and there were many dead and wounded. The general, in person, rallied the stragglers, and I rode forward, where I found General Hindman animating and leading on his men. He informed me that he desired support, and, having reported it to the general, he requested me to order General Bragg to advance. General Bragg, when found by me, stated that the order had been given ten minutes before.

"General Hindman pushed on in the direction of the

advanced camp of the enemy, occupied by the 13th and 18th Wisconsin regiments, and other troops, from which there was a heavy fire of musketry and artillery.

"General Johnston then passed to the left at a point in front of the camps, near two cabins, subsequently used as a hospital. A field of an hundred acres, fringed with forest, extended to the northeast. Through this General Cleburne's brigade moved in beautiful order, and with loud and inspiring cheers, in the direction of the centre of the advanced camp. Heavy firing was heard as they neared it.

"General Johnston then went to the camp assailed, which was carried between seven and eight o'clock. The enemy were evidently surprised. The breakfasts were on the mess-tables, the baggage unpacked, the knapsacks, arms, stores, colors, and ammunition abandoned. I took one stand of colors from the colonel's tent, which was sent by me, next morning, through Colonel Gilmer, to General Beauregard.

"General Hardee reported his men still advancing at this camp about nine o'clock, and conferred with General Johnston, who was reconnoitering a second line of camps near the river, where the enemy were posted in force. They then commenced shelling the first camp, apparently attracted by the presence of the staff and escort; the distance being, I should think, six or eight hundred yards, and shells from the gunboats, of large size, were thrown. General Johnston received a report and rough draft at this time from Captain Lockett stating that the enemy were strongly posted on the left in front of our right. Heavy musketry firing and cannonades indicated that Bragg and Hardee were successfully advancing on our left.

"General Johnston rode down the hill to escape the shells, and his escort back toward the woods. This was about half-past nine. After pondering a little while, he determined to bring forward Breckinridge's reserve, and feeling his way to the river, to turn the enemy's left. The brigade of Chalmers was moved to our extreme right; Bowen's next, eight hundred yards in rear of Chalmers', and Statham's eight hundred yards in rear of Bowen's, in an echelon of brigades. Statham's brigade, under the immediate command of Breckinridge, then

assailed the camp near the river, when they were vigorously met, and a fierce struggle ensued.

"General Johnston then deployed Bowen's brigade, and advanced to the support of Breckinridge. Batteries were brought forward, and Chalmers' extended on the right to the river. The enemy's left flank was completely turned. A few minutes afterward he was struck by a ball, and passed on. His horse was wounded in two places, and a minie ball severed an artery of his leg; but still riding on, concealing his wound, he fell at length from exhaustion. Governor Harris was near him. I found him a few minutes after he was shot, and asked him to speak to me. I could find no wound on his body. He breathed for a little while, but did not speak, or recognize me, and expired without a pang—his countenance bearing the same noble serenity in death that it had done in life.

"After his death we bore his body back to the camp, concealing his death, and reporting to General Beauregard, with whom we remained until the close of the day; and the remains were afterward conveyed to New Orleans and deposited in the Cemetery of St. Louis."

Thus fell a soldier who united, in a remarkable degree, the attributes of a general as he should be; and who offers, in the completeness of his character, the most worthy subject of study and emulation.

Thus fell a citizen in the defence of his country, unswerving in his devotion and patriotism. Just, pure, and good, his name will become a household word in every family; and as years roll onward, and much that now is will be obscured or forgotten in the mists of the past, his eminent virtues will grow more and more in brilliancy.—B. W. DUKE.

GEN. BEAUREGARD.

FREQUENTLY, in the course of a long war, it happens that the names and fame of generals who are most prominent at the outset are eclipsed by the brilliant achievements of more fortunate or more meritorious commanders.

This is especially noticeable in reading the history of the Civil War in America. At the breaking out of the Rebellion the most notable generals on the Northern side were Scott and McClellan, while on the side of the Confederacy we read only of General Beauregard. Ardent in the cause of secession, he was made commander of the first army of the Confederate States, and had charge of the attack on Fort Sumter. After the reduction of this fort he advanced into Virginia and commanded the army which claimed the victory at Manassas, but did not reap its fruits. He is next found defending the railroads at Corinth, and when that post was evacuated, he took charge of the defence of Charleston. Thence he was only called when Richmond was menaced by the approach of Grant, and by his timely arrival at Drury's Bluff, he neutralized the operations of General Butler. General Beauregard was essentially an engineer, and was chiefly employed in such work throughout the war.

Pierre Gustave Toutant de Beauregard was born May 23, 1818, in the parish of St. Bernard, twenty miles from New Orleans. He entered West Point, and in 1838 graduated with distinction. Being appointed lieutenant of engineers he remained at West Point; but in a few months was transferred to Newport, R. I., to assist Colonel Totten. In 1840 he took

charge of the Louisiana fortifications at New Orleans. During the Mexican War he rendered important services at the siege of Vera Cruz, and after the battle of Contreras he was brevetted captain. He led a party to the storming of the heights of Chapultepec, and, although twice wounded, was one of the first to enter the castle; for his bravery here he was made a major. Beauregard was at the battles of Cerro Gordo, Churubusco, and in the attack on the City of Mexico. From 1849 to 1860 he had general charge of the fortifications of Louisiana, and superintended the construction of the mint, custom-house and marine hospital at New Orleans.

Leaving Louisiana in 1860, Beauregard was appointed superintendent at West Point with the rank of colonel; but resigning his commission in the army when Louisiana seceded from the Union, he received the rank of brigadier-general from the Confederate government. Beauregard commanded the siege of Fort Sumter, and received its surrender. He was afterward sent to Richmond to organize the Confederate army in Virginia. At the battle of Bull Run General J. E. Johnston adopted the plan of attack prepared by Beauregard. The Confederate Congress conferred upon him the highest rank of general in acknowledgment of his services. In 1862 General Beauregard was transferred to the department of the Mississippi. He strengthened the defences of Nashville, and on March 5th, assuming command of the Southern forces in the Valley of the Mississippi, he made his headquarters at Jackson, until summoned to join General A. S. Johnston in resisting the advance of General Grant. The Federal forces at Pittsburg Landing were attacked and driven back to their gunboats; but the Confederate forces suffered by the death of General A. S. Johnston. The command of the Southern army in the Mississippi Valley now devolved upon Beauregard. The attack was renewed the next day, but as Grant was reinforced by General Buell, Beauregard was compelled to withdraw his forces. Subsequently he was relieved of his command because of his ill health.

Beauregard successfully defended Charleston when that city was threatened by a formidable land and water attack. In 1864 he left Charleston to go to Petersburg, Virginia, then

menaced by the approach of Grant and of General B. F. Butler. His timely arrival and repulse of Butler saved Richmond from capture. Near the close of the same year he was assigned to the military division of the Southwest, and made several efforts to check Sherman's march to the sea. In April, 1865, he surrendered at Greensboro', N. C.

After the war Beauregard made his home in New Orleans, and was president of the New Orleans and Jackson Railroad Company until 1870. In 1878 he was made adjutant-general of Louisiana. In later years he took conspicuous part in the drawings of the Louisianna State Lottery. He died at New Orleans, February 20, 1893.

The Capture of Fort Sumter.

(From "Annals of the Civil War," by permission of Times Publishing Co.)

When it was clear that the government at Washington intended to relieve Fort Sumter at its option, South Carolina had but one course to be pursued, consistent with the attitude assumed by her, and that was to close the harbor to all relief to the fort. Increased activity prevailed everywhere. Troops and munitions of war were moved to various points, and the garrison earnestly watched the daily progress of works intended for their destruction. The buoys had been taken up; the lights were extinguished, and pilots forbidden to bring ships bearing the United States flag into the harbor. Within Fort Sumter, as far as their limited means would allow, a similar activity was manifested by the garrison. Guns of heavy calibre were raised to the parapet, and placed in position; others were mounted in the casements below, and every resource was made use of to strengthen and arm the work, and to make effective the scanty material in their possession.

Meantime, a provisional government had been organized by the States which had passed the Ordinances of Secession. Jurisdiction over the public property in the harbor of Charleston was assumed by it, and Brigadier-General P. G. T. Beauregard, an officer of engineers, who had resigned his commission in the Army of the United States, was commissioned by the Confederate Government, and sent to Charleston to take command of the military operations. Daily reports were sent

to Washington by Major Anderson, of the condition of Fort Sumter and its garrison, and the government was fully informed of their pressing wants. On the 1st of February, 1861, in anticipation of the future, the women and children belonging to the garrison were sent northward. And thus openly warlike preparations went on, from day to day, until the fort was surrounded by batteries, all bearing upon it and upon the channel by which any relief could reach it, and ready to open at any moment.

Soon after the occupancy of Fort Sumter, and up to the earlier days of President Lincoln's administration, Major Anderson had reported to his government that he was not in need of reinforcements, that he was secure in his position, that he could not be relieved without a struggle, and, in a later report, that in his opinion twenty thousand men would be necessary to take the batteries, and relieve him. But as time passed, while reporting daily to his government, he brought finally the facts of his position so plainly to their notice, in a communication of the 1st of April, that action upon their part was imperative. He reported that his provisions were nearly exhausted, that his command would be without food in a few days, and that his condition was such that some measures for his relief must be taken. His communication engaged the immediate attention of the President and his Cabinet.

An expedition to reinforce the fort was ordered. A dispatch of the following purport was forwarded to Major Anderson: He was told that his report had caused great anxiety to the President. It was hoped from his previous communication, and the report of the special messenger, Captain Fox, that he could hold out until the 15th of April, when the expedition was to have gone to his relief. He was directed, if possible, to hold out until the 12th of April, when the expedition would go forward, and, finding his "flag still flying," an effort would be made to provision him, and to reinforce him if resisted. As soon as this dispatch was sent to Major Anderson, it was followed by a messenger, Mr. Chew, the chief clerk of the State Department, to the authorities of South Carolina, informing them that an attempt to provision and relieve the

fort would now be made. The messenger accomplished his mission, and barely escaped from the city of Charleston without molestation. Upon the receipt of the message from the State Department, not a moment was lost by General Beauregard. A telegram was at once sent to the Confederate Government, at Montgomery, with the information brought by the messenger, and instructions asked for. The reply betrayed no appreciation of the long and terrible war it inaugurated: "If you have no doubt of the authorized character of the agent, you will at once demand the evacuation of the fort, and, if this is refused, proceed in such manner as you may determine to reduce it."

On the morning of the 11th of April, the dawn of day disclosed an activity at once unusual and significant over the entire harbor. The waters were covered with vessels hastily putting to sea. An iron-clad floating-battery of four guns, the construction of which in Charleston had been watched by the garrison for months, was towed down the bay to a point at the western end of Sullivan's Island, where its guns bore directly upon Fort Sumter. A wooden dwelling on the beach, near the end of the island, was pulled down and unmasked a land work, mounting four guns, hitherto unknown to the garrison. Its fire would enfilade the most important battery of Fort Sumter, which was upon the parapet of the right flank of the work, and whose guns were mainly relied upon to control the fire from the heavy guns on Cummings' Point, that would take the fort in reverse. Bodies of troops were landed, and the batteries on shore fully manned, and every preparation completed, when, at four o'clock P.M., a boat under a white flag approached the fort. Two aides-de-camp of General Beauregard, Colonel Chestnut and Captain S. D. Lee, were admitted to the guard-room just inside the main entrance to the work. They bore a communication which stated that the Government of the Confederate States had hitherto forborne from any hostile demonstration against Fort Sumter, in the hope that the General Government would voluntarily evacuate it in order to avert war, and that there was reason to believe that such would have been the course pursued; but that the Confederate Government could no longer

delay "assuming actual possession" of a fortification so important to it. The evacuation of Fort Sumter was demanded in the name of the Government of the Confederate States. All proper facilities were tendered to Major Anderson for the removal of himself and his command. He was to take with him his company and private property, and to salute his flag upon taking it down.

The following reply was returned by Major Anderson: "That the demand for the evacuation of the fort was one with which he regretted that his sense of honor and his obligations to his government prevented his compliance." On receiving this communication the Confederate officers left the fort. The entire interview was characterized by every courtesy, though more distant and formal than in previous conferences. They were followed to the main gate of the work by Major Anderson, who remarked in their hearing that he would be starved out any way in a few days, if their guns did not batter him to pieces, and this was repeated more specifically to the Confederate officers in reply to their inquiries on the subject. As the boat returned, the batteries around were covered with spectators all anxiously watching the result of the mission.

Renewed activity prevailed. Inside the fort powder was taken from the magazines, which were now closed, ammunition was served to the batteries and the details of the men made to serve them. Careful instructions were given to use the utmost economy in regard to what food was left, and the officers in command of the batteries were directed not to unnecessarily expose their men. Outside the fort, steamers, large and small, were plying in every direction. The buoy which marked the turn in the harbor from the main channel, and which alone had been suffered to remain, was taken up at about five o'clock in the afternoon. Its place was supplied by three hulks loaded with combustible material, the evident object of which was to light the channel should the fleet, whose arrival was now hourly anticipated, attempt to enter by night. They were anchored directly under the guns of Fort Moultrie. In this state of preparation the night of the 11th of April closed upon the harbor. Toward midnight the

officers of the garrison were aroused by the report of the officer of the day, that a boat under a white flag had arrived, and that two messengers from the Confederate authorities had again come to the work. It was now 1.30 A.M. when these aides, accompanied by Colonel Chisholm and Mr. Roger A. Pryor, of Virginia, entered the work. They bore a letter from Brigadier-General Beauregard, commanding Provisional Army Confederate States of America, to Major Anderson, to the effect, that in consequence of the verbal observation made to his aides in relation to the condition of his supplies, and that he would soon be starved out, he had communicated the same to his government. The proposition was then made to him, that if he would state the time at which he would evacuate the fort, and that meanwhile he would agree not to use his guns against the Confederate forces unless theirs should be employed against Fort Sumter, General Beauregard would abstain from opening fire upon him, and that his aides were authorized to enter into such an arrangement.

Again the officers of the garrison were assembled in consultation, and a long deliberation followed. The question which engaged the most serious consideration was in regard to the provisions in the fort, and how far the men, who were now without sufficient or proper food, could be relied upon for resistance. The bread supplies of the garrison were exhausted; nothing remained but short rations of pork and coffee. Still it was earnestly desired that the utmost expectations of the government should be realized, and it was determined to hold out to the period desired by them, the 15th instant. It was agreed that the terms proposed, which would tie the hands of the garrison and neutralize its fire, could not be acceded to, and a reply to the following effect was made by Major Anderson: "That if provided with proper means he would evacuate the fort at noon on the 15th instant, provided he should not receive controlling instructions or additional supplies from his government; that he would not open the fire of his batteries unless compelled to do so by some hostile act or demonstration by the Confederate forces against his fort or the flag it bore."

No sooner had Colonel Chestnut, the officer to whom it was

handed, read the reply of Major Anderson than he pronounced it unsatisfactory, and made the following reply in writing:

FORT SUMTER, S. C., April 12, 1861—3.20 A.M.

SIR: By the authority of Brigadier-General Beauregard, commanding the Provisional forces of the Confederate States, we have the honor to notify you that he will open the fire of his batteries upon Fort Sumter in one hour from this time.

We have the honor to be, very respectfully,

Your obedient servants,

JAMES CHESTNUT, JR., Aide-de-camp.
STEPHEN D. LEE, Captain C. S. and A. D. C.

TO MAJOR ROBERT ANDERSON, U. S. A., commanding Fort Sumter.

Positive instructions from the Confederate Government had been sent to their agent in Charleston harbor that if this last proposition to Major Anderson was refused by him, he should reduce the fort as his judgment decided to be most practicable. But little conversation followed the delivery, to the aides, of the reply of Major Anderson. An inquiry as to the exact time in the morning was made, which was found to be 3.30 A.M.

The Confederate officers left the fort without any formal leave-taking, and their boat soon disappeared in the darkness. Upon their arrival in Charleston, and the delivery of Major Anderson's response, a telegram was sent to Montgomery, informing the authorities that Major Anderson "would not consent." Inside the work, the men were informed of what had happened, and directed to await the summons to the guns. No fire was to be returned until daylight. The night was calm and clear, and the sea was still. Fires were lighted in all the Confederate works, when, at 4.30 A.M., the silence was broken by the discharge of a mortar from a battery near Fort Johnson, within easy range of the work; a shell rose high in the air, and burst directly over Fort Sumter; its echo died away, and all was still again; when, suddenly, fire was opened from every battery of the enemy.

At daylight, all the guns of Fort Sumter opened, and the fire steadily continued all day. During the night of the 12th, the accurate range of the mortars lodged a shell in the parade,

or about the work, at intervals of fifteen minutes. It was estimated that over twenty-five hundred shot and shell struck the fort during the first twenty-four hours. By morning, the fleet sent to our assistance appeared off the bar, but did not enter. At 8.30 on the 13th, the quarters took fire, from the effect of hot shot, and could not be extinguished, and soon the entire barracks were in a blaze. The barrels containing powder were thrown into the sea. At 1.20 on the 13th, the flagstaff, having been struck four times, was shot away, and the flag replaced upon the parapet.

The firing upon the work was severe and continued; the return from the fort slow and feeble, sounding like signals of distress to the nation, and, finally, ceased altogether. Seeing the condition of things, Colonel Wigfall (formerly senator from Texas), pushed out in an open boat from Cummings' Point—unauthorized, it is true—and, learning from Major Anderson that he would evacuate the fort upon the terms originally proposed to him, returned and communicated with General Beauregard, who immediately sent a commission authorized to arrange terms for the evacuation, which were soon agreed upon. The garrison was transferred to the large transport lying off the bar, and was soon on its way to the North. Many an eye turned toward the disappearing fort, and as it sunk at last upon the horizon the smoke-cloud still hung heavily over its parapet.—S. W. CRAWFORD.

ALL nations love a gallant sailor, and especially is this true of the Anglo-Saxon races whose supremacy on the sea is unquestioned, and which have produced the greatest naval commanders that the world has known. It is not difficult to account for this, for the explanation is found in the simple, frank, manly character of the sailor, all of which are, in themselves, endearing qualities.

Admiral Farragut was the greatest of the naval heroes of the American Civil War. He was as skillful as he was successful, as unselfish as he was patriotic, as good as he was great. He won honorably in the direct line of duty, by a new application of well-established principles, the glory which encircles his name, and which will endure as long as the republic which he helped to save shall exist.

David Glasgow Farragut was born at Campbell's Station near Knoxville, Tennessee, on the 5th of July, 1801. That region was then a wilderness, and his earliest recollection of his Scotch mother was when she, axe in hand, defended her cottage against marauding Indians. His father was of Spanish descent, and after the death of his wife, removed to New Orleans, where he was placed by the government in command of the naval station there. Commodore David Porter, in gratitude for the hospitable attention which Farragut's father had given to his own father during his last illness, adopted his son David that he might be trained for the navy. The boy was but nine years old when he obtained a midshipman's warrant and at the age of eleven he made his first cruise

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J.L.G. FERRIS, PINX.

FARRAGUT APPROACHING NEW ORLEANS.

with his patron in the "Essex," whose exploits in the War of 1812 made her name famous. He took part in the engagement with the British "Alert," and was with the "Essex" when its brilliant career was terminated by its capture by the "Phœbe" and "Cherub" in Valparaiso Bay on the 28th of March, 1814. His services in this last battle were such as to win him honorable mention in the report made by Commodore Porter.

Farragut afterwards served on the "Washington," a 74-gun ship, pursuing his studies with his life-long friend, the chaplain. For nearly forty years his life was unmarked by any great events. In 1825 he was commissioned lieutenant, in 1841 he became commander, and in 1855 he was promoted to the rank of captain. The most important office he held in all that time was that of commandant of the Mare Island navy yard, California. While he was at Norfolk, Virginia, waiting orders in 1861, the secession of Virginia took place. Although by birth and marriage connected with the South, he remained firm in his allegiance to the Union, and immediately removed to New York. Then hastily leaving his family in their new home, he offered his services at Washington. He was first assigned to duty on the Naval Retiring-Board, whose business was to remove from the lists at that critical time the officers unfit for active service. A few months later Farragut, having now the full confidence of the navy department, was appointed commander of the Western Gulf Blockading Squadron, with the rank of flag-officer.

"I have now attained," said Farragut, at the age of sixty, "what I have been looking for all my life—a flag—and having attained it, all that is necessary to complete the scene is a victory. If I die in the attempt, it will only be what every officer has to expect. He who dies in doing his duty to his country, and at peace with his God, has played out the drama of life to the best advantage." His special duty was to capture New Orleans and open the Mississippi River, according to a plan which had been carefully matured by the Secretary, Gideon Welles. The fleet gathered at Ship Island, near the mouth of the Mississippi, and soon proceeded up the great river. The Confederates had constructed Forts Jackson and

St. Philip on the banks, which they believed, with the aid of a chain across the river, would effectually prevent the passage of any unarmored vessels up the channel. But Farragut recognized that the power of steam was an element whose value had not yet been properly estimated. With his wooden vessels he heroically and successfully passed Fort St. Philip on the 24th day of April, and New Orleans surrendered on the 27th. Soon Farragut went on to Vicksburg and attacked the city, but found that city, being on a bluff, was beyond the reach of his guns. He was compelled to withdraw from the lack of a co-operating land force. In these operations on the Mississippi his genius had opened a new era in naval warfare. His skill and caution were united with a dash and daring that won for him the admiration of the people and the nickname, "Old Salamander." He received the thanks of Congress, and was placed on the list of rear-admirals. The squadron returned to the Gulf, captured Corpus Christi, Sabine Pass, and Galveston, but did not yet venture to attack Mobile, the chief port after the capture of New Orleans. After the surrender of Vicksburg to General Grant in the summer of 1863, the Mississippi being now free of obstruction to navigation, the squadron stationed in that river was summoned to attack Mobile, and on August 5th entered the bay, in which torpedoes had been thickly planted. Farragut encountered a fleet nearly equal to his own, and commanded by the able and skillful Franklin Buchanan. He had formed his vessels in double column, and when one of those before his flag-ship was sunk by a torpedo, undauntedly repeated the order to go ahead. Wishing to obtain a better view of the battle, he caused himself to be lashed to the mainmast above the smoke, and gave his orders through a speaking-tube to the deck. He finally captured the forts after a desperate fight and the loss of his best ship, the iron-clad "Tecumseh." The port was thus closed to the Confederacy, but the city was not occupied by Union troops until April, 1865.

This was the last of Farragut's active service; owing to his ill health resulting from the labors and anxieties of the past three years, he asked to be recalled, and declined the command for the reduction of Wilmington. The grade of vice-admiral

was created for him, and in 1866 Congress conferred upon him the rank of admiral. In 1867 Farragut sailed for Europe in the "Franklin," and took command of the European squadron until 1868. Everywhere he went he was greeted with distinguished honors. On his return home the veteran admiral retired to private life, and died at Portsmouth navy yard August 14, 1870.

THE RIVER FIGHT.

(Mississippi River, April 24, 1862.)

Would you hear of the River-Fight?
It was two, of a soft spring night—
  God's stars looked down on all,
And all was clear and bright
But the low fog's chilling breath—
Up the River of Death
  Sailed the Great Admiral.

On our high poop-deck he stood,
  And round him ranged the men,
Who have made their birthright good
  Of manhood, once and again—
Lords of helm and sail,
Tried in tempest and gale,
  Bronzed in battle and wreck—
Bell and Bailey grandly led
Each his line of the Blue and Red—
Wainwright stood by our starboard rail,
  Thornton fought the deck.

What thought our Admiral then,
Looking down on his men?
  Since the terrible day,
    (Day of renown and tears!)
  When at anchor the "Essex" lay,
  Holding her foes at bay,
When, a boy, by Porter's side he stood
Till deck and plank-shear were dyed with blood,
    'Tis half a hundred years—
  Half a hundred years, to-day!

Who could fail with him?
Who reckon of life or limb?
Not a pulse but beat the higher!
There had you seen, by the star-light dim,
Five hundred faces strong and grim—
The flag is going under fire!
Right up by the fort, with her helm hard-a-port,
The "Hartford" is going under fire!

The way to our work was plain,
Caldwell had broken the chain,
(Two hulks swung down amain,
Soon as 'twas sundered)—
Under the night's dark blue,
Steering steady and true,
Ship after ship went through—
Till, as we hove in view,
Jackson out-thundered.

Back echoed Philip!—ah, then,
Could you have seen our men,
How they sprung, in the dim night haze,
To their work of toil and clamor!
How the loaders, with sponge and rammer,
And their captains, with cord and hammer,
Kept every muzzle ablaze!
How the guns, as with cheer and shout
Our tackle-men hurled them out,
Brought up on the water-ways.

First, as we fired at their flash,
'Twas lightning and black eclipse,
With a bellowing roll and crash—
But soon, upon either bow,
What with forts, and fire-rafts, and ships—
(The whole fleet was hard at it now,
All pounding away!)—and Porter
Still thundering with shell and mortar—
'Twas the mighty sound and form
Of an equatorial storm!

But, as we worked along higher,
Just where the river enlarges,

Down came a pyramid of fire—
  It was one of your long coal barges.
  (We had often had the like before)—
'Twas coming down to us to larboard,
  Well in with the eastern shore—
  And our pilot, to let it pass round,
Giving us a rank sheer to starboard,
  Ran the flag hard and fast aground!

'Twas nigh abreast of the Upper Fort,
  And straightway a rascal Ram
  (She was shaped like the devil's dam)
Puffed away for us, with a snort,
  And shoved at, with spiteful strength,
Right along side of us, to port—
  It was all of our ship's length,
A huge crackling Cradle of the Pit,
  Pitch-pine knots to the brim,
  Belching flame, red and grim—
What a roar came up from it!

And there we were, my lad,
  All a-fire on our port-quarter!
Hammocks a-blaze in the netting,
  Flame spouting in at every port—
Our fourth cutter burning at the davit,
(No chance to lower away and save it).

In a twinkling, the flames had risen
Half way to main-top and mizzen,
  Darting up the shrouds like snakes!
  Ah, how we clanked at the brakes,
    And the deep steam-pumps throbbed under,
    Sending a ceaseless flow!
Our top-men, a dauntless crowd,
Swarmed in rigging and shroud.
    There ('twas a wonder!),
The burning ratlins and strands
They quenched with their bare hard hands.—
    But the great guns below
  Never silenced their thunder!

At last, by backing and sounding,
When we were clear of grounding,
And under headway once more,
The whole rebel fleet came rounding
The point—if we had it hot before,
'Twas now, from shore to shore,
One long, loud, thundering roar—
Such crashing, splintering, and pounding,
And smashing as you never heard before!
But that we fought foul wrong to wreck,
And to save the land we loved so well,
You might have deemed our long gun-deck
Two hundred feet of hell!

For all above was battle,
Broadside, and blaze and rattle,
Smoke and thunder alone—
(But, down in the sick-bay,
Where our wounded and dying lay,
There was scarce a sob or a moan).

And at last, when the dim day broke,
And the sullen sun awoke,
Drearily blinking
O'er the haze and the cannon-smoke,
That ever such morning dulls—
There were thirteen traitor hulls
On fire and sinking.

Now, up the river!—though mad "Chalmette"
Sputters a vain resistance yet.
Small helm we gave her, our course to steer—
'Twas nicer work than you well would dream,
With cant and sheer, to keep her clear
Of the burning wrecks that cumbered the stream.

The "Louisiana," hurled on high,
Mounts in thunder to meet the sky!
Then down to the depth of the turbid flood,
Fifty fathom of rebel mud!
The "Mississippi" comes floating down,
A mighty bonfire, from off the town—

And along the river, on stocks and ways,
A half-hatched devil's brood is a-blaze—
The great "Anglo-Norman" is all in flames,
(Hark to the roar of her tumbling frames!)
And the smaller fry that treason would spawn,
Are lighting Algiers like an angry dawn!

From stem to stern, how the pirates burn,
Fired by the furious hands that built!
So to ashes forever turn
The suicide wrecks of wrong and guilt!

But from the hour that the rebel stream,
With the "Crescent City" lying abeam,
Shuddered under our keel,
Smit to the heart with self-struck sting,
Slavery died in her scorpion-ring,
And murder fell on his steel.

'Tis well to do and dare—
But ever may grateful prayer
Follow, as aye it ought,
When the good fight is fought,
When the true deed is done—
Aloft in heaven's pure light,
(Deep azure crossed on white)
Our fair Church-Pennant waves
O'er a thousand thankful braves,
Bare-headed in God's bright sun.

—H. H. BROWNELL.

THE FIGHT IN MOBILE BAY.

(August 5, 1864.)

Our lofty spars were down,
To bide the battle's frown,
(Wont of old renown)—
But every ship was drest
In her bravest and her best,
As if for a July day;
Sixty flags and three,
As we floated up the bay—

Every peak and mast-head flew
The brave Red, White, and Blue—
We were eighteen ships that day.

With hawsers strong and taut,
The weaker lashed to port,
On we sailed, two by two—
That if either a bolt should feel
Crash through caldron or wheel,
Fin of bronze or sinew of steel,
Her mate might bear her through.

Steadily nearing the head,
The great Flag-Ship led,
Grandest of sights!
On her lofty mizzen flew
Our Leader's dauntless Blue,
That had waved o'er twenty fights—
So we went, with the first of the tide,
Slowly, mid the roar
Of the Rebel guns ashore
And the thunder of each full broadside.

On, in the whirling shade
Of the cannon's sulphury breath,
We drew to the Line of Death
That our devilish Foe had laid—
Meshed in a horrible net,
And baited villanous well,
Right in our path were set
Three hundred traps of hell!

And there, O sight forlorn!
There, while the cannon
Hurtled and thundered—
(Ah, what ill raven
Flapped o'er the ship that morn!)—
Caught by the under-death,
In the drawing of a breath
Down went dauntless Craven
He and his hundred!

A moment we saw her turret,
A little heel she gave,
And a thin white spray went o'er her,
Like the crest of a breaking wave—
In that great iron coffin,
The channel for their grave,
The fort their monument,
(Seen afar in the offing,)
Ten fathom deep lie Craven
And the bravest of our brave.

Then, in that deadly track,
A little the ships held back,
Closing up in their stations—
There are minutes that fix the fate
Of battles and of nations,
(Christening the generations,)
When valor were all too late,
If a moment's doubt be harbored—
From the main-top, bold and brief,
Came the word of our grand old Chief—
"Go on!" 'twas all he said.
Our helm was put to starboard,
And the "Hartford" passed ahead.

Ahead lay the "Tennessee,"
On our starboard bow he lay,
With his mail-clad consorts three,
(The rest had run up the Bay)—
There he was, belching flame from his bow,
And the steam from his throat's abyss
Was a Dragon's maddened hiss—
In sooth a most curséd craft!—
In a sullen ring at bay
By the Middle Ground they lay,
Raking us fore and aft.

How they leaped, the tongues of flame,
From the cannon's fiery lip!
How the broadsides, deck and frame,
Shook the great ship!
And how the enemy's shell

Came crashing, heavy and oft,
Clouds of splinters flying aloft
And falling in oaken showers—
But ah, the pluck of the crew!
Had you stood on that deck of ours,
You had seen what men may do.

A little, once, it looked ill,
Our consort began to burn—
They quenched the flames with a will,
But our men were falling still,
And still the fleet was astern.

Right abreast of the Fort
In an awful shroud they lay,
Broadsides thundering away,
And lightning from every port—
Scene of glory and dread!
A storm-cloud all aglow
With flashes of fiery red—
The thunder raging below,
And the forest of flags o'erhead!

So grand the hurly and roar,
So fiercely their broadsides blazed,
The regiments fighting ashore
Forgot to fire as they gazed.

There, to silence the Foe,
Moving grimly and slow,
They loomed in that deadly wreath,
Where the darkest batteries frowned—
Death in the air all round,
And the black torpedoes beneath!

And now, as we looked ahead,
All for'ard, the long white deck
Was growing a strange dull red;
But soon, as once and again
Fore and aft we sped,
(The firing to guide or check,)
You could hardly choose but tread
On the ghastly human wreck,

(Dreadful gobbet and shred
That a minute ago were men!)

Red, from main-mast to bitts!
Red, on bulwark and wale—
Red, by combing and hatch—
Red o'er netting and rail!

And ever, with steady con,
The ship forged slowly by—
And ever the crew fought on,
And their cheers rang loud and high.

One only doubt was ours,
One only dread we knew—
Could the day that dawned so well
Go down for the Darker Powers?
Would the fleet get through?
And ever the shot and shell
Came with the howl of hell,
The splinter-clouds rose and fell,
And the long line of corpses grew—
Would the fleet win through?

They are men that never will fail,
(How aforetime they've fought!)
But Murder may yet prevail—
They may sink as Craven sank.
Therewith one hard, fierce thought,
Burning on heart and lip,
Ran like fire through the ship—
Fight her, to the last plank!

So, up the Bay we ran,
The Flag to port and ahead;
And a pitying rain began
To wash the lips of our dead.

A league from the Fort we lay,
And deemed that the end must lag;
When lo! looking down the Bay,
There flaunted the Rebel Rag—
The "Ram" is again underway
And heading dead for the Flag!

Steering up with the stream,
Boldly his course he lay,
Though the fleet all answered his fire,
And, as he still drew nigher,
Ever on bow and beam
Our Monitors pounded away—
How the "Chickasaw" hammered away!

Quickly breasting the wave,
Eager the prize to win,
First of us all the brave
"Monongahela" went in
Under full head of steam—
Twice she struck him abeam,
Till her stem was a sorry work,
(She might have run on a crag!)
The "Lackawanna" hit fair,
He flung her aside like cork,
And still he held for the Flag.

High in the mizzen shroud,
(Lest the smoke his sight o'erwhelm),
Our Admiral's voice rang loud,
"Hard-a-starboard your helm!
Starboard! and run him down!"
Starboard it was—and so,
Like a black squall's lifting frown,
Our mighty bow bore down
On the iron beak of the Foe.

We stood on the deck together,
Men that had looked on death
In battle and stormy weather—
Yet a little we held our breath,
When, with the hush of death,
The great ships drew together.

Our Captain strode to the bow,
Drayton, courtly and wise,
Kindly cynic, and wise,
(You hardly had known him now,
The flame of fight in his eyes!)

His brave heart eager to feel
How the oak would tell on the steel!

But, as the space grew short,
A little he seemed to shun us,
Out peered a form grim and lanky,
And a voice yelled—"Hard-a-port!
Hard-a-port!—here's the damned Yankee
Coming right down on us!"

He sheered, but the ships ran foul
With a gnarring shudder and growl—
He gave us a deadly gun;
But as he passed in his pride,
(Rasping right alongside!)
The Old Flag, in thunder tones,
Poured in her port broadside,
Rattling his iron hide,
And cracking his timber bones!

Just then, at speed on the Foe,
With her bow all weathered and brown,
The great "Lackawanna" came down,
Full tilt, for another blow;
We were forging ahead,
She reversed—but, for all our pains,
Rammed the old "Hartford," instead,
Just for'ard the mizzen chains!

Ah! how the masts did buckle and bend,
And the stout hull ring and reel,
As she took us right on end!
(Vain were engine and wheel,
She was under full steam)—
With the roar of a thunder-stroke
Her two thousand tons of oak
Brought up on us, right abeam!

A wreck, as it looked, we lay—
(Rib and plankshear gave way
To the stroke of that giant wedge!)

Here, after all, we go—
The old ship is gone!—ah, no,
  But cut to the water's edge.

Never mind, then—at him again!
  His flurry now can't last long;
He'll never again see land—
Try that on *him*, Marchand!
  On him again, brave Strong!

Heading square at the hulk,
  Full on his beam we bore;
But the spine of the huge Sea-Hog
Lay on the tide like a log,
  He vomited flame no more.

By this, he had found it hot—
  Half the fleet, in an angry ring,
  Closed round the hideous Thing,
Hammering with solid shot,
And bearing down, bow on bow—
  He has but a minute to choose;
Life or renown?—which now
  Will the Rebel Admiral lose?

Cruel, haughty and cold,
He ever was strong and bold—
  Shall he shrink from a wooden stem?
He will think of that brave band
He sank in the Cumberland—
  Aye, he will sink like them.

Nothing left but to fight
Boldly his last sea-fight!
  Can he strike? By heaven, 'tis true!
  Down comes the traitor Blue,
And up goes the captive White!

Up went the White! Ah then
The hurrahs that, once and again,
Rang from three thousand men
  All flushed and savage with fight!
Our dead lay cold and stark,
But our dying, down in the dark,

Answered as best they might—
Lifting their poor lost arms,
And cheering for God and the Right!

Our ship and her fame to-day
Shall float on the storied stream,
When mast and shroud have crumbled away
And her long white deck is a dream.

One daring leap in the dark,
Three mortal hours, at the most—
And hell lies stiff and stark
On a hundred leagues of coast.

For the mighty Gulf is ours—
The Bay is lost and won,
An Empire is lost and won!
Land, if thou yet hast flowers,
Twine them in one more wreath
Of tenderest white and red,
(Twin buds of glory and death!)
For the brows of our brave dead—
For thy Navy's noblest Son.

—H. H. BROWNELL.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

QUEEN ELIZABETH was perhaps the greatest of the sovereigns of England. It was her good fortune to be surrounded by a group of the most brilliant men that the world has ever known, and whose surpassing achievements and writings will render her reign illustrious to the end of time. Bold, courageous, full of self-reliance and self-confidence, she devoted herself to the welfare and glory of her country, and was a living embodiment of its noblest and best qualities. The necessity of her position compelled the development of the masculine virtues, and seemed likely to render her unwomanly; yet her woman's nature asserted itself in her eager delight in splendor and gayety, her desire to be admired, flattered and loved, and the inordinate vanity which was her ruling passion. This unique combination of the characteristics of a pleasure-loving queen and an imperious sovereign evoked and stimulated the poetic, enterprising, and warlike genius of her people.

Elizabeth was the daughter of King Henry VIII., by Anne Boleyn, the girl for whose beauty's sake he divorced his first wife, yet whom he afterwards ruthlessly sent to the block. She was born at Greenwich, on the 7th of September, 1533. Before she was three years old, her mother perished on the scaffold. The orphan princess was carefully educated under the superintendence of Catharine Parr, the last of Henry's queens; and was taught Greek and Latin by William Grindal, and afterwards by Roger Ascham, the noted "schoolmaster," who commended her as "exempt from female weak-

ness." After the death of the king, the queen-dowager married the Lord Admiral Seymour, whose gallantries became so notorious as to lead to an examination by the council. He was said to have paid some attention to Princess Elizabeth, who had a share in some of his frolics. The girl and the members of her household confessed nothing, but Lord Seymour was disgraced and executed.

The will of Henry VIII. and an act of Parliament, in 1544, had settled the order of succession to the throne: 1. Edward VI., the son of Jane Seymour, the third wife; 2. Mary, the daughter of Katharine of Aragon; 3. Elizabeth. Thus all were declared equally legitimate. In the last days of Edward VI. an attempt was made to set aside this order; and the young king, under the influence of the Duke of Northumberland, made a will in favor of his cousin, Lady Jane Grey. Elizabeth not only refused to resign her title for a sum of money, but raised an armed force and went from London to meet and congratulate her sister Mary, who was approaching at the head of her own partisans. Finding, however, little favor at court, and unwilling to yield place to ladies of lower rank, Elizabeth retired to Ashridge, in Buckinghamshire; but upon Wyat's insurrection, she was removed to the Tower, in London. Some of Mary's courtiers demanded the death of Elizabeth, as the centre of the hopes and designs of the Protestant party. It is to the credit of Philip II., of Spain, the most Catholic of kings, that he induced the queen to release the captive from the Tower, though she was placed at Woodstock under the guard of a devoted adherent of the old faith. Elizabeth conformed outwardly to the Catholic Church, and throughout her life sought to avoid controversy in regard to matters of faith, while she showed fondness for the many parts of the ancient ceremonial which the Protestants wished to remove. Her conduct throughout her sister's reign of five years was marked by extreme sagacity, courage and caution.

On the death of Mary, several noblemen who had formed her council of state, repaired with the intelligence to Elizabeth, then at Hatfield, who exclaimed, "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." On the 23d of

November the new queen set forth to the capital, where she was heartily welcomed. In honor of the new sovereign, from whose known character great good was expected, there was a popular desire to heighten the ceremony of the coronation with every possible demonstration of loyal affection and every known device of festal magnificence. She was crowned at Westminster, on the 15th of January, 1559. As she had already declined to attend the Roman Catholic celebration of Christmas and in other ways indicated her intention to depart from the usage of her sister, the bishops all refused to perform the coronation service. But Oglethorpe, Bishop of Carlisle, was prevailed upon to celebrate the rites.

In maintenance of her position as queen, it was necessary for Elizabeth to defend her own legitimacy. The Pope had already stigmatized her as a bastard, and showed no disposition to accept the new condition of affairs. She was compelled, therefore, to take the position maintained by her father after his breach with the Pope. She sought to establish national unity in the church, and as the Protestants were evidently a strong and growing party, she made large advances in their direction. The statesman by whose advice she was guided in this change and in all the leading transactions of her reign, was William Cecil, afterwards Lord Burleigh, noted particularly for his caution. Yet he was more strongly inclined to Protestantism than the queen ever showed herself. The remodelling of the Church of England was completed in 1562, when the Forty-two Articles of Cranmer, which had been approved and published under Edward VI., were reduced to thirty-nine, which have since remained as the doctrinal confession.

The accession of Francis II., the husband of Mary, Queen of Scots, to the French throne, in 1559, threatened Elizabeth with the hostility of both France and Scotland. She was therefore drawn to friendship with Philip II., of Spain, who was earnestly opposed to the increase of the power of France. Elizabeth levied a strong army and sent it, under the command of the Duke of Norfolk and Lord Grey de Wilton, to the frontiers of Scotland. She also entered into a close connection with the Protestant party in that country, who were

already in arms against the Queen-regent Mary, and her French auxiliaries. Success attended this well-planned expedition, and at the end of a single campaign, Elizabeth was able to terminate the war by the treaty of Edinburgh; the terms of which were such as to secure her effectually from all fear of future molestation in this quarter.

Those zealous reformers of the church who had fled to the Continent during Queen Mary's reign, had returned and resumed their places in the Church of England. From their desire to establish a purer or simpler form of worship, such as they believed to be that of the Apostolic age, they received the name of Puritans. The Act of Supremacy and the Act of Conformity, which were passed soon after Elizabeth came to the throne, were the chief objects of their opposition. The one required clergymen and those holding offices under the government, to take an oath ascribing to Elizabeth supreme power both in the Church and State of England, and denying the right of any foreign power to meddle with English affairs. The law was levelled directly at the Pope's jurisdiction in England. The other forbade, under heavy penalties, all worship except in the established form. Not only did many Roman Catholics suffer death by these laws, but also the Puritans, who refused to be bound by them, were fined and imprisoned during the rest of the reign.

The death of Francis II. made a great change in the foreign relations of Elizabeth. Mary, Queen of Scots, returned to her own country in August, 1561, a widow of nineteen, having been refused passage through England unless she would renounce her claim to the English crown. She was, by descent from Henry VII., the next heir to the throne of England, or, indeed—if Elizabeth's claim was null and void, as many Catholics held—she was the rightful queen. They were not merely personal rivals, they were representatives of the great European struggle between Protestantism and Catholicism. Many plots were therefore formed in Mary's behalf, and to some of these she gave countenance. As she was seeking a husband to help her to repress the turbulence of her kingdom, Elizabeth suggested her own favorite, the Earl of Leicester; but Mary, equally high spirited, resented this as

an indignity. After seven stormy years in Scotland Mary was deposed, and rashly fled across the border, and sought refuge in England in 1568. Elizabeth, finding her rival in her power, had her tried by English commissioners on the charge of having been concerned in the death of her husband, and then cast her into prison. Plots of the English Catholic party, however, still came to light from time to time, especially after Pope Pius V., in 1570, excommunicated Elizabeth. In some of the plots Mary had no share, but in others the proof is against her. Finally, after eighteen years' imprisonment, Mary was brought to a new trial for complicity in Babington's plot to assassinate the queen, and was condemned. Parliament petitioned Elizabeth to execute the sentence, and after some hesitation she signed the death-warrant. Mary was beheaded at Fotheringay, on February 8, 1587. Elizabeth then with fierce energy pursued and punished those who had part in advising and ordering the execution.

The naval glory of England dawned in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and a brilliant dawn it was. Sir John Hawkins traced the coast of Guinea; Martin Frobisher dared the dangers of Arctic exploration; Sir Francis Drake doubled Cape Horn, crossed the Pacific to the shores of India, and sailed back round the Cape of Good Hope, thus winning the renown of being the first English commander who sailed round the world; Sir Walter Raleigh explored and attempted to colonize the American coast, and with a courtier's tact called the land of the proposed colony Virginia, in honor of the virgin queen. These early navigators did not hesitate to seize any Spanish treasure-ship which fell in their way. It is also to their reproach that they began the African slave-trade, which was to have momentous effects on the destiny of nations.

Philip II. of Spain set before him one grand object—the destruction of Protestantism. He had been disappointed in the hope of marrying Elizabeth, after the death of her sister Mary, and returned to the English Queen the collar of "the Garter." After a time irreconcilable animosity arose between the two sovereigns, who were the respective heads of the two conflicting systems then struggling for supremacy in Europe. For the invasion of England Philip equipped, in

1588, the famous Armada, consisting of 130 large vessels, which carried 20,000 soldiers. Elizabeth ordered a like number of troops to be cantoned along the southern coast of her kingdom. A large corps, well disciplined, was encamped at Tilbury Fort, near the mouth of the Thames, under the Earl of Leicester, whom she created commander-in-chief of all her forces. These she herself reviewed, and rode through the lines with the general, rousing them to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. A fleet of 140 ships rode on the English waters. Storms delayed the Armada, which had been boastingly styled Invincible; but on the 19th of July it was sighted off Lizard Point, at the southwest of England. Effingham, the English admiral, sailed out to meet it, and, keeping at a little distance lest the Spaniards might board his vessels, poured in his shot with great effect. The Spaniards replied with heavy guns; but from the heights of their decks their shot passed clear over the small English ships. Slowly the Armada bore up the channel, the English fleet following. Off Calais they anchored; but eight fire-ships, sent among them by the English admiral, caused them to cut their cables in alarm. Effingham improved the golden moment, fell at once upon the disordered fleet, and destroyed twelve ships. The "Invincible Armada" was now in full flight; they could not return by the straits of Dover, for the wind was against them, and the English ships lay in the adjacent harbors. Their only way to Spain lay northward, through the German ocean, and round the coast of Scotland, and the storms of those wild seas completed their ruin. Only fifty-three shattered hulks reached Spain.

During forty years of her life Elizabeth was guided by the advice of Lord Burleigh. The chief favorite of her middle life was the Earl of Leicester. Her attachment for this nobleman is the historical groundwork of Sir Walter Scott's novel, "Kenilworth." The favorite of her old age was the handsome young Earl of Essex. In 1589 this nobleman joined an expedition which vainly attempted to seat Antonio on the throne of Portugal. His rashness and presumption on the friendship of Elizabeth constantly got him into trouble. She was very fond of him and forgave him much. At last he, with the Earl of Southampton, after he had striven to raise

the Londoners in revolt, was tried and condemned to death. The following story, related by Hume, is rejected by later historians as not sufficiently attested. In the height of his prosperity he had received from Elizabeth a ring as a pledge, on the return of which she would pardon any offence he might commit. This ring he sent to a sister of the Countess of Nottingham, earnestly requesting her to deliver it personally. By mistake of the messenger, it was given to the Countess herself, and she, influenced by her husband, a bitter enemy of the earl, never delivered it. Elizabeth was severely enraged at the obstinacy of Essex in making no application for mercy, yet was a prey to conflicting emotions. She signed the warrant for his execution—she countermanded it; again she resolved upon his death—then relented; then decided again. After her consent to the execution, the queen was never seen to enjoy a happy day. The countess, to whom the ring was entrusted, on her death-bed confessed the secret to Elizabeth. The queen became furious with rage and shook the dying countess in her bed. "God may forgive you," she said, "but I never can." Ten days and nights she lay on cushions on the floor, taking neither food nor medicine; and then, falling into a heavy sleep, she died on the 24th of March, 1603, in the seventieth year of her age.

The reign of Elizabeth is deservedly famous as the brightest period in English literature. In her honor Edmund Spenser wrote the "Faerie Queen," among the woods of Kilcolman, in Ireland. Then flourished William Shakespeare, the immortal Bard of Avon, and a host of other dramatists; then the early studies of Francis Bacon laid the foundation of the modern philosophy. Sir Philip Sidney combined in his person the hero of chivalry and the writer of romance.

Queen Elizabeth was firm, resolute, watchful and self-controlled. With all her political capacity, her personal failings were equally conspicuous. Her desire to be considered lovely and to be loved approached a monomania. Vanity was her great foible; and her coquetting in her old age with Raleigh and Essex, and believing all the tender speeches of courtiers, reveal her womanly weakness. Over 3,000 dresses were found in her wardrobe, after her death. Like her father

she possessed a violent temper; but, unlike him, she knew when to control it. An eminent feature of her policy was to forestall discontents of the people, and appease them ere they became dangerous. At such complaints she stepped forward and redressed the grievances, as from her own princely beneficence to her suppliant people, and hence preserved her prerogative untarnished. England never came so near falling under arbitrary power as under the Tudors, and especially in the long, glorious reign of Elizabeth.

The Church of England under Elizabeth.

Men watched curiously to see what religion the queen would establish. Even before her accession the keen eye of the Spanish ambassador had noted her "great admiration for the king her father's mode of carrying on matters," as a matter of ill omen for the interests of Catholicism. He had marked that the ladies about her and the counselors on whom she seemed about to rely were, like Cecil, "held to be heretics." "I fear much," he wrote, "that in religion she will not go right." As keen an instinct warned the Protestants that the tide had turned. The cessation of the burnings, and the release of all persons imprisoned for religion, seemed to receive their interpretation when Elizabeth, on her entry into London, kissed an English Bible which the citizens presented to her, and promised "diligently to read therein." The exiles at Strasbourg or Geneva flocked home with wild dreams of a religious revolution and of vengeance upon their foes.

But hopes and fears alike met a startling check. For months there was little change in government or religion. If Elizabeth introduced Cecil and his kinsman, Sir Nicholas Bacon, to her council-board, she retained as yet most of her sister's advisers. The Mass went on as before, and the queen was regular in her attendance at it. As soon as the revival of Protestantism showed itself in controversial sermons and insults to the priesthood, it was bridled by a proclamation which forbade unlicensed preaching and enforced silence on the religious controversy. Elizabeth showed, indeed, a distaste for the elevation of the host, and allowed the Lord's prayer, creed and ten commandments to be used in English.

But months passed after her accession before she would go further than this. A royal proclamation which ordered the existing form of worship to be observed "till consultation might be had in parliament by the queen and the three estates" startled the prelates; and only one bishop could be found to assist at the coronation of Elizabeth. But no change was made in the ceremonies of the coronation; the queen took the customary oath to observe the liberties of the church, and conformed to the Catholic ritual. There was little, in fact, to excite any reasonable alarm among the adherents of the older faith, or any reasonable hope among the adherents of the new. "I will do," the queen said, "as my father did." Instead of the reforms of Edward and the protectorate, the Protestants saw themselves thrown back on the reforms of Henry the Eighth. Even Henry's system, indeed, seemed too extreme for Elizabeth. Her father had, at any rate, broken boldly from the papacy. But the first work of the queen was to open negotiations for her recognition with the papal court.

What shaped Elizabeth's course, in fact, was hard necessity. She found herself at war with France and Scotland, and her throne threatened by the claim of the girl who linked the two countries, the claim of Mary Stuart, at once queen of Scotland and wife of the Dauphin Francis. On Elizabeth's accession, Mary and Francis assumed by the French king's order the arms and style of English sovereigns; and if war continued, it was clear that their pretensions would be backed by Henry's forces as well as by the efforts of the Scots. Against such a danger, Philip of Spain was Elizabeth's only ally. Philip's policy was at this time a purely conservative one. The vast schemes of ambition which had so often knit both Pope and Protestants, Germany and France, against his father were set aside by the young king. His position, indeed, was very different from that of Charles the Fifth. He was not emperor. He had little weight in Germany. Even in Italy his influence was less than his father's. He had lost, with Mary's death, the crown of England. His most valuable possessions, outside Spain, the provinces of the Netherlands, were disaffected to a foreign rule. All the king, therefore, aimed at was to keep his own. But the Netherlands were

hard to keep; and with France mistress of England as of Scotland, and so mistress of the channel, to keep them would be impossible. Sheer necessity forbade Philip to suffer the union of the three crowns of the west on the head of a French king; and the French marriage of Mary Stuart pledged him to oppose her pretensions and support Elizabeth's throne. For a moment he even dreamed of meeting the union of France and Scotland by that union of England with Spain which had been seen under Mary. He offered Elizabeth his hand. The match was a more natural one than Philip's union with her sister, for the young king's age was not far from her own. The offer, however, was courteously put aside, for Elizabeth had no purpose of lending England to the ambition of Spain, nor was it possible for her to repeat her sister's unpopular experiment. But Philip remained firm in his support of her throne. He secured for her the allegiance of the Catholics within her realm, who looked to him as their friend, while they distrusted France as an ally of heretics. His envoys supported her cause in the negotiations at Câteau Cambrésis; he suffered her to borrow money and provide herself with arms in his provinces of the Netherlands. At such a crisis, Elizabeth could not afford to alienate Philip by changes which would roughly dispel his hopes of retaining her within the bounds of Catholicism.

Nor is there any sign that Elizabeth had resolved on a defiance of the papacy. She was firm, indeed, to assert her father's claim of supremacy over the clergy and her own title to the throne. But the difficulties in the way of an accommodation on these points were such as could be settled by negotiation; and, acting on Cecil's counsel, Elizabeth announced her accession to the Pope. The announcement showed her purpose of making no violent break in the relations of England with the papal see. But between Elizabeth and the papacy lay the fatal question of the divorce. To acknowledge the young queen was not only to own her mother's marriage, but to cancel the solemn judgment of the Holy See in Katharine's favor, and its solemn assertion of her own bastardy. The temper of Paul the Fourth took fire at the news. He reproached Elizabeth with her presumption in ascending the

throne, recalled the papal judgment which pronounced her illegitimate, and summoned her to submit her claims to his tribunal. Much of this indignation was, no doubt, merely diplomatic. If the Pope listened to the claims of Mary Stuart, which were urged on him by the French court, it was probably only with the purpose of using them to bring pressure to bear on Elizabeth and on the stubborn country which still refused to restore its lands to the church, and to make the complete submission which Paul demanded. But Cecil and the queen knew that, even had they been willing to pay such a price for the crown, it was beyond their power to bring England to pay it. The form, too, in which Paul had couched his answer, admitted of no compromise. The summons to submit the queen's claim of succession to the judgment of Rome produced its old effect. Elizabeth was driven, as Henry had been driven, to assert the right of the nation to decide on questions which affected its very life. A parliament which met in January, 1559, acknowledged the legitimacy of Elizabeth and her title to the crown.

Such an acknowledgment in the teeth of the papal repudiation of Anne Boleyn's marriage carried with it a repudiation of the supremacy of the papacy. It was in vain that the clergy in convocation unanimously adopted five articles which affirmed their faith in transubstantiation, their acceptance of the supreme authority of the popes as "Christ's vicars and supreme rulers of the church," and their resolve "that the authority in all matters of faith and discipline belongs and ought to belong only to the pastors of the church, and not to laymen." It was in vain that the bishops unanimously opposed the bill for restoring the royal supremacy when it was brought before the lords. The "ancient jurisdiction of the crown over the estate ecclesiastical and spiritual" was restored; the acts which under Mary re-established the independent jurisdiction and legislation of the church were repealed; and the clergy were called on to swear to the supremacy of the crown, and to abjure all foreign authority and jurisdiction. Further Elizabeth had no personal wish to go. A third of the council, and at least two-thirds of the people, were as opposed to any radical changes in religion as the queen.

Among the gentry, the older and wealthier were on the conservative side, and only the younger and meaner on the other. In the parliament itself Sir Thomas White protested that "it was unjust that a religion begun in such a miraculous way and established by such grave men should be abolished by a set of beardless boys." Yet even this "beardless" parliament had shown a strong conservatism. The bill which re-established the royal supremacy met with violent opposition in the Commons, and only passed through Cecil's adroit manœuvering.

But the steps which Elizabeth had taken made it necessary to go further. If the Protestants were the less numerous, they were the abler and the more vigorous party, and the break with Rome threw Elizabeth, whether she would or no, on their support. It was a support that could only be bought by theological concessions, and, above all, by the surrender of the Mass; for every Protestant the Mass was identified with the fires of Smithfield, while the prayer-book which it had displaced was hallowed by the memories of the martyrs. The pressure of the Reforming party, indeed, would have been fruitless had the queen still been hampered by danger from France. Fortunately for their cause, the treaty of Câteau Cambrésis at this juncture freed Elizabeth's hands. By this treaty, which was practically concluded in March, 1559, Calais was left in French holding, on the illusory pledge of its restoration to England eight years later; but peace was secured, and the danger of a war of succession, in which Mary Stuart would be backed by the arms of France, for a while averted. Secure from without, Elizabeth could venture to buy the support of the Protestants within her realm by the restoration of the English prayer-book. Such a measure was far, indeed, from being meant as an open break with Catholicism. The use of the vulgar tongue in public worship was still popular with a large part of the Catholic world; and the queen did her best by the alterations she made in Edward's prayer-book to strip it of its more Protestant tone. To the bulk of the people the book must have seemed merely a rendering of the old service in their own tongue. As the English Catholics afterward represented at Rome, when excusing their own use

of it, the prayer-book "contained neither impiety nor false doctrine; its prayers were those of the Catholic Church, altered only so far as to omit the merits and intercession of the saints." On such a concession as this the queen felt it safe to venture in spite of the stubborn opposition of the spiritual estate. She ordered a disputation to be held in Westminster Abbey before the Houses on the question; and when the disputation ended in the refusal of the bishops to proceed, an Act of Uniformity, which was passed in spite of their strenuous opposition, restored at the close of April the last prayer-book of Edward, and enforced its use on the clergy on pain of deprivation.

At Rome the news of these changes stirred a fiercer wrath in Paul the Fourth, and his threats of excommunication were only held in check by the protests of Philip. The policy of the Spanish king still bound him to Elizabeth's cause, for the claims of Mary Stuart had been reserved in the treaty of Câteau Cambrésis, and the refusal of France to abandon them held Spain to its alliance with the queen. Vexed as he was at the news of the acts which re-established the supremacy, Philip ordered his ambassador to assure Elizabeth he was as sure a friend as ever, and to soothe the resentment of the English Catholics if it threatened to break out into revolt. He showed the same temper in his protest against action at Rome. Paul had, however, resolved to carry out his threats, when his death and the interregnum which followed gave Elizabeth a fresh respite. His successor, Pius the Fourth, was of milder temper and leaned rather to a policy of conciliation. Decisive, indeed, as the queen's action may seem in modern eyes, it was far from being held as decisive at the time. The act of supremacy might be regarded as having been forced upon Elizabeth by Paul's repudiation of her title to the crown. The alterations which were made by the queen's authority in the prayer-book, showed a wish to conciliate those who clung to the older faith. It was clear that Elizabeth had no mind merely to restore the system of the protectorate. She set up again the royal supremacy, but she dropped the words "head of the church" from the royal title. The Forty-two Articles of Protestant doctrine which Cranmer had drawn up were left in abeyance. If the queen had had her will, she would have

retained the celibacy of the clergy and restored the use of crucifixes in the churches.

The caution and hesitation with which she enforced on the clergy the oath required by the Act of Supremacy showed Elizabeth's wish to avoid the opening of a religious strife. The higher dignitaries, indeed, were unsparingly dealt with. The bishops, who with a single exception refused to take the oath, were imprisoned and deprived. The same measure was dealt out to most of the archdeacons and deans. But with the mass of the parish priests a very different course was taken. The commissioners appointed in May, 1559, were found to be too zealous in October, and several of the clerical members were replaced by cooler laymen. The great bulk of the clergy seem neither to have refused nor to have consented to the oath; but to have left the commissioners' summons unheeded and to have stayed quietly at home. Of the 9,400 beneficed clergy, only a tenth presented themselves before the commissioners. Of those who attended and refused the oath 189 were deprived; but many of the most prominent went unharmed. At Winchester, though the dean and canons of the cathedral, the warden and fellows of the college, and the master of St. Cross, refused the oath, only four of these appear in the list of deprivations. Even the few who suffered proved too many for the purpose of the queen. In spite of pressure from the Protestant prelates, who occupied the sees vacated by the deprived bishops, Elizabeth was firm in her policy of patience, and in December she ordered the commissioners in both provinces to suspend their proceedings.

In part, indeed, of her effort she was foiled by the bitterness of the Reformers. The London mob tore down the crosses in the streets. Her attempt to retain the crucifix, or to enforce the celibacy of the priesthood fell dead before the opposition of the Protestant clergy. But to the mass of the nation, the compromise of Elizabeth seems to have been fairly acceptable. They saw but little change. Their old vicar or rector in almost every case remained in his parsonage and ministered in his church. The new prayer-book was for the most part an English rendering of the old service. Even the more zealous adherents of Catholicism held as yet that in complying

with the order for attendance at public worship "there could be nothing positively unlawful." Where party feeling ran high, indeed, the matter was sometimes settled by a compromise. A priest would celebrate Mass at his parsonage for the more rigid Catholics, and administer the new communion in church to the more rigid Protestants. Sometimes both parties knelt together at the same altar-rails, the one to receive hosts consecrated by the priest at home after the old usage, the other wafers consecrated in church after the new. In many parishes of the north no change of service was made at all.

To modern eyes the church under Elizabeth would seem little better than a religious chaos. But England was fairly used to religious confusion, for the whole machinery of English religion had been thrown out of gear by the rapid and radical changes of the last two reigns. And to the queen's mind a religious chaos was a far less difficulty than the parting of the nation into two warring churches which would have been brought about by a more rigorous policy. She trusted to time to bring about greater order; and she found in Matthew Parker, whom Pole's death at the moment of her accession enabled her to raise to the see of Canterbury, an agent in the reorganization of the church whose patience and moderation were akin to her own. To the difficulties which Parker found, indeed, in the temper of the Reformers and their opponents new difficulties were sometimes added by the freaks of the queen herself. If she had no convictions, she had tastes; and her taste revolted from the bareness of Protestant ritual, and above all from the marriage of priests. "Leave that alone," she shouted to Dean Nowell from the royal closet as he denounced the use of images—"stick to your text, master dean, leave that alone!" When Parker was firm in resisting the introduction of the crucifix or of celibacy, Elizabeth showed her resentment by an insult to his wife. Married ladies were addressed at this time as "madam," unmarried ladies as "mistress;" but the marriage of the clergy was still unsanctioned by law, for Elizabeth had refused to revive the statute of Edward by which it was allowed, and the position of a priest's wife was legally a very doubtful one. When Mrs. Parker, therefore, advanced at the close of a sumptuous

entertainment at Lambeth to take leave of the queen, Elizabeth feigned a momentary hesitation. "Madam," she said at last, "I may not call you, and mistress I am loath to call you; however, I thank you for your good cheer." But freaks of this sort had little real weight beside the steady support which the queen gave to the primate in his work of order. The vacant sees were filled with men from among the exiles, for the most part learned and able, though far more Protestant than the bulk of their flocks; the plunder of the church by the nobles was checked; and at the close of 1559, England seemed to settle quietly down in a religious peace.

But cautious as had been Elizabeth's movements, and skillfully as she had hidden the real drift of her measures from the bulk of the people, the religion of England was changed. The old service was gone. The old bishops were gone. The royal supremacy was again restored. All connection with Rome was again broken. The repudiation of the papacy and the restoration of the prayer-book in the teeth of the unanimous opposition of the priesthood had established the great principle of the Reformation, that the form of a nation's faith should be determined not by the clergy, but by the nation itself. Different, therefore, as was the temper of the government, the religious attitude of England was once more what it had been under the protectorate. At the most critical moment of the strife between the new religion and the old, England had ranged itself on the side of Protestantism. It was only the later history of Elizabeth's reign which was to reveal of what mighty import this Protestantism of England was to prove. Had England remained Catholic, the freedom of the Dutch Republic would have been impossible. No Henry the Fourth would have reigned in France to save French Protestantism by the edict of Nantes. No struggle over far-off seas would have broken the power of Spain, and baffled the hopes which the house of Austria cherished of winning a mastery over the western world.—J. R. GREEN.

The People's Sovereign.

Elizabeth, whose despotism was as peremptory as that of the Plantagenets, and whose ideas of the English constitution were limited in the highest degree, was, notwithstanding, more beloved by her subjects than any sovereign before or since. It was because, substantially, she was the people's sovereign; because it was given to her to conduct the outgrowth of the national life through its crisis of change, and the weight of her great mind and her great place were thrown on the people's side. She was able to paralyze the dying efforts with which, if a Stuart had been on the throne, the representatives of an effete system might have made the struggle a deadly one; and the history of England is not the history of France, because the resolution of one person held the Reformation firm till it had rooted itself in the heart of the nation, and could not be again overthrown. The Catholic faith was no longer able to furnish standing ground on which the English, or any other nation, could live a manly and a godly life. Feudalism, as a social organization, was not any more a system under which their energies could have scope to move. Thenceforward, not the Catholic Church, but any man to whom God had given a heart to feel and a voice to speak, was to be the teacher to whom men were to listen; and great actions were not to remain the privilege of the families of the Norman nobles, but were to be laid within the reach of the poorest plebeian who had the stuff in him to perform them.

Alone, of all the sovereigns of Europe, Elizabeth saw the change which had passed over the world. She saw it, and saw it in faith, and accepted it. The England of the Catholic Hierarchy and the Norman Baron, was to cast its shell and to become the England of free thought and commerce and manufacture, which was to plough the ocean with its navies, and sow its colonies over the globe; and the first appearance of these enormous forces and the light of the earliest achievements of the new era shines through the forty years of the reign of Elizabeth with a grandeur which, when once its history is written, will be seen to be among the most sublime

phenomena which the earth as yet has witnessed. The work was not of her creation; the heart of the whole English nation was stirred to its depths; and Elizabeth's place was to recognize, to love, to foster, and to guide. The Government originated nothing; at such a time it was neither necessary nor desirable that it should do so; but wherever expensive enterprises were on foot which promised ultimate good, and doubtful immediate profit, we never fail to find among the lists of contributors the Queen's Majesty, Burghley, Leicester, Walsingham. Never chary of her presence, for Elizabeth could afford to condescend, when ships were fitting in the river for distant voyages, the Queen would go down in her barge and inspect. Frobisher, who was but a poor sailor adventurer, sees her wave her handkerchief to him from the Greenwich Palace windows, and he brings her home a narwhal's horn for a present.

She honored her people, and her people loved her; and the result was that, with no cost to the government, she saw them scattering the fleets of the Spaniards, planting America with colonies, and exploring the most distant seas. Either for honor or for expectation of profit, or from that unconscious necessity by which a great people, like a great man, will do what is right, and must do it at the right time, whoever had the means to furnish a ship, and whoever had the talent to command one, laid their abilities together and went out to pioneer, and to conquer, and to take possession, in the name of the Queen of the Sea. There was no nation so remote but what some one or other was found ready to undertake an expedition there, in the hope of opening a trade; and, let them go where they would, they were sure of Elizabeth's countenance. We find letters written by her, for the benefit of nameless adventurers, to every potentate of whom she had ever heard—to the Emperors of China, Japan, and India, the Grand Duke of Russia, the Grand Turk, the Persian "Sofee," and other unheard-of Asiatic and African princes; whatever was to be done in England, or by Englishmen, Elizabeth assisted when she could, and admired when she could not.

—J. A. FROUDE.

ENGLAND'S VIRGIN QUEEN.

Call back the gorgeous past!
Lo, England white-robed for a holiday!
  While, choral to the clarion's kingly blast,
  Peals shout on shout along the virgin's way;
As through the swarming streets rolls on the long array.
  Mary is dead! Look from your fire-won homes,
  Exulting martyrs! on the mount shall rest
Truth's ark at last! the avenging Lutheran comes,
  And clasps the Book ye died for to her breast!
With her the flower of all the land,
  The high-born gallants ride,
And, ever nearest of the band,
With watchful eye and ready hand,
    Young Dudley's form of pride!
Ah, e'en in that exulting hour
Love half allures the soul from power,
And blushes half-suppress'd betray
    The woman's hope and fear;
Like blooms which in the early May
Bud forth beneath a timorous ray,
    And mark the mellowing year,
While steals the sweetest of all worship, paid
  Less to the monarch than the maid,
    Melodious on the ear!

Call back the gorgeous past!
  The lists are set, the trumpets sound,
  Bright eyes, sweet judges, throned around;
  And stately on the glittering ground
      The old chivalric life!
"Forward." The signal word is given,
  Beneath the shock the green sward shakes;
The lusty cheer, the gleaming spear,
  The snow-plume's falling flakes,
    The fiery joy of strife!
Thus, when, from out a changeful heaven
O'er waves in eddying tumult driven
A stormy smile is cast,
Alike the gladsome anger takes
The sunshine and the blast!
Who is the victor of the day?

Thou of the delicate form, and golden hair,
And manhood glorious in its midst of May;
Thou who upon thy shield of argent bearest
The bold device. "The loftiest is the fairest!"
As bending low thy stainless crest,
"The vestal throned by the west"
Accords the old Provençal crown
Which blends her own with thy renown;
Arcadian Sidney, nursling of the Muse,
Flower of fair chivalry, whose bloom was fed
With daintiest Castaly's most silver dews,
Alas! how soon thy amaranth leaves were shed;
Born, what the Ausonian minstrel dream'd to be,
Time's knightly epic pass'd from earth with thee!

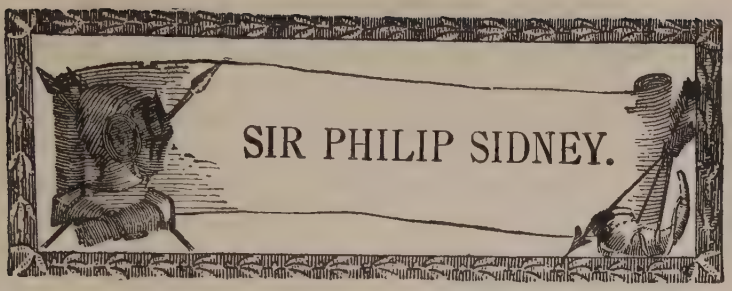
Call back the gorgeous past!
Where, bright and broadening to the main,
Rolls on the scornful river;
Stout hearts beat high on Tilbury's plain,
Our Marathon for ever!
No breeze above, but on the mast
The pennon shook as with the blast.
Forth from the cloud the day-god strode,
O'er bristling helms the splendor glow'd,
Leaped the loud joy from earth to heaven,
As, through the ranks asunder riven,
The warrior-woman rode!
Hark, thrilling through the armed line
The martial accents ring,
"Though mine the woman's form, yet mine
The heart of England's king!"
Woe to the island and the maid!
The Pope has preach'd the new crusade,
His sons have caught the fiery zeal;
The monks are merry in Castile;
Bold Parma on the main;
And through the deep exulting sweep
The thunder-steeds of Spain.

What meteor rides the sulphurous gale?
The flames have caught the giant sail!
Fierce Drake is grappling prow to prow;

God and St. George for victory now!
Death in the battle and the wind;
Carnage before and storm behind;
Wild shrieks are heard above the hurtling roar,
By Orkney's rugged strands and Erin's ruthless shore.
Joy to the island and the maid!
Pope Sixtus wept the last crusade;
His sons consumed before his zeal,
The monks are woful in Castile;
Your monument the main,
The glaive and gale record your tale,
Ye thunder-steeds of Spain!

Turn from the gorgeous past:
Its lonely ghost thou art!
A tree, that, in the world of bloom,
Droops, spectral in its leafless gloom,
Before the grinding blast,
But art thou fallen then so low?
Art thou so desolate? wan shadow, No!
Crouch'd, suppliant by the grave's unclosing portal,
Love, which proclaims thee human, bids thee know
A truth more lofty in thy lowliest hour
Than shallowest glory taught to deafen'd power,
"WHAT'S HUMAN IS IMMORTAL!"
'Tis sympathy which makes sublime!
Never so reverent in thy noon of time
As now, when o'er thee hangs the midnight pall;
No comfort, pomp; and wisdom no protection;
Hope's "cloud-capp'd towers and solemn temples" gone—
Mid memory's wrecks, eternal and alone;
Type of the woman-deity AFFECTION;
That only Eve which never knew a fall,
Sad as the dove, but, like the dove, surviving all!

—EDWARD LORD LYTTON.



NO other sovereign was ever surrounded by a more brilliant group of men than those who rendered homage at the throne of Elizabeth of England. Their names and achievements have illuminated the reign of "the virgin queen" with an effulgence of splendor that time can never efface, and made the adjective Elizabethan comprehensive of all that is best in science, literature and art.

In such a company it required pre-eminent talents to render their possessor conspicuous, and such talents Sir Philip Sidney possessed in abundance. Excelling in military genius, in all the manly arts, an accomplished linguist, a graceful poet, and a favorite with his queen, her court and the lowest of her subjects, he was unspoiled by flattery and lived and died the most accomplished and best loved gentleman of his time.

Sir Philip Sidney occupies a very prominent and unique place in the history of England. He was born at Penshurst, in the county of Kent, England, on the 29th of November, 1554. His father, Sir Henry Sidney, was the favorite of Edward VI., by whom he was knighted, and he continued, strange to relate, in royal favor during the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth. By the latter queen, Sir Henry was appointed Lord-deputy of Ireland and President of Wales. Sir Philip's mother was Mary, the eldest daughter of John, Duke of Northumberland, and sister of Robert Dudley, one of the favorites of the Virgin Queen.

Philip received his primary education at Shrewsbury.

Fulke Greville, afterwards Lord Brooke, his companion and biographer, states that even at the age of twelve he was distinguished for intelligence and for a gravity beyond his years. He entered Christ Church, Oxford, in 1569; but three years later he set out on a tour of the greater part of Europe. Being in Paris at the time of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, he was obliged to take shelter in the house of Sir Francis Walsingham, the English ambassador, to whom he had been introduced by his uncle, the Earl of Leicester. Belgium, Germany, Hungary, and Italy were afterwards visited. At Frankfort he first met a celebrated French diplomatist and political writer, Herbert Languet, who had escaped the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Languet subsequently acknowledged the friendship by addressing a volume of letters to Sidney. In 1573 the traveler arrived in Vienna, where he devoted most of his time to perfecting himself in horsemanship, and other exercises appropriate to the gentleman of those times. At Venice he became acquainted with Edward Wotton, whom he afterward referred to in the first lines of his "Defense of Poesie."

In 1575 Sir Philip, refined and polished by his grand tour of the capitals of Europe, returned to England, to become one of the brightest ornaments of the court of Queen Elizabeth. His learning was unusually ample and varied, his natural genius was brilliant, and he was pre-eminent in all the martial accomplishments and courtly graces which that great Queen prized so dearly. Connected with his success as a courtier is his first literary attempt, a masque, entitled the "Lady of May," which was performed before Queen Elizabeth at Leicester's famous reception of Her Majesty at Kenilworth. Here also Sidney distinguished himself in the tournament, and thereafter quickly rose in the royal favor. In 1576 he was appointed ambassador to the court of Rudolf II. at Vienna, on a message of congratulation. Here he met also William the Silent, who pronounced Sidney already one of the ripest statesmen in Europe. Part of his mission was to condole with the two Counts Palatine, and in the execution of this duty he obtained the strong regard and friendship of Prince Casimir.

When Sidney returned to England in 1577, great excitement prevailed throughout England, owing to a negotiation for the marriage of the Queen with Henry, Duke of Anjou. When Elizabeth appeared at one time to incline favorably to this project, Sidney addressed to her a remarkable "Remonstrance." The very boldness of this famous letter seemed to preserve the author from any of the usual consequences of interference with the will of princes, for he remained in as high favor as ever, while inferior persons who took the same views suffered mutilation and imprisonment.

Soon afterwards a quarrel at tennis between the Earl of Oxford and Sidney occasioned the retirement of the latter from court. He retired to Wilton, the country seat of his brother-in-law, the Earl of Pembroke, and during this retirement wrote his romance of "Arcadia." It was never completed, nor was it ever printed in his lifetime. After his death, his sister collected the manuscript, and a continuation of it was written by Gervase Markham. The feeling which the perusal of the "Arcadia" excites is a calm and pensive pleasure, at once full, tranquil and exquisite. In 1581 the still greater work of Sidney, "The Defense of Poesie," was composed, but did not appear until 1595. Upon this production his fame as an author rests.

In 1583, Sidney married Frances, the only daughter of his old friend, Sir Francis Walsingham. Shortly after he stood proxy for Prince Casimir at an installation of Knights of the Garter at Windsor, and received the honor of knighthood from the Queen. Early in the year 1585, he was eager to join Sir Francis Drake's second expedition against the Spaniards in the West Indies. Elizabeth, however, restrained him from this, and also from seeking the elective crown of Poland, "refusing," as Camden says, "to further his advancement out of fear that she should lose the jewel of her times."

But in 1586 he obtained an opportunity to gratify his love of arms. He took the command of the cavalry in the auxiliary army with Leicester in his expedition to the Netherlands against the Spaniards. The brilliant expectations with which he entered on the campaign were soon destroyed by relentless fate. The most promising knight of England fell

in battle near Zutphen, on the 22d of September, 1586, at the early age of thirty-two. He had headed three successful charges of his own squadron against the enemy, when he was shot through the thigh with a musket ball. The bullet shattered the bone, and Sidney in great agony was carried from the field by his followers. As they bore him along he asked for water, and a bottle of it was brought to him. He raised it to his lips; but as he saw at that moment a poor soldier, who lay mangled on the ground, "ghastly casting up his eyes on the bottle," Sir Philip removed the untasted draught from his own lips, and held it out to the dying man, saying: "Thy necessity is yet greater than mine." Sidney's wounds proved mortal, and he died at Arnheim, after fifteen days of severe suffering. His body was conveyed to England, and, after lying in state several days, was buried in old St. Paul's Cathedral on the 16th of February, 1587. The universities of Oxford and Cambridge published three volumes of Elegies on his death. Spenser composed one on him under the title of "Astrophel."

Sir Philip Sidney is described by the writers of that age, as the most perfect model of an accomplished gentleman. An amiable disposition, elegant erudition and polite conversation rendered him the ornament and delight of the English court. Lord Brooke so highly valued his friendship that he directed to be inserted as part of his epitaph, "Here lies Sir Philip Sidney's friend." Sidney was a generous patron to Spenser and others of the literary band who adorned the Elizabethan era. His own productions both in poetry and prose, though overburdened by the pedantic conceits which delighted the conventional taste of the court, abound in genuine pathos, and reveal an exquisite sense of natural beauty. The love and admiration, says Kingsley, "which that truly brave and loving man, Sir Philip Sidney, won from every one, rich and poor, with whom he came in contact, seems to have arisen from the fact that, without perhaps having any such conscious intention, he treated rich and poor, his own servants, and the noblemen his guests, alike, and alike courteously, considerately, cheerfully, affectionately—so leaving a blessing wherever he went."

Sidney in the Netherlands.

Queen Elizabeth, aware that the safety and welfare of her own kingdom were closely connected with the independence of her affluent commercial neighbors, the Provinces of the Netherlands, openly espoused their cause. A treaty was concluded in June, 1585, which secured to them the aid of 6,000 troops, paid by herself during the continuance of the war, and the promise of naval assistance, if it should be required. In pledge of subsequent payment, she was to receive the towns of Brille and Flushing, and the Fort of Rammekins. She invested Sir Thomas Cecil, the eldest son of Lord Burleigh, with the command of the strongly fortified island-town of Brille; and feeling, no doubt, that she must henceforth give a wider scope to the aspiring spirit of Sir Philip Sidney, she appointed him Governor of Flushing. This town was considered, from its position at the mouth of the western Scheldt, one of the most important points in the Netherlands. The last instructions of Charles V. to his son, referred to the particular care which he should employ for its security. After the revolt began, its citizens drove out the Spanish garrison, destroyed the new-laid foundations of their citadel, and with the assistance of the Prince of Orange and his confederates, planted themselves in an attitude of resistance, which they were still able to maintain.

Sir Philip assumed the duties of his office on the 18th of November. He was welcomed by the Dutch with every mark of distinction, and immediately appointed Colonel of all their regiments. He left his wife, Lady Frances Sidney, at home, until he could make arrangements for her reception there; because, as he wrote to his father-in-law, to whom he gave a power of attorney over the disposition and care of his property, he "might take such a course as would not be fitt for anye of the feminin gender."

The command of the English forces was given to the Earl of Leicester, under the title of General of the Queen's Auxiliaries, and to this was added a control over the navy, paramount to that of the Lord Admiral himself.

He was attended by five hundred of the youthful nobility;

adventurous spirits, that burned to aid the Belgian revolt against the tyranny of Philip II. and to win distinction in this famous school of martial discipline. Among the number was the step-son of Leicester, and brother of Sidney's Stella, Robert, Earl of Essex; who, though only nineteen, had already appeared at court, and been received by the Queen with a favor that clearly foreshadowed his predestined position in her regard. Even at this early age, he was conspicuous by his imperious, though graceful, demeanor, and by his personal prodigality.

Leicester was perfectly unfit for this service, having neither the courage, the integrity, nor the military science, which it required. As usual, however, his discriminating mistress was either wilfully or unconsciously blind to his defects. Her partiality painted him, as her own face upon canvas has, by her unartistic decree, descended to us—without shadows. But he had practiced so long and so well the dazzling arts of presence and address, that the Provinces were at first deceived as completely as was the Queen. Landing at Flushing with his splendid retinue, he was received by Sir Philip with cordial ceremonial, and by the Belgians universally with the festivities and pomp appropriate to a conquering prince, rather than to the subject of an ally. They followed him with acclamations, and marked his way by triumphal arches; appointed a guard to attend him, and conferred on him the offices of Governor-General, and Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy. Doubtless they hoped that homage to the favorite would gratify the Queen, and secure her deeper interest in their behalf, and were both chagrined and alarmed when, with characteristic jealousy, she sent over her Vice-Chancellor, Sir Thomas Heneage, to express her high indignation that such unexampled honors should be bestowed upon a subject whom, as she said, she "had raised out of the dust." Explanations and submissions were hastily returned; but as Leicester retained his authority, we may plausibly infer that she was reluctant to wound his vanity or his ambition by its withdrawal.

It was not long, however, before the Provinces themselves repented of their generosity. The incapacity of the new

Governor to conduct their military affairs, and his arbitrary and unjust interference in the civil administration, filled them with consternation. He laid such restrictions upon their trade that many of their merchants removed from the country. He altered the coin, levied taxes without their consent, and had the moneys delivered, not to their own treasurer, but to one of his appointment, who refused to render them his accounts. He collected large sums for the alleged purpose of paying the troops, who, after all, were so ill paid that it was difficult to prevent a mutiny. He ejected their own distinguished citizens from offices of trust, and supplanted them with his own minions, many of whom were known as artful and treacherous men. In all respects, he treated them more like a conquered people, whose sovereignty he purposed to assume, than as a free and allied republic.

And now we are called to witness the magnanimous conduct of his admirable nephew; the upright and decisive efforts by which Sir Philip labored to remedy the evils of this miserable administration. Having been appointed general of the English cavalry, he took a very active part in the campaign, supplied the soldiers from his private purse, and encouraged them by his promises and presence; constantly mediated between his uncle and the discontented citizens, and effectually conciliated Count Hohenlo, who was at the head of a rival faction. Leicester himself acknowledged, after Sidney's death, that he sustained his own authority in the Low Countries through his superior merit.

The Belgians fought as men fight for liberty and life; the English, as loyal subjects and earnest allies; but the contest was unequal, and its progress discouraging and slow. The Spaniards were better trained, more subtle, and moreover inspired by the acute science and cool daring of the greatest general of the age. Alexander of Parma was the nephew, the rival and the successor of Don John; possessing his ambition without his romance, his bravery, but not his fascination; inferior in the graces that woo and win, superior in military command, and in patient, unscrupulous execution. When but six years old, he had delightedly witnessed the siege of his native city, and its brave defense by his father, Ottavio

Farnese. At eleven, he plead with tears for permission to serve as a volunteer at the battle of St. Quentin. In early manhood, in default of the excitements of war, he nightly perambulated the streets of Parma in disguise, to measure his sword with chance combatants who seemed worthy of his challenge. When the last crusade was proclaimed against the Turks, he flew to the Levant, obtained a place in the very front of the battle at Lepanto, sprang alone upon the doubly-armed treasure-ship of the enemy, cut a passage for his followers with superhuman strokes from his two-handed sword, and securing that galley, and another which was sent to its rescue, divided the immense booty between himself and his crew. In the Netherlands, he won the battle of Gemblours by a desperate manœuvre, and showed himself equally ready for stratagem and for conflict. His stately demeanor, dark piercing eyes, fine features, and martial figure, habited in high ruff, gold-inlaid armor, and the decoration of the Golden Fleece, betokened the warrior and the prince. Self-poised, politic, and prudent, his very lenity towards the vanquished made him a more formidable foe than any of Philip's emissaries by whom he had been preceded.

Within a few months after the arrival of the English reinforcements, he besieged the towns of Grave, Venlo, and Nuys, all of which were compelled to surrender. The allied forces were less successful in their retaliation upon several places in his possession. As Sidney's name is not mentioned in connection with these events, we infer that he was engaged elsewhere. In the month of June, however, in concert with the young Prince Maurice, of Nassau, he took the town of Axell, by a well-conducted surprise, and his discretion on that occasion furnishes an evidence of what he might have achieved as a military commander had his life been spared. Previous to the attack, he drew up his soldiers in battle array, and addressed them in a strain of eloquence which, says the enthusiastic chronicler, "did so link their minds that they did desire rather to die in that service than to live in the contrary." He appealed to their Protestant zeal—for party fervor, it must be remembered, was then religious as well as military and political—to their loyalty as subjects of a mighty Queen, to

their pride as sons of a glorious land, to their bravery as men unfearing, in a noble cause, both danger and death.

The attack was made under the protecting darkness of night, and Sir Philip, with a tact that reminds us of a Scipio or a Polybius, revived the discipline of the Roman Legion. In silence and order the little band marched, unheard, to the very walls of Axell, and scaled them with ladders, without the loss of a single man, and while a chosen phalanx planted itself in the broad market square, the rest secured the garrison, and took possession of the public buildings. When the service was achieved, Sir Philip liberally rewarded them from his private purse.

About this time the Duke of Parma laid siege to Rhineberg, an important post which the States were extremely solicitous to retain. Leicester determined at last upon some decisive stroke which should satisfy his confederates; but, not venturing with his inferior numbers upon an engagement, he directed his forces to the assault of Zutphen, a strong town in Guelderland, whose resistance to the Duke of Alba, fourteen years before, had been avenged by the command to his soldiery not to leave a man alive, or a single house unburned. The horrors that followed this atrocious order seem incredible, even in the annals of that sanguinary day. The garrison were put to the sword without a moment's warning, and life was well nigh extinguished in the city.

Five hundred burghers were tied together in pairs, and drowned in the river Yssel; the fugitives were caught and hung upon the gallows, until released by death from their tortures. And though the wail of agony, "a sound as of a mighty massacre," was heard far beyond the city, the terrified listeners dared not approach for days after its doom was sealed.

The English troops, comprising 7,000 foot and 1,400 dragoons, encamped before Zutphen, in the month of September, having first obtained possession of the little town of Doesberg, seven miles distant. The Governor had sent word to the Duke of Parma of his inability to sustain a siege, from the want of both provisions and ammunition. Had Leicester immediately secured certain passes by which the city was entered, it must of necessity have surrendered; but here was another proof of

the military incapacity which marked this whole campaign. Parma hastily raised the siege of Rhineberg, and marched his forces to the relief of Zutphen; sending in advance the Italian cavalry, under the Marquis del Guasto, with temporary supplies. On the night of the 21st, a portion of them were conveyed without difficulty into the town, and though the dawn broke before the labor was completed, the Marquis resolved to hazard its continuance.

It was a chill, gray morning. The fog rolled heavily up from the banks of the Yssel, and flung its spectral mantle over the beleaguered city and the white tents of the besiegers. The Italian and Spanish cavalry, 3,000 in number, conducted by Del Guasto and several distinguished officers, were suddenly encountered by 500 of the English cavalry, under the command of Sir Philip Sidney and Sir John Norris. The former were driven back by a furious onset, but rallying to the charge, a combat ensued so ardent and impetuous on both sides that its very name was long after a proverb in the land. Robert Sidney performed such prodigies of valor that he was knighted on the field; Sir William Russel charged so terribly with spear and curtelax that "the enemy reported him to be a devil and not a man;" young Essex shouted, as he threw his lance upon the first assailant, "For the honor of England, my fellows, follow me!" Lord Willoughby, Lord North, and many others, earned great distinction. But foremost in the hot affray, where loudest rang the clash of steel and deadly fire of arquebuse and musket, wherever the wounded fell, the timorous faltered, or the hostile host was fiercest, there glittered the gilded armor of our gallant Sidney —as he spurred his white charger through the storm of bullets, now to encounter a fiery foe, anon to save a friend imperilled by unequal numbers. Two horses were shot beneath him, and he quickly mounted a third. Just as the Spanish cavalry were giving way, he saw Lord Willoughby, surrounded by the enemy and in imminent danger. Dashing over the prostrate slain—he rescued his friend, but was himself struck by a musket ball, which entered the left thigh, a little above the knee, dreadfully fracturing the bone, and riving the muscles far upward toward the body. He was

instantly borne from the fatal spot, and a messenger carried the sad tidings to Lord Leicester. Men who had that day encountered the King of Terrors with undaunted eye, wept as they heard that the price of victory must be the death of Sidney. "O Philip!" cried the Earl, in the touching plaint of grief, "*I am sorry for thy hurt!*" "This have I done," replied the wounded hero, "to do you honor, and Her Majesty service." In death, as in life, he served, not himself, but his country and his friends. With tears of sorrow, Sir William kissed his hand and said, "O noble Sir Philip, there was never any man attained hurt more honorably than you have done, or any served like unto you!"

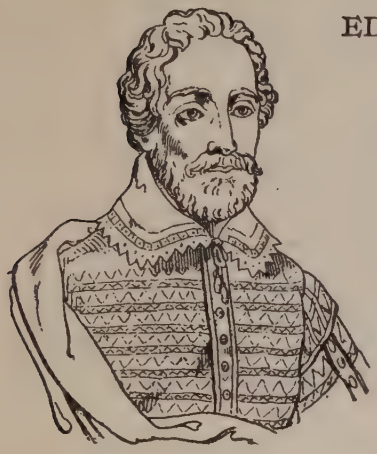
As he was borne from the field of action, faint, pallid, and parched with the thirst that attends excessive loss of blood, Sidney asked for water. It was obtained, doubtless, with difficulty and in scant supply. With trembling hand he raised the cup to his lips, when his eye was arrested by the gaze of a dying soldier longingly fixed upon the precious draught. Without tasting he instantly handed it to the sufferer, with the memorable words, "*Thy necessity is greater than mine!*"

The utmost art of the imperfect surgery of the time was bestowed upon the illustrious patient, and the devoted care of Lady Sidney and several friends attended him during the sixteen days that intervened until his death. Hope of his recovery was at first encouraged, but the bullet, which was supposed to have been poisoned, could not be extracted. The solicitous inquiries that were constantly sent from both Belgium and England proved, if proof were needed, how highly his life was prized; and Count Hohenlo exclaimed with the blunt fervor of a soldier to the surgeon who expressed his apprehension of a fatal result, "Away, villain, never see my face again till thou bring better news of that man's recovery, for whose redemption many such as I were happily lost."

Sir Philip seems to have been visited from the first with premonitions of his death; but the messenger from the spirit land came to him, not as a spectre of fear, but as an angel of hope. Through suffering so extreme that even the bones of

the shoulder were worn through the skin, he was patient, placid, and loving; so tranquil, indeed, that he wrote a long letter to an eminent divine in pure and elegant Latin, composed an ode (unfortunately not preserved) on the approach of dissolution, discoursed at length and with argumentative clearness on the immortality of the soul, and dictated his will with minute remembrance of all his friends and servants. With the undoubting confidence of religious faith, he imputed the fatal disaster, not to chance, but to the immediate ordinance of the Creator; and not only expressed entire resignation, but even avowed himself grateful for sufferings "which should profit him whether he lived or died." "Love my memory," said he to his afflicted brother, "cherish my friends; their faith to me may assure you that they are honest. But, above all, govern your will and affections by the will and word of your Creator, in me beholding the end of this world with all its vanities."—M. E. H. D.

EDMUND SPENSER.



EDMUND SPENSER was, with one illustrious exception, the greatest of those poets whose genius brightened the reign of Elizabeth. He was the earliest of the poetical stars that rose in that dazzling firmament, and closed his life when Shakespeare was in the midst of his career. Indeed, although the English language had undergone great development as well as great changes during the two centuries after the death of Chaucer, yet the long period gave birth to no great poet. Spenser was, therefore, justified in asserting, that he was the shepherd boy who, after Tityrus, his lay first sang. The spirit of his inventions was caught from the chivalry and minstrelsy of the Middle Ages with its fantastically gorgeous pictures, and its fondness for allegory. His forms were due to Italian studies, which, introduced by Surrey and others, exercised a strong influence upon all the Elizabethan poetry.

The events of Spenser's life, though less obscure than that of Shakespeare's, are known imperfectly; and his biographers often resort to conjecture to satisfy the curiosity of their readers. He was born in London, probably in 1553. He was evidently descended of a good family, and some circumstances in his early history suggest that his father belonged to the branch of the Spensers settled at Hurstwood in Lancashire. He was admitted to Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, as a sizar,

in 1569, and graduated M. A. in 1576. This is all we know with certainty in regard to his youth. In the north of England he wrote his first considerable work, "The Shepherd's Calender," a series of twelve pastorals named from the months, published in 1579. These pieces exhibit not only the fondness for old words and phrases which always clung to the author, but an excess of rustic familiarity both in sentiment and in expression. Yet passages in all of them justify to the full the reputation they gained for him. As a reward of its merit, the virgin Queen was pleased to make him Poet Laureate.

About the same time Spenser was tempted, with other learned men of the time, to endeavor to naturalize in England the dactylic hexameters and other prosodial forms of the classical tongues. He was already engaged in composing his epic; and his correspondence mentions also nine comedies which he had written before 1580. He had become acquainted with Sir Philip Sidney, whose friendship he has commemorated in verse; and he was patronized, in early manhood, by Sidney's uncle, the all-powerful Earl of Leicester.

Spenser went to Ireland in 1580 as secretary to Lord Grey, of Wilton, then appointed viceroy, and immortalized by the poet under the character of Artegal, the personification of justice. Lord Grey's government was very short; but, while it lasted, the poet was made clerk of the Irish Court of Chancery, and received also a lucrative lease of abbey-lands in Wexford. In 1586 he received another grant of 3,000 acres of land in the county of Cork, on which stood his castle of Kilcolman. His residence must have been chiefly in Ireland for several years; and on his Irish domain, by his beloved stream Mulla, his great poem was principally composed.

Spenser, without forgetting to emulate the lyrical and meditative effusions of Petrarch and his followers, aimed, in his greatest work, at doing for English literature what Ariosto and Tasso had recently done for the literature of Italy. He designed to construct, from the undigested elements of mediæval song, a polished and elaborate work of art, which should resuscitate the world of chivalry in a shape acceptable to a

generation further advanced in knowledge and familiar with models higher than the old romances. The design was executed in his "Faerie Queen," with a marvellous affluence of imagery at once romantic and natural, and with a delicate feeling of the beautiful such as hardly any poet has ever surpassed. If his symbolic meanings sometimes press themselves on us so closely as to cool the poetic mood, they are as often embodied in scenes and figures which, with or without regard to their hidden signification, entrance us by a spell as powerful as those of the enchanters and elves amidst whom we are brought to wander.

It was in 1590 that the poet published in England the first Three Books of the "Faerie Queen," which are by universal consent the finest. The allegorical design, explained in an introductory letter to Raleigh, was set forth in the title-page: "The Faerie Queen, disposed into twelve books, fashioning Twelve Moral Virtues." In the Three Legends which first appeared were allegorized Holiness, Temperance, and Chastity. In 1591 appeared a volume of his minor poems, or, as he styled them, "Complaints." Its most noticeable pieces are, "The Ruins of Time," "The Tears of the Muses," and a long satirical fable called "Mother Hubbard's Tale." Spenser was addicted to complaining; and, though he had received so much from his patrons and showed himself attentive and shrewd in matters of business, he was poor in the latter part of his life, probably owing to the disturbed state of Ireland. Queen Elizabeth was glorified in his great poem, but she was frugal in expenditure. After the "Complaints" appeared, she bestowed on him a pension of £50 a year. In 1595 he published "Colin Clout's Come Home Again," a poem interesting for its many allusions to his personal history. In the same year he also brought out a large series of Sonnets, and the exquisite "Epithalamion," in which he celebrates his recent marriage. In 1596 Spenser brought to England and published three more Books of "The Faerie Queen." They are the Legends of Friendship, Justice, and Courtesy. All that we possess beyond these is a fragment containing two cantos "Of Mutability." The six later Books, required for working out the design, are traditionally said to have been

lost on a voyage from Ireland; but it is doubtful if the poem was ever in reality completed.

Besides these poetical works, large and small, Spenser wrote a treatise, "A View of the State of Ireland," finished in 1596, but not published till 1633. It is a sagacious investigation of the country in which he had spent many years of his life, and is an excellent and vigorous specimen of old English prose. In September, 1598, he was appointed sheriff of Cork. Perhaps this office caused the tragical catastrophe which hastened his end. The rebellion of Tyrone breaking out immediately, Kilcolman Castle was burned, and Spenser's infant child perished in the flames, though he and his wife escaped and sought shelter in London. He died there on the 16th of January, 1599. According to Ben Jonson he perished of want; but the statement seems improbable. His funeral, at all events, was splendidly celebrated by the Earl of Essex. His grave is in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey, next to that of Chaucer.

THE EPITHALAMION.

Wake now, my love, awake; for it is time;
  The rosy morn long since left Tithon's bed,
All ready to her silver coach to climb;
  And Phœbus 'gins to show his glorious head.
Hark! now the cheerful birds do chant their lays,
  And carol of Love's praise.
The merry lark her matins sings aloft;
  The thrush replies; the mavis descant plays;
The ouzel shrills; the ruddock warbles soft;
So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
  To this day's merriment.
Ah! my dear love, why do you sleep thus long,
  When meeter were that you should now awake,
  T' await the coming of your joyous mate,
And hearken to the birds' love-learned song,
  The dewy leaves among!
For they of joy and pleasance to you sing,
That all the woods them answer and their echo ring.

My love is now awake out of her dream,
And her fair eyes, like stars that dimmed were
With darksome cloud, now show their goodly beams
More bright than Hesperus his head doth rear.
Come now, ye damsels, daughters of delight,
Help quickly her to dight;
But first come, ye fair Houris, which were begot,
In Jove's sweet paradise, of Day and Night;
Which do the seasons of the year allot,
And all, that ever in this world is fair,
Do make and still repair;
And ye three handmaids of the Cyprian Queen,
The which do still adorn her beauties' pride,
Help to adorn my beautifullest bride:
And, as ye her array, still throw between
Some graces to be seen;
And as ye use to Venus, to her sing,
The whiles the woods shall answer, and your echo ring.

* * * * * * * * * *

Open the temple gates unto my love,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the posts adorn as doth behove,
And all the pillars deck with garlands trim,
For to receive this saint with honor due,
That cometh in to you
With trembling steps, and humble reverence,
She cometh in, before the Almighty's view:
Of her, ye virgins, learn obedience,
When so ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces:
Bring her up to the high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endless matrimony make;
And let the roaring organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord in lively notes;
The whiles, with hollow throats,
The choristers the joyous anthem sing,
That all the woods may answer, and their echo ring.

Behold, while she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,

And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheeks,
And the pure snow, with goodly vermeil stain,
Like crimson dyed in grain;
That even the angels, which continually
About the sacred altar do remain,
Forget their service and about her fly,
Oft peeping on her face, that seems more fair,
The more they on it stare.
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
Are governed with goodly modesty,
That suffers not a look to glance awry,
Which may let in a little thought unsound.
Why blush you, love, to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band?
Sing, ye sweet angels, alleluya sing
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

UNA AND THE RED-CROSS KNIGHT.

A gentle knight was pricking on the plain,
Y-clad in mighty arms and silver shield,
Wherein old dints of deep wounds did remain,
The cruel marks of many a bloody field;
Yet arms till that time did he never wield:
His angry steed did chide his foaming bit,
As much disdaining to the curb to yield:
Full jolly knight he seem'd, and fair did sit,
As one for knightly jousts and fierce encounters fit.

And on his breast a bloody cross he bore,
The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead (as living) ever him adored:
Upon his shield the like was also scored,
For sovereign hope, which in his help he had:
Right faithful true he was in deed and word;
But of his cheer did seem too solemn sad:
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

Upon a great adventure he was bound,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,

(That greatest glorious queen of fairy land,)
To win him worship, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly things he most did crave;
And ever as he rode his heart did yearn
To prove his puissance in battle brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learn;
Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and stern.

A lovely lady rode him fair beside,
Upon a lowly ass more white than snow;
Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
Under a veil that wimpled was full low,
And over all a black stole she did throw,
As one that inly mourn'd: so was she sad,
And heavy sat upon her palfrey slow;
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had,
And by her in a line a milk-white lamb she led.

So pure and innocent, as that same lamb,
She was in life and every virtuous lore,
And by descent from royal lineage came
Of ancient kings and queens, that had of yore
Their sceptres stretcht from east to western shore,
And all the world in their subjection held;
Till that infernal fiend with foul uproar
Forewasted all their land, and them expell'd:
Whom to avenge, she had this knight from far compell'd.

Behind her far away a dwarf did lag,
That lazy seem'd in being ever last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his back. Thus as they past,
The day with clouds was sudden overcast,
And angry Jove an hideous storm of rain
Did pour into his leman's lap so fast,
That every wight to shroud it did constrain,
And this fair couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

Enforced to seek some covert nigh at hand,
A shady grove not far away they spied,
That promised aid the tempest to withstand;
Whose lofty trees, yclad with summer's pride,

Did spread so broad, that heaven's light did hide,
Nor pierceable with power of any star:
And all within were paths and alleys wide,
With footing worn, and leading inward far:
Fair harbor, that them seems; so in they entered are.

And forth they pass, with pleasure forward led,
Joying to hear the birds' sweet harmony,
Which therein shrouded from the tempest dread,
Seem'd in their song to scorn the cruel sky.
Much can they praise the trees so straight and high,
The sailing Pine, the Cedar proud and tall,
The vine-prop Elm, the Poplar never dry,
The builder Oak, sole king of forests all,
The Aspen good for staves, the Cypress funeral;

The Laurel, meed of mighty conquerors
And poets sage, the Fir that weepeth still,
The Willow, worn of forlorn paramours,
The Yew obedient to the bender's will,
The Birch for shafts, the Sallow for the mill,
The Myrrh sweet bleeding in the bitter wound,
The warlike Beech, the Ash for nothing ill,
The fruitful Olive, and the Plantain round,
The carver Holme, the Maple seldom inward sound;

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
Until the blustering storm is overblown,
When, weening to return, whence they did stray,
They cannot find that path which first was shown,
But wander to and fro in ways unknown,
Furthest from end then, when they nearest ween,
That makes them doubt their wits be not their own:
So many paths, so many turnings seem,
That which of them to take, in divers doubt they been.

ADVENTURE OF UNA WITH THE LION.

Yet she, most faithful lady, all this while
Forsaken, woful, solitary maid,
Far from all people's prease, as in exile,
In wilderness and wasteful deserts strayed,

To seek her knight; who subtilly betrayed
Through that late vision which th' enchanter wrought,
Had her abandoned; she of naught afraid
Through woods and wasteness wide him daily sought;
Yet wished tiding none of him unto her brought.

One day nigh weary of the irksome way,
From her unhasty beast she did alight;
And on the grass her dainty limbs did lay,
In secret shadow, far from all men's sight;
From her fair head her fillet she undight,
And laid her stole aside; her angel's face
As the great eye of Heaven, shined bright
And made a sunshine in the shady place;
Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.

It fortuned, out of the thicket wood
A ramping lion rushed suddenly,
Hunting full greedy after savage blood:
Soon as the royal virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have at once devour'd her tender corse:
But to the prey when as he drew more nigh,
His bloody rage assuaged with remorse,
And with the sight amazed forgat his furious force.

Instead thereof he kiss'd her weary feet,
And lick'd her lily hands with fawning tongue;
As he her wronged innocence did weet.
O how can beauty master the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
Whose yielded pride and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had mark'd long,
Her heart 'gan melt in great compassion,
And drizzling tears did shed for pure affection.

"The lion, lord of every beast in field,"
Quoth she, "his princely puisssance doth abate,
And mighty proud to humble weak does yield,
Forgetful of the hungry rage, which late
Him prick'd, in pity of my sad estate:
But he, my lion, and my noble lord,

How does he find in cruel heart to hate
  Her that him loved, and ever most adored,
As the God of my life! why hath he me abhorred?"

Redounding tears did choke th' end of her plaint,
  Which softly echoed from the neighbor wood;
And, sad to see her sorrowful constraint,
  The kingly beast upon her gazing stood:
With pity calm'd down fell his angry mood.
  At last, in close heart shutting up her pain,
Arose the virgin born of heav'nly brood,
  And to her snowy palfry got again,
To seek her strayed champion if she might attain.

The lion would not leave her desolate,
  But with her went along, as a strong guard
Of her chaste person, and a faithful mate
  Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
Still when she slept, he kept both watch and ward;
  And when she waked, he waited diligent,
With humble service to her will prepared;
  From her fair eyes he took commandèment,
And ever by her looks conceived her intent.

—E. SPENSER.

MOHAMMED.

ISLAMISM is the youngest of the great systems of religion yet it is one of the most important and its followers greatly outnumber the Christians.

Mohammed, the great prophet and legislator of the Mussulmans, and the founder of the religion which bears his name, was born in the city of Mecca, about 569 or 570 A.D. He was of the powerful and illustrious tribe of Koreish, which claimed direct descent from Ishmael, the son of Abraham, and had possessed for five generations the sovereignty of Mecca, and the guardianship of the Caaba, or shrine of the sacred city. Of the Koreish tribe there were two powerful and rival branches, descended from two brothers, Haschem and Abed Schem.

Haschem, the progenitor of Mohammed, had become the foremost citizen and greatest benefactor of the city of Mecca. About the beginning of the sixth century, he was largely engaged in commerce, and had established two annual caravans, one for the summer trade with Syria in the North, the other for the winter trade with Yemen in the South. In addition to the influence derived from his extensive commercial relations, Haschem was custodian of the Caaba, an office entrusted only to the most honorable families, and practically conferring on the person holding it the supreme control of the city. On Haschem's death, he was succeeded by his son, Abdal Motalleb, a warrior and patriot, and father of four distinguished sons; of whom Abdallah, the youngest, married Amina, a

Koreish damsel, the fairest and the purest of her tribe. Abdallah, too, was endowed with such personal attractions that, according to Moslem traditions, on the night of his marriage to Amina two hundred Arab maids died of broken hearts. Mohammed was the first and only child of this remarkable alliance. Shortly after his marriage Abdallah went on a mercantile expedition to Gaza, in the south of Syria, and had reached Medina on his return journey, when he sickened and died, in his twenty-fifth year, leaving to his lovely widow and her son, only two months old, a heritage of five camels, a flock of goats, and a female Ethiopian slave.

As the air of Mecca was unwholesome, it was customary for women of the wealthier classes to give out their children to nurse among the females of the Bedouin tribes, with whom they had the advantage of the clearer atmosphere, the purer speech, and the freer manners of the desert. The child Mohammed was committed to the care of Halema, a Saadite shepherd's wife, and by her was nurtured for two years, when he was returned to his mother. When he was about six years old his mother, Amina, wishing to visit his father's tomb, and also to show the child to her relatives, made a journey to Medina. In her return she had arrived at Abwa, a village half way between Medina and Mecca, when she suddenly fell sick and died. The faithful slave returned with the orphan boy to Mecca, and handed him over to his grandfather, Abdal Motalleb, who cared for him with all the tenderness of a parent for two years, when he too died, leaving his precious charge to the care of his eldest son, Abu Taleb, now an enterprising merchant, custodian of the Caaba, and chief of the Koreish tribe.

At twelve years of age, Mohammed, who had a leaning to the commercial pursuits of the Arabs, accompanied his uncle on one of his mercantile expeditions to Syria. As the caravan wended its way through the sites of former greatness, the local legends were duly recounted to the admiring youth, two of which he quotes in the Koran as instances of divine judgment against idolatry—that of the wild valley of Hejer, where the children of Thamud were swept from the face of the earth and their country laid under the curse of Heaven; and

that of Egla, near the Red Sea, where the young men were turned into monkeys and the old men into swine.

Arriving at Bostra (or Bozrah), beyond the Jordan, Abu Taleb and his nephew were received with great hospitality at a convent of Nestorian Christians, where one of the monks is said to have remarked Mohammed's precocity and his eager desire for information, especially on matters connected with religion. To conversations with the monks on this and other occasions, and especially to intercourse with a learned rabbi, who had become a Christian convert, may be traced Mohammed's knowledge of the principles and traditions of the Christian faith.

After this Mohammed made several mercantile expeditions both to Yemen in the South and Syria in the North, and was also engaged in a tribal war which the allied Koreishites and Kenanites waged against the Hawazans. Thus had he acquired an extensive acquaintance with commercial affairs, and also an insight into the modes of Arab warfare. His ability and integrity gained for him an introduction to Kadijah, a wealthy widow of forty, who needed a manager for the extensive business of her house. Mohammed was now twenty-five years of age, handsome in person, and pleasant in manner. Kadijah appointed him conductor of a caravan she was sending to Syria; and so well was she pleased with his business capacity and his personal attractions, that she paid him double his stipulated wages, and with remarkable promptness and sagacity contrived to secure him as her third husband. Their marriage was celebrated in true Arab style, with wine and revelry, the sound of timbrels, and the dancing of Abyssinian slaves.

After his marriage Mohammed found leisure to indulge his predilection for religious speculation. The fanatic zeal of gross idolatry was visible on every hand. The Sabean and Magian religions had lost whatever spiritual meaning they once had and lapsed into a wild and degrading superstition. Although many Jews had found their way into Arabia when Palestine was ravaged by the Romans, and had acquired possessions, built fortresses and risen to considerable power, still Judaism had made but little way among the natives.

Christianity had been introduced by St. Paul himself; and the fierce dissensions and mutual persecutions of the different sections of the Eastern church had filled the deserts of Arabia with exiles and anchorites, who had, to some extent, planted the Christian faith among the native tribes.

But the Arabs and the people as a whole were bound by no tie, religious or political. They were dispirited and isolated, and, consequently, powerless and harmless, except against each other. Mohammed was now about to take the first step towards the uniting of these disjointed limbs, breathing into them the breath of life, and leading them forth in one compact body to shake the empires of the earth.

The sacred city of Mecca had become a polluting centre of fanatical filth and superstition. Around the sacred shrine stood three hundred and sixty dumb idols, representing the days of the year and their deities. The once revered prophets, Abraham and Ishmael, had been converted into symbolical antics with divining rods in their hands. The fervor of religious reform took possession of Mohammed's soul, and led to habits of reverie and deep meditation, which he indulged in a neighboring mountain cave, remaining there for days and nights together in solitary fasting and prayer. At last the revelation came, and, in his fortieth year, Mohammed assumed the office of a prophet. His views and principles were made known and explained at first only to the members of his own domestic circle. Kadijah, his wife, Waraka, the Christian convert and quondam Jew, Abu Taleb and others readily acknowledged the divine mission, and declared Mohammed the apostle of Allah.

From many members of the house of Haschem, the new faith met with opposition, which soon grew into bitter persecution. Still slowly and secretly, in the privacy of a convert's house, or the depths of a cavern, it made its way, gaining but few adherents, and those, too, mostly young persons and slaves. The doctrines, which were but ungraciously received by many kinsfolk and friends, nevertheless found favor among the people, and especially among women, who are ever ready to befriend a persecuted cause. Many Jews had signified their assent, but when they found that the

new religion permitted the eating of camel's flesh, hastily withdrew; for, according to the Jewish law, the camel is an unclean animal. With new revelations came increasing enthusiasm, and Mohammed began to preach on Mount Hara and the hills of Safa, declaring himself the prophet of God come to break the spell of blind idolatry, and mitigate the rigor of the Jewish and the Christian laws.

When appealed to for miracles to confirm his divine behest, Mohammed discreetly explained that signs and wonders would destroy the merit of faith, and pointed to the internal evidences of his doctrines, reciting fragments of the Koran, preaching the unity of God, and exhorting his hearers to the service of a supreme and most merciful Being. By degrees some of the most powerful citizens were gained over to the prophet's side. His faithful and beloved wife, Kadijah, had died, and he had increased his personal influence by marrying Ayesha, the daughter of Abu Beker; still the new faith made but slow progress, and might never have been known beyond the walls of Mecca, had not the hatred and persecution of the rival branch of the Koreish tribe—that of Abed Schem—roused the anger of the Haschem branch, from which Mohammed was descended. At last Huzmu, the prophet's uncle, enraged by an insult and personal outrage committed on his nephew, became a convert, and publicly chastised the offender. A revolt having broken out at Mecca, in which Mohammed's life was threatened, he found himself obliged to flee for refuge to Yatreb, henceforth called Medina. This occurred on the 16th of July, 622, and is reckoned the beginning of the Mohammedan Era, called the Hegira.

The citizens of Medina accepted the reformer's doctrines, and not only protected him from his enemies, but promised to aid in the propagation of Islamism. In the meantime Mohammed unexpectedly found at his hand the means of avenging himself on his enemies. In addition to the converts being daily made in Medina, fugitives flocked to him from Mecca, and proselytes from the desert, men of resolute will, warriors from their youth, and naturally inclined to partisan warfare. Thus supported, the prophet, without delay, proclaimed a religion of the sword, promising the ever-

lasting pleasures of paradise in the arms of black-eyed houris to those who fell in battle fighting for the sacred cause. Thus did Islamism, from being a religion of meekness and forbearance, suddenly become one of violence and the sword as soon as the means of retaliation were within reach.

Yet no violence was inculcated, but expressly forbidden against those who persisted in their unbelief, provided, only, they acknowledged the prophet's sway, and agreed to pay the tribute he imposed. Here appears the first dawn of policy and worldly ambition, and the desire for temporal power. Still, when that power was gained, it was used mainly in propagating the new faith. Mohammed's first warlike enterprise was directed against his implacable enemy, Abu Sofian, now chief of the rival branch of the Koreish tribe, and guardian of the Caaba. This hostile kinsman was returning from Syria with a troop of thirty horsemen, as a convoy to a caravan of one thousand camels laden with rich merchandise. The prophet, with three hundred men and seventy fleet camels, set out to waylay his enemy in the Valley of Beder, about twenty miles from Medina. Abu Sofian, warned of the ambuscade, changed his route, and escaped to Mecca ; but the followers of Mohammed fell upon a troop of horsemen sent out to meet the caravan, killed seventy and took as many prisoners, with a large quantity of baggage, arms, and other spoil. As soon as Abu Sofian reached Mecca, he took the route to Medina with two hundred horsemen, to avenge the death of his kinsfolk at Beder, but on being met by Mohammed with a superior force, turned and fled precipitately.

Again, in the third year of the Hegira, the Koreishites of Mecca took the field with three thousand men, and defeated the Moslems in the bloody battle of Mount Chud, in which Mohammed was severely wounded. Many other warlike expeditions and excursions took place, with various results; but at last a truce of ten years was agreed upon between Mecca and Medina. This interval Mohammed diligently employed in making converts among the Jewish tribes, or bringing them into subjection by the sword.

As the prophet's power increased, so did his ambition. Accusing the Koreishites of breaking the truce, he advanced

against Mecca with an army of ten thousand men. Abu Sofian, who had been out reconnoitring, happened to fall into the hands of some Moslem scouts, and, on being brought before the prophet, was forced to swear allegiance to Islamism and dismissed. "Verily," says the Moslem maxim, "to convince stubborn believers, there is no argument like the sword." The city of Mecca was entered with but little resistance, and Mohammed's sovereignty acknowledged. The prophet proceeded without delay to carry out the main object of his religious aspirations, the purification of the temple. The three hundred and sixty idols around the Caaba were cast down and destroyed, every trace of idolatry was removed, and the edifice consecrated to the service of the one God. Former persecutors were readily forgiven on becoming converts, and hostile tribes throughout Arabia, moved by the prophet's clemency, laid down their arms and acknowledged his supremacy.

Mohammed, seeing the increase of his territory and the extent of his power, solemnly summoned the kings of Persia, Abyssinia, and Constantinople to embrace the new faith, or the only alternative, the sword of the prophet of God. Palestine was traversed, and many foreign cities and tribes submitted to Moslem rule. Christians were expected, rather than forced, to become converts. They were allowed freedom of trade, and their religion was tolerated.

Returning from his military expeditions, and once more making a solemn pilgrimage to Mecca, Mohammed returned to Medina, where he was taken sick, and after an illness of fourteen days, died of fever, in the sixty-third year of his age, A. D. 632.

His character has long been cleared from the charge of blasphemous imposture. For thirteen years he was despised and persecuted, but still persisted in the belief that his mission was to destroy blind idolatry, and substitute in its stead the pure and spiritual worship of one true God.

The Hegira or Flight of the Prophet.

The fortunes of Mahomet were becoming darker and darker in his native place. Cadijah, his original benefactress,

the devoted companion of his solitude and seclusion, the zealous believer in his doctrines, was in her grave; so also was Abu Taleb, once his faithful and efficient protector. Deprived of the sheltering influence of the latter, Mahomet had become, in a manner, an outlaw in Mecca; obliged to conceal himself, and remain a burden on the hospitality of those whom his own doctrines had involved in persecution. If worldly advantage had been his object, how had it been attained? Upward of ten years had elapsed since first he announced his prophetic mission; ten long years of enmity, trouble, and misfortune. Still he persevered, and now, at a period of life when men seek to enjoy in repose the fruition of the past, rather than risk all in new schemes for the future, we find him, after having sacrificed ease, fortune, and friends, prepared to give up home and country also, rather than his religious creed.

As soon as the privileged time of pilgrimage arrived, he emerged once more from his concealment, and mingled with the multitude assembled from all parts of Arabia. His earnest desire was to find some powerful tribe, or the inhabitants of some important city, capable and willing to receive him as a guest, and protect him in the enjoyment and propagation of his faith.

His quest was for a time unsuccessful. Those who had come to worship at the Caaba drew back from a man stigmatized as an apostate; and the worldly-minded were unwilling to befriend one proscribed by the powerful of his native place.

At length, as he was one day preaching on the hill Al Akaba, a little to the north of Mecca, he drew the attention of certain pilgrims from the city of Yathreb. This city, since called Medina, was about two hundred and seventy miles north of Mecca. Many of its inhabitants were Jews and heretical Christians. The pilgrims in question were pure Arabs of the ancient and powerful tribe of Khazradites, and in habits of friendly intercourse with the Keneedites and Naderites, two Jewish tribes inhabiting Mecca, who claimed to be of the sacerdotal line of Aaron. The pilgrims had often heard their Jewish friends explain the mysteries of their faith, and talk of an expected Messiah. They were moved by the

eloquence of Mahomet, and struck with the resemblance of his doctrines to those of the Jewish law; insomuch that when they heard him proclaim himself a prophet, sent by heaven to restore the ancient faith, they said, one to another, "Surely this must be the promised Messiah of which we have been told." The more they listened, the stronger became their persuasion of the fact, until in the end they avowed their conviction, and made a final profession of their faith.

As the Khazradites belonged to one of the most powerful tribes of Yathreb, Mahomet sought to secure their protection, and proposed to accompany them on their return; but they informed him that they were at deadly feud with the Awsites, another powerful tribe of that city, and advised him to defer his coming until they should be at peace. He consented; but on the return home of the pilgrims, he sent with them Musab Ibn Omeir, one of the most learned and able of his disciples, with instructions to strengthen them in the faith, and to preach it to their townsmen. Thus were the seeds of Islamism first sown in the city of Medina. For a time they thrived but slowly. Musab was opposed by the idolaters, and his life threatened; but he persisted in his exertions, and gradually made converts among the principal inhabitants. Among these were Saad Ibn Maads, a prince or chief of the Awsites, and Osaid Ibn Hodheir, a man of great authority in the city. Numbers of the Moslems of Mecca also, driven away by persecution, took refuge in Medina, and aided in propagating the new faith among its inhabitants, until it found its way into almost every household.

Feeling now assured of being able to give Mahomet an asylum in the city, upward of seventy of the converts of Medina, led by Musab Ibn Omeir, repaired to Mecca with the pilgrims in the holy month of the thirteenth year of "the mission," to invite him to take up his abode in their city. Mahomet gave them a midnight meeting on the hill Al Akaba. His uncle Al Abbas, who, like the deceased Abu Taleb, took an affectionate interest in his welfare, though no convert to his doctrines, accompanied him to this secret conference, which he feared might lead him into danger. He entreated the pilgrims from Medina not to entice his nephew to their

city until more able to protect him; warning them that their open adoption of the new faith would bring all Arabia in arms against them. His warnings and entreaties were in vain; a solemn compact was made between the parties. Mahomet demanded that they should abjure idolatry, and worship the one true God openly and fearlessly. For himself he exacted obedience in weal and woe; and for the disciples who might accompany him, protection; even such as they would render to their own wives and children. On these terms he offered to bind himself to remain among them, to be the friend of their friends, the enemy of their enemies. "But, should we perish in your cause," asked they, "what will be our reward?" "Paradise," replied the prophet.

The terms were accepted; the emissaries from Medina placed their hands in the hands of Mahomet, and swore to abide by their compact. The latter then singled out twelve from among them, whom he designated as his apostles; in imitation, it is supposed, of the example of our Saviour. Just then a voice was heard from the summit of the hill, denouncing them as apostates, and menacing them with punishment. The sound of this voice, heard in the darkness of the night, inspired temporary dismay. "It is the voice of the fiend Iblis," said Mahomet scornfully; "he is the foe of God; fear him not." It was probably the voice of some spy or eavesdropper of the Koreishites; for the very next morning they manifested a knowledge of what had taken place in the night, and treated the new confederates with great harshness as they were departing from the city.

It was this early accession to the faith, and this timely aid proffered and subsequently afforded to Mahomet and his disciples, which procured for the Moslems of Medina the appellation of Ansarians, or auxiliaries, by which they were afterward distinguished.

After the departure of the Ansarians, and the expiration of the holy month, the persecutions of the Moslems were resumed with increased virulence, insomuch that Mahomet, seeing a crisis was at hand, and being resolved to leave the city, advised his adherents generally to provide for their safety.

For himself, he still lingered in Mecca with a few devoted followers.

Abu Sofian, his implacable foe, was at this time governor of the city. He was both incensed and alarmed at the spreading growth of the new faith, and held a meeting of the chief of the Koreishites to devise some means of effectually putting a stop to it. Some advised that Mahomet should be banished the city ; but it was objected that he might gain other tribes to his interest, or perhaps the people of Medina, and return at their head to take his revenge. Others proposed to wall him up in a dungeon, and supply him with food until he died ; but it was surmised that his friends might effect his escape. All these objections were raised by a violent and pragmatical old man, a stranger from the province of Nedja, who, say the Moslem writers, was no other than the devil in disguise, breathing his malignant spirit into those present. At length it was declared by Abu Jahl, that the only effectual check on the growing evil was to put Mahomet to death. To this all agreed, and as a means of sharing the odium of the deed, and withstanding the vengeance it might awaken among the relatives of the victim, it was arranged that a member of each family should plunge his sword into the body of Mahomet.

It is to this conspiracy that allusion is made in the eighth chapter of the Koran. "And call to mind how the unbelievers plotted against thee, that they might either detain thee in bonds, or put thee to death, or expel thee the city ; but God laid a plot against them ; and God is the best layer of plots."

In fact, by the time the murderers arrived before the dwelling of Mahomet, he was apprised of the impending danger. As usual, the warning is attributed to the angel Gabriel, but it is probable it was given by some Koreishite, less bloody-minded than his confederates. It came just in time to save Mahomet from the hands of his enemies. They paused at his door, but hesitated to enter. Looking through a crevice they beheld, as they thought, Mahomet wrapped in his green mantle, and lying asleep on his couch. They waited for a while, consulting whether to fall on him while sleeping, or wait until he should go forth. At length they burst open the

door and rushed toward the couch. The sleeper started up; but, instead of Mahomet, Ali stood before them. Amazed and confounded, they demanded, "Where is Mahomet?" "I know not," replied Ali sternly, and walked forth nor did any one venture to molest him. Enraged at the escape of their victim, however, the Koreishites proclaimed a reward of a hundred camels to any one who should brimg them Mahomet alive or dead.

Divers accounts are given of the mode in which Mahomet made his escape from the house after the faithful Ali had wrapped himself in his mantle and taken his place upon the couch. The most miraculous account is, that he opened the door silently, as the Koreishites stood before it, and, scattering a handful of dust in the air, cast such blindness upon them that he walked through the midst of them without being perceived. This, it is added, is confirmed by the verse of the 30th chapter of the Koran: "We have thrown blindness upon them, that they shall not see." The most probable account is, that he clambered over the wall in the rear of the house, by the help of a servant, who bent his back for him to step upon it.

He repaired immediately to the house of Abu Beker, and they arranged for instant flight. It was agreed that they should take refuge in a cave in Mount Thor, about an hour's distance from Mecca, and wait there until they could proceed safely to Medina; and in the meantime the children of Abu Beker should secretly bring them food. They left Mecca while it was yet dark, making their way on foot by the light of the stars, and the day dawned as they found themselves at the foot of Mount Thor. Scarce were they within the cave when they heard the sound of pursuit. Abu Beker, though a brave man, quaked with fear. "Our pursuers," said he, "are many, and we are but two." "Nay," replied Mahomet, "there is a third; God is with us!" And here the Moslem writers relate a miracle, dear to the minds of all true believers. By the time, say they, that the Koreishites reached the mouth of the cavern, an acacia-tree had sprung up before it, in the spreading branches of which a pigeon had made its nest, and laid its eggs, and over the whole a spider had woven its web.

When the Koreishites beheld these signs of undisturbed quiet, they concluded that no one could recently have entered the cavern; so they turned away, and pursued their search in another direction.

Whether protected by miracle or not, the fugitives remained for three days undiscovered in the cave, and Asama, the daughter of Abu Beker, brought them food in the dusk of the evenings.

On the fourth day, when they presumed the ardor of pursuit had abated, the fugitives ventured forth, and set out for Medina, on camels which a servant of Abu Beker had brought in the night for them. Avoiding the main road usually taken by the caravans, they bent their course nearer to the coast of the Red Sea. They had not proceeded far, however, before they were overtaken by a troop of horse headed by Soraka Ibn Malec. Abu Beker was again dismayed by the number of their pursuers; but Mahomet repeated the assurance, "Be not troubled; Allah is with us." Soraka was a grim warrior, with shagged iron-gray locks and naked sinewy arms rough with hair. As he overtook Mahomet, his horse reared and fell with him. His superstitious mind was struck with it as an evil sign. Mahomet perceived the state of his feelings, and by an eloquent appeal wrought upon him to such a degree that Soraka, filled with awe, entreated his forgiveness, and turning back with his troop suffered him to proceed on his way unmolested.

The fugitives continued their journey without further interruption, until they arrived at Koba, a hill about two miles from Medina. It was a favorite resort of the inhabitants of the city, and a place to which they sent their sick and infirm, for the air was pure and salubrious. Hence, too, the city was supplied with fruit; the hill and its environs being covered with vineyards, and with groves of the date and lotus; with gardens producing citrons, oranges, pomegranates, figs, peaches and apricots, and being irrigated with limpid streams.

On arriving at this fruitful spot, Al Kaswa, the camel of Mahomet, crouched on her knees, and would go no further. The prophet interpreted it as a favorable sign, and determined

to remain at Koba, and prepare for entering the city. The place where his camel knelt is still pointed out by pious Moslems, a mosque named Al Takwa having been built there to commemorate the circumstance. Some affirm that it was actually founded by the prophet. A deep well is also shown in the vicinity, beside which Mahomet reposed under the shade of the trees, and into which he dropped his seal ring. It is believed still to remain there, and has given sanctity to the well, the waters of which are conducted by subterraneous conduits to Medina. At Koba he remained four days, residing in the house of an Awsite named Colthum Ibn Hadem. While at this village he was joined by a distinguished chief, Boreida Ibn Hoseib, with seventy followers, all of the tribe of Saham. These made profession of faith between the hands of Mahomet.

Another renowned proselyte who repaired to the prophet at this village, was Salman al Parsi (or the Persian). He is said to have been a native of a small place near Ispahan, and that, on passing one day by a Christian church, he was so much struck by the devotion of the people, and the solemnity of the worship, that he became disgusted with the idolatrous faith in which he had been brought up. He afterward wandered about the East, from city to city, and convent to convent, in quest of a religion, until an ancient monk, full of years and infirmities, told him of a prophet who had arisen in Arabia to restore the pure faith of Abraham.

This Salman rose to power in after years, and was reputed by the unbelievers of Mecca to have assisted Mahomet in compiling his doctrine. This is alluded to in the sixteenth chapter of the Koran. "Verily, the idolaters say, that a certain man assisted to compose the Koran; but the language of this man is Ajami (or Persian), and the Koran is indited in the pure Arabian tongue."

The Moslems of Mecca, who had taken refuge some time before in Medina, hearing that Mahomet was at hand, came forth to meet him at Koba; among these was the early convert Talha, and Zobeir, the nephew of Cadijah. These, seeing the travel-stained garments of Mahomet and Abu Beker, gave them white mantles, with which to make their entrance

into Medina. Numbers of the Ansarians, or auxiliaries, of Medina, who had made their compact with Mahomet in the preceding year, now hastened to renew their vow of fidelity.

Learning from them that the number of proselytes in the city was rapidly augmenting, and that there was a general disposition to receive him favorably, he appointed Friday, the Moslem Sabbath, the sixteenth day of the month Rabi, for his public entrance.

Accordingly on the morning of that day he assembled all his followers to prayer; and after a sermon, in which he expounded the main principles of his faith, he mounted his camel Al Kaswa, and set forth for that city, which was to become renowned in after ages as his city of refuge.

Boreida Ibn al Hoseib, with his seventy horsemen of the tribe of Saham, accompanied him as a guard. Some of the disciples took turns to hold a canopy of palm-leaves over his head, and by his side rode Abu Beker. "Oh apostle of God!" cried Boreida, "thou shalt not enter Medina without a standard;" so saying, he unfolded his turban, and tying one end of it to the point of his lance, bore it aloft before the prophet.

The city of Medina was fair to approach, being extolled for beauty of situation, salubrity of climate, and fertility of soil; for the luxuriance of its palm-trees, and the fragrance of its shrubs and flowers. At a short distance from the city a crowd of new proselytes to the faith came forth in sun and dust to meet the cavalcade. Most of them had never seen Mahomet, and paid reverence to Abu Beker through mistake; but the latter put aside the screen of palm-leaves, and pointed out the real object of homage, who was greeted with loud acclamations.

In this way did Mahomet, so recently a fugitive from his native city, with a price upon his head, enter Medina, more as a conqueror in triumph than an exile seeking an asylum. He alighted at the house of a Khazradite, named Abu Ayub, a devout Moslem, to whom moreover he was distantly related; here he was hospitably received, and took up his abode in the basement story.

Shortly after his arrival he was joined by the faithful Ali, who had fled from Mecca, and journeyed on foot, hiding him-

self in the day and traveling only at night, lest he should fall into the hands of the Koreishites. He arrived weary and wayworn, his feet bleeding with the roughness of the journey.

Within a few days more came Ayesha, and the rest of Abu Beker's household, together with the family of Mahomet, conducted by his faithful freedman Zeid, and by Abu Beker's servant Abdallah.

Such is the story of the memorable Hegira, or "Flight of the prophet"—the era of the Arabian calendar from which time is calculated by all true Moslems: it corresponds to the 622d year of the Christian era.—W. IRVING.

MOHAMMED II.

THE final overthrow of the Roman empire was effected in the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks, and their establishment of Islam in southeastern Europe. Though the empire had long been in a state of dissolution and decay, its extinction was the work of a brave race, led by an able warrior.

Mohammed II. was the seventh sultan of the Ottoman dynasty, so named from Othman, the first leader of the Turkish horde. He was born in 1430, and, at the early age of thirteen, ascended the throne by the desire of his father, Murad II., who abdicated in his favor. But the safety of the Empire being menaced by Ladislas, King of Hungary, Murad was called upon to place himself again at the head of the army and the imperial government; and again abdicated as soon as the danger was past. His long-desired and well-earned repose was soon disturbed by a rising among the Janizaries, and extensive preparations among the Christian princes, which warned him that the government was not yet safe in the hands of his son, and compelled him once more to assume sovereign authority.

Mohammed in the meantine had resumed his place among

his father's subjects, learning obedience and accustoming himself to command. He was permanently placed on the throne of the sultans at his father's death, and commenced his new reign in 1451, in the twenty-second year of his age. The unbroken series of victories and conquests which marked his whole career, from the day of his accession to the day of his death, has gained for him the title of Mohammed the Great. Like a true Turk, he began his reign by the murder of his young brother, under the pretext that his own safety and that of the empire required it, and then delivering up to the vengeful mother the executioner by whom his murderous mandate was carried out. He next took the field against the Prince of Caramania, who was threatening the Asiatic provinces, and quickly compelled him to sue for peace.

Then the ambitious sultan turned his undivided attention to the conquest of Constantinople. Having soon found a pretext, he built a fortress about two miles from the city, equipped it with troops and a powerful artillery, among which was the famous Hungarian piece cast in bronze, and capable of throwing a six-hundred-pound ball over two thousand yards. He thus succeeded in closing the entrance to the Black Sea, and bringing destruction to the very gates of Constantinople. In the meantime, in order to deprive the Greeks of their last resources, he sent an army to attack their possessions in the Peloponnesus. Sparta was the only city which, by the strength of its defences, could withstand the fury of the Turks. At the same time he subdued the Greek provinces on the shores of the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmora, as well as those in Thrace.

At last, in April, 1453, Mohammed appeared before Constantinople at the head of an army of three hundred thousand men of all nationalities—Greeks, Romans, Poles, Germans, and Huns, as well as Turks—supported by a powerful artillery and a fleet of one hundred and twenty sail. At the end of fifty-five days he carried the city by assault, and buried in its ruins Constantine, the last of the Palæologi, who fell in the breach, fighting bravely. The city was given up to pillage for three days, during which every atrocity was permitted but that of fire. When the disorder ceased, Mohammed, who had

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MOHAMMED II.

bought up a large number of captives, had the most illustrious of them beheaded, and set the rest at liberty. He then set about re-peopling the city, with a view of making it the capital of his empire. Several privileges and immunities were granted to the inhabitants; they were allowed the free exercise of their religion; half of the churches in the city were placed at their disposal; and Mohammed himself solemnly invested the patriarch, according to the ancient custom of the Greek emperors.

In order to establish his authority, the sultan remained in his new capital for three years. In the meantime, his generals had subdued, almost without resistance, the rest of Thrace, and the whole of Macedonia; but failed in Albania, where the famous Scanderbeg cut the Ottoman army to pieces. This check to his arms did not prevent Mohammed from making a triumphant entry into Adrianople, amid the acclamations of the people, followed by a multitude of slaves laden with the spoils of the Greek capital. Many Christian princes hastened to offer their allegiance, and all were laid under tribute.

Mohammed laid siege to Belgrade; but Hunyady, coming quickly to the rescue with a small number of vessels, defeated a Turkish fleet of two hundred sail, which was to blockade the Danube, and entered the city with a large reinforcement of troops, provisions, and munitions of war. Many ineffectual attempts were made to carry the city, but every attack was successfully repulsed, mostly with heavy loss to the besiegers. At last, in one desperate assault, Mohammed himself received a severe wound, and had to be carried to a neighboring village, narrowly escaping capture. Such rout and disorder ensued in the retreat of his army that they left behind them one hundred and sixty pieces of artillery, forty flags, the whole of the ammunition, and the greater part of the baggage; and had not an excess of caution prevented Hunyady from pursuing the infidels, the entire army would have been annihilated. That siege cost the sultan forty thousand men.

But the Turk was soon indemnified for his loss at Belgrade by other conquests in Greece, Wallachia, Trebizond, and the islands of the Archipelago. The Venetians had been deprived

by him of all their most important territories, but they at last succeeded in exciting against him a new enemy, who, for a time, directed attention to the East. This was the Shah of Persia, who had already looked with jealous eyes on Mohammed's unprecedented success and uninterrupted increase of power, and was easily induced to enter into an alliance with the Venetians, Pope Sixtus IV., the Kings of Naples and Cyprus, and the Knights of Rhodes. A Persian army was sent into Natolia, which captured Trebizond in 1472, and completely defeated an Ottoman army. Afterwards, the two monarchs led their armies in person, and encountered on the plains of Cappadocia. The superiority of the sultan's artillery gained for him a decisive victory; but not thinking himself in a condition to pursue, and satisfied with having humbled his enemy, he confined himself to inciting the shah's eldest son to revolt. Both were glad enough to retire from the contest, and a treaty of peace was concluded in 1474.

On the Black Sea, Kaffa was taken from the Genoese in 1475; the Crimea forced to receive a khan at the discretion of Mohammed; Georgia and Circassia were made tributary. Moldavia, Albania, and the islands of the Archipelago were added to the Turkish Empire; Dalmatia invaded; the Venetians forced to purchase a humiliating peace in 1478, and Italy scared by an Ottoman army and the capture of Otranto in 1480. These and other warlike exploits, by land and sea, from the centre of Europe to the centre of Asia, founded the military glory of Mohammed II., the most illustrious, the bravest, and the most fortunate of the Ottoman line that ever a Turk admired or a Christian feared. His arms were not always successful, and his capacity as a general was not equal to that of Hunyady or Scanderbeg. He was better equipped with artillery than any of the powers with which he contended, and always had the superiority in numbers. Religious fasts and public rejoicings in every part of Europe sufficiently attest that Christianity placed in the list of triumphs the honor of having resisted him. Neither the crushing defeat at Belgrade nor the raising of the siege of Rhodes, in 1480, could humble the pride of Mohammed. Time alone foiled this insatiable conqueror. His timely death probably saved Italy and

Christian Europe from Musselman subjugation. He was removed from the arena of his ambitious projects in 1484, leaving behind him an impression of greatness, which posterity has regarded with astonishment, rather than admiration.

The Conquest of Constantinople.

Of the triangle which composes the figure of Constantinople, the two sides, along the sea, were made inaccessible to an enemy ; the Propontis, by nature, and the harbor by art. Between the two waters, the basis of the triangle, the land side was protected by a double wall and a deep ditch of the depth of one hundred feet. Against this line of fortification, which Phranza, an eye-witness, prolongs to the measure of six miles, the Ottomans directed their principal attack ; and the emperor, after distributing the service and command of the most perilous stations, undertook the defence of the external wall.

In the first days of the siege, the Greek soldiers descended into the ditch, or sallied into the field ; but they soon discovered that, in the proportion of their numbers, one Christian was of more value than twenty Turks ; and, after these bold preludes, they were prudently content to maintain the rampart with their missile weapons. Nor should this prudence be accused as pusillanimity. The nation was indeed pusillanimous and base ; but the last Constantine deserves the name of a hero ; his noble band of volunteers was inspired with Roman virtue ; and the foreign auxiliaries supported the honor of the Western chivalry. The incessant volleys of lances and arrows were accompanied with the smoke, the sound, and the fire of musketry and cannon. Their small arms discharged, at the same time, either five, or even ten, balls of lead, of the size of a walnut ; and, according to the closeness of the ranks and the force of the powder, several breastplates and bodies were transpierced by the same shot.

But the Turkish approaches were soon sunk in trenches, or covered with ruins. Each day added to the science of the Christians ; but their inadequate stock of gunpowder was wasted in the operations of each day. Their ordnance was not powerful, either in size or number ; and if they possessed

some heavy cannon, they feared to plant them on the walls; lest the aged structure should be shaken and overthrown by the explosion.

The same destructive secret had been revealed to the Moslems; by whom it was employed with the superior energy of zeal, riches, and despotism. The great cannon of Mohammed was an important and visible object in the history of the times; but that enormous engine was flanked by two fellows almost of equal magnitude; the long order of the Turkish artillery was pointed against the walls; fourteen batteries thundered at once, and on the most accessible places; and of one of these, it is ambiguously expressed, that it was mounted with one hundred and thirty guns, or that it discharged one hundred and thirty bullets. Yet, in the power and activity of the Sultan, we may discern the infancy of the new science. Under a master who counted the moments, the great cannon could be loaded and fired no more than seven times in one day. The heated metal unfortunately burst; several workmen were destroyed, and the skill of an artist was admired, who bethought himself of preventing the danger and the accident, by pouring oil, after each explosion, into the mouth of the cannon.

The first random shots were productive of more sound than effect; and it was by the advice of a Christian, that the engineers were taught to level their aim against the two opposite sides of the salient angles of a bastion. However imperfect, the weight and repetition of the fire made some impression on the walls; and the Turks, pushing their approaches to the edge of the ditch, attempted to fill the enormous chasm, and to build a road to the assault. Innumerable fascines, and hogsheads, and trunks of trees, were heaped on each other; and such was the impetuosity of the throng, that the foremost and the weakest were pushed headlong down the precipice, and instantly buried under the accumulated mass. To fill the ditch was the toil of the besiegers; to clear away the rubbish was the safety of the besieged; and, after a long and bloody conflict, the web that had been woven in the day was still unraveled in the night.

The next resource of Mohammed was the practice of mines;

but the soil was rocky ; in every attempt he was stopped and undermined by the Christian engineers ; nor had the art yet been invented of replenishing those subterraneous passages with gunpowder, and blowing whole towers and cities into the air. A circumstance, that distinguishes the siege of Constantinople, is the reunion of the ancient and modern artillery. The cannon were intermingled with the mechanical engines for casting stones and darts ; the bullet and the battering-ram were directed against the same walls ; nor had the discovery of gunpowder superseded the use of the liquid and inextinguishable fire. A wooden turret, of the largest size, was advanced on rollers ; this portable magazine of ammunition and fascines was protected by a threefold covering of bulls' hides ; incessant volleys were securely discharged from the loopholes ; in the front, three doors were contrived for the alternate sally and retreat of the soldiers and workmen. They ascended, by a staircase, to the upper platform ; and, as high as the level of that platform, a scaling ladder could be raised by pulleys, to form a bridge, and grapple with the adverse rampart. By these various arts of annoyance, some as new as they were pernicious to the Greeks, the tower of St. Romanus was at length overturned ; after a severe struggle the Turks were repulsed from the breach, and interrupted by darkness ; but they trusted that, with the return of light, they should renew the attack, with fresh vigor and decisive success.

Of this pause of action, this interval of hope, each moment was improved by the activity of the emperor and Justiniani, who passed the night on the spot, and urged the labors which involved the safety of the church and city. At the dawn of day, the impatient Sultan perceived, with astonishment and grief, that his wooden turret had been reduced to ashes ; the ditch was cleared and restored ; and the tower of St. Romanus was again strong and entire. He deplored the failure of his design ; and uttered a profane exclamation, that the word of the thirty-seven thousand prophets should not have compelled him to believe that such a work, in so short a time, could have been accomplished by the Infidels.

The generosity of the Christian princes was cold and tardy ; but, in the first apprehension of a siege, Constantine had

negotiated, in the isles of the Archipelago, the Morea, and Sicily, the most indispensable supplies. As early as the beginning of April, five great ships, equipped for merchandise and war, would have sailed from the harbor of Chios, had not the wind blown, obstinately, from the north. One of these ships bore the Imperial flag; the remaining four belonged to the Genoese; and they were laden with wheat and barley, with wine, oil, and vegetables, and, above all, with soldiers and mariners, for the service of the capital. After a tedious delay, a gentle breeze, and, on the second day, a strong gale from the south, carried them through the Hellespont and the Propontis; but the city was already invested, by sea and land; and the Turkish fleet, at the entrance of the Bosphorus, was stretched from shore to shore, in the form of a crescent, to intercept, or at least to repel, these bold auxiliaries.

The reader, who has present to his mind the geographical picture of Constantinople, will conceive and admire the greatness of the spectacle. The five Christian ships continued to advance, with joyful shouts, and a full press, both of sails and oars, against a hostile fleet of three hundred vessels; and the rampart, the camp, the coasts of Europe and Asia, were lined with innumerable spectators, who anxiously awaited the event of this momentous succor. At the first view, that event could not appear doubtful; the superiority of the Moslems was beyond all measure or account; and, in a calm, their numbers and valor must inevitably have prevailed. But their hasty and imperfect navy had been created, not by the genius of the people, but by the will of the Sultan; in the height of their prosperity, the Turks have acknowledged that, if God had given them the earth, He had left the sea to the Infidels; and a series of defeats, a rapid progress of decay, has established the truth of their modest confession. Except eighteen galleys, of some force, the rest of their fleet consisted of open boats, rudely constructed and awkwardly managed, crowded with troops, and destitute of cannon; and since courage arises, in a great measure, from the consciousness of strength, the bravest of the Janizaries might tremble on a new element. In the Christian squadron, five stout and lofty ships were guided by skillful pilots, and manned with the veterans of

Italy and Greece, long practiced in the arts and perils of the sea. Their weight was directed to sink or scatter the weak obstacles that impeded their passage; their artillery swept the waters; their liquid fire was poured on the heads of the adversaries, who, with the design of boarding, presumed to approach them; and the winds and waves are always on the side of the ablest navigators.

In this conflict, the imperial vessel, which had been almost overpowered, was rescued by the Genoese; but the Turks, in a distant and closer attack, were twice repulsed, with considerable loss. Mohammed, himself, sat on horseback on the beach, to encourage their valor by his voice and presence, by the promise of reward, and by fear, more potent than the fear of the enemy. The passions of his soul, and even the gestures of his body, seemed to intimate the actions of the combatants; and, as if he had been the lord of nature, he spurred his horse, with a fearless and impotent effort, into the sea. His loud reproaches, and the clamors of the camp, urged the Ottomans to a third attack, more fatal and bloody than the two former; and I must repeat, though I cannot credit, the evidence of Phranza, who affirms, from their own mouth, that they lost above twelve thousand men in the slaughter of the day. They fled, in disorder, to the shores of Europe and Asia, while the Christian squadron, triumphant and unhurt, steered along the Bosphorus, and securely anchored within the chain of the harbor. In the confidence of victory, they boasted that the whole Turkish power must have yielded to their arms; but the admiral or captain bashaw found some consolation for a painful wound in his eye, by representing that accident as the cause of his defeat. Baltha Ogli was a renegade of the race of the Bulgarian princes; his military character was tainted with the unpopular vice of avarice; and, under the despotism of the prince or people, misfortune is a sufficient evidence of guilt. His rank and services were annihilated, by the displeasure of Mohammed. In the royal presence, the captain bashaw was extended on the ground by four slaves, and received one hundred strokes with a golden rod; his death had been pronounced; and he adored the clemency of the Sultan, who was satisfied with the milder punish-

ment of confiscation and exile. The introduction of this supply revived the hopes of the Greeks, and accused the supineness of their western allies.

The reduction of the city appeared to be hopeless, unless a double attack could be made, from the harbor, as well as from the land; but the harbor was inaccessible; an impenetrable chain was now defended by eight large ships, more than twenty of a smaller size, with several galleys and sloops; and, instead of forcing this barrier, the Turks might apprehend a naval sally, and a second encounter in the open sea.

In this perplexity, the genius of Mohammed conceived and executed a plan, of a bold and marvellous cast, of transporting, by land, his lighter vessels and military stores, from the Bosphorus into the higher part of the harbor. The distance is about ten miles; the ground is uneven, and was overspread with thickets; and, as the road must be opened behind the suburb of Galata, their free passage, or total destruction, must depend on the option of the Genoese. But these selfish merchants were ambitious of the favor of being the last devoured; and the deficiency of art was supplied by the strength of obedient myriads. A level way was covered with a broad platform of strong and solid planks; and, to render them more slippery and smooth, they were anointed with the fat of sheep and oxen. Fourscore light galleys and brigantines, of fifty and thirty oars, were disembarked on the Bosphorus shore; arranged successively on rollers, and drawn forward by the power of men and pulleys. Two guides or pilots were stationed at the helm and the prow of each vessel; the sails were unfurled to the winds; and the labor was cheered by song and acclamation.

In the course of a single night, this Turkish fleet painfully climbed the hill, steered over the plain, and was launched from the declivity into the shallow waters of the harbor, far above the molestation of the deeper vessels of the Greeks.

The real importance of this operation was magnified, by the consternation and confidence which it inspired; but the notorious, unquestionable fact was displayed before the eyes, and is recorded by the pens, of the two nations. A similar stratagem had been repeatedly practiced by the ancients: the

Ottoman galleys should be considered as large boats; and, if we compare the magnitude and the distance, the obstacles and the means, the boasted miracle has, perhaps, been equalled by the industry of our own times.

As soon as Mohammed had occupied the upper harbor, with a fleet and army, he constructed, in the narrowest part, a bridge, or rather mole, of fifty cubits in breadth, and one hundred in length; it was formed of casks and hogsheads, joined with rafters, linked with iron, and covered with a solid floor. On this floating battery, he planted one of his largest cannon, while the fourscore galleys, with the troops and scaling ladders, approached the most accessible side, which had formerly been stormed by the Latin conquerors. The indolence of the Christians has been accused for not destroying these unfinished works; but their fire, by a superior fire, was controlled and silenced; nor were they wanting in a nocturnal attempt to burn the vessels, as well as the bridge, of the Sultan. His vigilance prevented their approach; their foremost galliots were sunk, or taken; forty youths, the bravest of Italy and Greece, were inhumanly massacred at his command; nor could the Emperor's grief be assuaged by the just, though cruel retaliation, of exposing from the walls, the heads of two hundred and sixty Mussulman captives.

After the siege of forty days, the fate of Constantinople could no longer be averted. The diminutive garrison was exhausted by a double attack; the fortifications, which had stood, for ages, against hostile violence, were dismantled, on all sides, by the Ottoman cannon; many breaches were opened; and near the gate of St. Romanus, four towers had been leveled with the ground. For the payment of his feeble and mutinous troops, Constantine was compelled to despoil the churches, with the promise of a fourfold restitution; and his sacrilege offered a new reproach to the enemies of the union. A spirit of discord impaired the remnant of the Christian strength: the Genoese and Venetian auxiliaries asserted the preëminence of their respective service; and Justiniani and the great Duke, whose ambition was not extinguished by the common danger, accused each other of treachery and cowardice.

During the siege of Constantinople, the words of peace and capitulation had been sometimes pronounced ; and several embassies had passed between the camp and the city. The Greek Emperor was humbled by adversity ; and would have yielded to any terms, compatible with religion and royalty. The Turkish Sultan was desirous of sparing the blood of his soldiers ; still more desirous of securing, for his own use, the Byzantine treasures; and he accomplished a sacred duty in presenting to the *Gabours*, the choice of circumcision, of tribute, or of death. The avarice of Mohammed might have been satisfied with an annual sum of one hundred thousand ducats; but his ambition grasped the capital of the East; to the Prince he offered a rich equivalent, to the people, a free toleration, or a safe departure ; but, after some fruitless treaty, he declared his resolution of finding either a throne or a grave under the walls of Constantinople. A sense of honor, and the fear of universal reproach, forbade Palæologus to resign the city into the hands of the Ottomans ; and he determined to abide the last extremities of war.

Several days were employed by the Sultan in the preparations of the assault ; and a respite was granted by his favorite science of astrology, which had fixed on the 29th of May, as the fortunate and fatal hour. On the evening of the 27th, he issued his final orders ; assembled in his presence the military chiefs ; and dispersed his heralds through the camp to proclaim the duty, and the motives of the perilous enterprise. Fear is the first principle of a despotic government; and his menaces were expressed in the Oriental style, that the fugitives and deserters, had they the wings of a bird, should not escape his inexorable justice. The greatest part of his bashaws and Janizaries were the offspring of Christian parents; but the glories of the Turkish name were perpetuated by successive adoption ; and, in the gradual change of individuals, the spirit of a legion, a regiment, or an *oda*, is kept alive by imitation and discipline. In the holy warfare, the Moslems were exhorted to purify their minds with prayer, and their bodies with seven ablutions ; and to abstain from food till the close of the ensuing day. A crowd of dervishes visited the tents to instill the desire of martyrdom and the assurance of

spending an immortal youth amidst the rivers and gardens of paradise, and in the embrace of the black-eyed virgins. Yet Mohammed principally trusted to the efficacy of temporal and visible rewards. A double pay was promised to the victorious troops. "The city and the buildings," said Mohammed, "are mine; but I resign to your valor the captives and the spoil, the treasures of gold and beauty; be rich and be happy. Many are the provinces of my empire; the intrepid soldier who first ascends the walls of Constantinople shall be rewarded with the government of the fairest and most wealthy; and my gratitude shall accumulate his honors and fortunes above the measure of his own hopes." Such various and potent motives diffused among the Turks a general ardor, regardless of life, and impatient for action. The camp re-echoed with the Moslem shouts of "God is God, there is but one God, and Mohammed is the apostle of God;" and the sea and land, from Galata to the Seven Towers, were illuminated by the blaze of their nocturnal fires.

Far different was the state of the Christians; who, with loud and impatient complaints, deplored the guilt or the punishment of their sins. The celestial image of the Virgin had been exposed in solemn procession, but their divine patroness was deaf to their entreaties; they accused the obstinacy of the Emperor for refusing a timely surrender; anticipated the horrors of their fate; and sighed for the repose and security of Turkish servitude. The noblest of the Greeks, and the bravest of the allies, were summoned to the palace to prepare them, on the evening of the 28th, for the duties and dangers of the general assault. The last speech of Palæologus was the funeral oration of the Roman Empire; he promised, he conjured, and he vainly attempted to infuse the hope which was extinguished in his own mind.

In this world all was comfortless and gloomy; and neither the gospel nor the church has proposed any conspicuous recompense to the heroes who fall in the service of their country. But the example of their prince, and the confinement of a siege, had armed these warriors with the courage of despair; and the pathetic scene is described by the feelings of the historian Phranza, who himself was present at this mourn-

ful assembly. They wept, they embraced; regardless of their families and fortunes, they devoted their lives; and each commander, departing to his station, maintained, all night, a vigilant and anxious watch on the rampart. The emperor and some faithful companions entered the dome of St. Sophia, which, in a few hours, was to be converted into a mosque, and devoutly received, with tears and prayers, the sacrament of the holy communion. He reposed, some moments, in the palace, which resounded with cries and lamentations, solicited the pardon of all whom he might have injured, and mounted on horseback to visit the guards and explore the motions of the enemy. The distress and the fall of the last Constantine are more glorious than the long prosperity of the Byzantine Cæsars.

In the confusion of darkness an assailant may sometimes succeed; but in this great and general attack, the military judgment and astrological knowledge of Mohammed advised him to expect the morning, the memorable 29th of May, 1453. The preceding night had been strenuously employed; the troops, the cannon, and the fascines, were advanced to the edge of the ditch, which, in many parts, presented a smooth and level passage to the beach, and his fourscore galleys almost touched with the prows and their scaling ladders the less defensible walls of the harbor. Under pain of death, silence was enjoined; but the physical laws of motion and sound are not obedient to discipline or fear; each individual might suppress his voice and measure his footsteps, but the march and labor of thousands must inevitably produce a strange confusion of dissonant clamors, which reached the ears of the watchmen of the towers.

At daybreak, without the customary signal of the morning gun, the Turks assaulted the city by sea and land, and the similitude of a twined and twisted thread has been applied to the closeness and continuity of their line of attack. The foremost ranks consisted of the refuse of the host, a voluntary crowd, who fought without order or command; of the feebleness of age or childhood, of peasants and vagrants, and of all who had joined the camp in the blind hope of plunder and martyrdom. The common impulse drove them onwards to

the wall; the most audacious to climb were instantly precipitated, and not a dart nor a bullet of the Christians was idly wasted on the accumulated throng. But their strength and ammunition were exhausted in this laborious defence; the ditch was filled with the bodies of the slain; they supported the footsteps of their companions, and of this devoted vanguard, the death was more serviceable than the life.

Under their respective bashaws and sanjaks the troops of Anatolia and Romania were successively led to the charge. Their progress was various and doubtful; but, after a conflict of two hours, the Greeks still maintained and improved their advantage; and the voice of the Emperor was heard, encouraging his soldiers to achieve by a last effort the deliverance of their country. In that fatal moment the Janizaries arose, fresh, vigorous, and invincible. The Sultan himself, on horseback, with an iron mace in his hand, was the spectator and judge of their valor. He was surrounded by ten thousand of his domestic troops, whom he reserved for the decisive occasion, and the tide of battle was directed and impelled by his voice and eye. His numerous ministers of justice were posted behind the line to urge, restrain and to punish, and, if danger was in the front, shame and inevitable death were in the rear of the fugitives. The cries of fear and pain were drowned in the martial music of drums, trumpets and attaballs; and experience has proved that the mechanical operation of sounds, by quickening the circulation of blood and spirits, will act on the human machine more forcibly than the eloquence of reason and honor. From the lines, the galleys, and the bridge, the Ottoman artillery thundered on all sides, and the camp and city, the Greeks and the Turks, were involved in a cloud of smoke which could only be dispelled by the final deliverance or destruction of the Roman empire.

The immediate loss of Constantinople may be ascribed to the bullet or arrow which pierced the gauntlet of John Justiniani. The sight of his blood and the exquisite pain appalled the courage of the chief whose arms and counsels were the firmest rampart of the city. As he withdrew from his station in quest of a surgeon, his flight was perceived and stopped by the indefatigable Emperor. "Your wound,"

exclaimed Palæologus, "is slight; the danger is pressing; your presence is necessary; and whither will you retire?" "I will retire," said the trembling Genoese, "by the same road which God has opened to the Turks;" and, at these words he hastily passed through one of the breaches of the inner wall. By this pusillanimous act he stained the honors of a military life, and the few days which he survived in Galata or the isle of Chios, were embittered by his own and the public reproach. His example was imitated by the greatest part of the Latin auxiliaries and the defence began to slacken when the attack was pressed with redoubled vigor.

The number of the Ottomans was fifty, perhaps a hundred times superior to that of the Christians. The double walls were reduced by the cannon to a heap of ruins. In a circuit of several miles some places must be found more easy of access or more feebly guarded, and, if the besiegers could penetrate in a single point the whole city was irrevocably lost. The first who deserved the Sultan's reward was Hassan the Janizary, of gigantic stature and strength. With his scimetar in one hand and his buckler in the other he ascended the outward fortification. Of the thirty Janizaries who were emulous of his valor, eighteen perished in the bold adventure. Hassan and his twelve companions had reached the summit; the giant was precipitated from the rampart; he rose on one knee and was again oppressed by a shower of darts and stones. But his success had proved that the achievement was possible: the walls and towers were instantly covered with a swarm of Turks, and the Greeks, now driven from the vantage ground, were overwhelmed by increasing multitudes.

Amidst these multitudes the emperor, who accomplished all the duties of a general and a soldier, was long seen and finally lost. The nobles who fought round his person sustained till their last breath the honorable names of Palæologus and Contacuzene. His mournful exclamation was heard, "Cannot there be found a Christian to cut off my head?" and his last fear was that of falling, alive, into the hands of the infidels. The prudent despair of Constantine cast away the purple. Amidst the tumult he fell by an unknown hand, and his body was buried under a mountain of the slain.

After his death resistance and order were no more. The Greeks fled toward the city, and many were pressed and stifled in the narrow pass of the gate of St. Romanus. The victorious Turks rushed through the breaches of the inner wall, and as they advanced into the streets they were soon joined by their brethren, who had forced the gate Phenar, on the side of the harbor. In the first heat of the pursuit, above two thousand Christians were put to the sword ; but avarice soon prevailed over cruelty, and the victors acknowledge that they should immediately have given quarter, if the valor of the Emperor and his chosen bands had not prepared them for a similar opposition in every part of the capital.

It was thus, after a siege of fifty-three days, that Constantinople, which had defied the power of Chosroes, the Chagan, and the caliphs, was irretrievably subdued by the arms of Mohammed the Second. Her empire had only been subverted by the Latins ; her religion was trampled in the dust by the Moslem conquerors.—E. GIBBON.

BABER.

MACAULAY, who spent ten years in India, gives the following graphic picture of the people and the government which the British overthrew in order to establish their own power in the East:

"The people of India were ten times as numerous as the Americans whom the Spaniards vanquished, and were, at the same time, quite as highly civilized as the victorious Spaniards. They had raised cities larger and fairer than Saragossa or Toledo, and buildings more beautiful and costly than Seville. They could show bankers richer than the richest firms of Barcelona or Cadiz, viceroys whose splendor far surpassed that of Ferdinand the Catholic, myriads of cavalry and long trains of artillery which would have astonished the Great Captain.

"The empire which Baber and his Moguls reared in the sixteenth century was long one of the most extensive and splendid in the world. In no European kingdom was so large a population subject to a single prince, or so large a revenue poured into the treasury. The beauty and magnificence of the buildings erected by the sovereigns of Hindostan amazed even travelers who had seen St. Peter's. The innumerable retinues and gorgeous decorations which surrounded the throne of Delhi dazzled even eyes which were accustomed to the pomp of Versailles. Some of the great viceroys, who held their posts by virtue of commission from the Mogul, ruled as many subjects as the King of France or the Emperor of Germany. Even the deputies of these

deputies might well rank, as to extent of territory and amount of revenue, with the Grand Duke of Tuscany or the Elector of Saxony."

Baber Mohammed, the founder of this magnificent empire, was perhaps the most singular personage in Oriental history. He may be said to have spent his life in winning and losing kingdoms. He was a great-great-grandson of Timur, or Tamerlane, and became the first of the Great Moguls. He professed to be a Mohammedan, yet he did not allow his religion to prevent him from drinking wine. He possessed great bodily strength and agility, and was equally distinguished by courage and generosity.

Baber was born in February, 1483, and was a son of Omar, King of Ferghâna, a valley drained by the Upper Jaxartes. On the death of his father, in 1495, he succeeded to the throne at the age of twelve. His uncles then made an unsuccessful attempt to usurp the royal power. From this time his career was marked by a series of extraordinary vicissitudes. In 1497 this brave boy attacked and took the important city of Samarcand. While at a distance from his capital, he was expelled from the kingdom of Ferghâna by a rebellion of Mogul chiefs. While he was marching to recover it, his troops deserted and he lost Samarcand. With a band of 240 men he attacked that city, then one of the strongest in Asia, and defended by a well-trained army. Scaling the walls in the night, he produced such a panic in the army that the king, Subiani, fled and abandoned his kingdom without a battle. But the prize did not remain long in the conqueror's grasp. In 1501 the Khan of the Usbeks defeated Baber in battle and expelled him from Samarcand. For three years the dethroned monarch wandered about with a few followers, trying to recover his possessions. Then he crossed the mountain range of Hindoo-Kush, captured Cabul and acquired a new kingdom. The state of anarchy to which that fertile region had been reduced made the people welcome a ruler of vigorous character and high reputation.

A few years later his own Moguls raised a formidable insurrection against him at Cabul. The dauntless warrior challenged successively, and killed in single combat, five of

his leading opponents; and then the hostile army, moved by admiration or fear, submitted to him. Aided by Shah Ismael of Persia, he recovered Samarcand in 1511. Having been again defeated in battle by the warlike Usbeks, he retreated to Cabul. Thenceforth he turned his arms against the richer and less vigorous tribes of the south, and conducted several expeditions to the frontier of Hindostan. Finally he invaded India with an army of 13,000 horse, and marched against Delhi, the capital. Ibrahim, King of Delhi, who opposed him with 100,000 men, was defeated and killed at the battle of Paniput, in April, 1526. Ibrahim was the last monarch of the Gaurian or Patan dynasty.

Baber was now seated on the throne of Delhi, renowned in the annals of India; but his possession was not secure. His enemies raised an army of about 150,000 men, while Baber had no reliable troops but the small army he had brought with him into India. In this critical condition his bravest captains advised him to retreat; but his indomitable spirit repelled the idea of renouncing without a strugggle so great an empire. He required his soldiers to swear on the Koran to conquer or die. The enemy had great superiority in cavalry; Baber's chief strength consisted in a body of musketeers and a train of artillery. He was attacked at Kanweh, in March, 1527, and gained a decisive victory, which rendered him absolute master of India. He lived but a few years to enjoy his power, dying in December, 1530. He was succeeded by his son Humayoon.

Baber left interesting commentaries on the events of his own life, and is considered the most accomplished prince that ever ruled over Hindostan. He was a master in the arts of music and poetry. His strength and dexterity in sports and in warlike exercises are described as almost preternatural. Many stories are told of his clemency and humanity to his inveterate enemies. He was almost as often defeated as victorious; but his exploits are considered to be equal to the most heroic of those achieved by his ancestor, Tamerlane.

The Founding of the Mogul Empire.

Established in the capital of Hindostan, Baber had nothing to dread from either Afghans or Hindoos singly; but his advent and conquest more or less dispossessed them both, and common interest in their territory and revenues induced them to make common cause against him. Singly, their opposition was of no importance, but united it became serious; all that was required, apparently, to ensure his destruction was a leader who should be able to unite the two great parties. Such a man was not long wanting. Rana Sanka, head of the Rajpoot principality of Cheetore, was the leader on whom the eyes of the inhabitants of Hindostan—Hindoos and Mussulmans alike—were turned in their extremity.

Born of the most ancient lineage of Hindostan, bred to battles and bloodshed, despising alike Afghans and Turks, and glorying in the chivalrous race who owned him as chief, and who looked forward to the time when he should regain the empire of his ancestors, and be seated on the throne of Nushirwan the Just, Rana Sanka was a warrior after Baber's own heart, a foeman in every respect worthy of his steel. His person bore unmistakable signs of his valor and his delight in war. He was of middle stature, great muscular strength, and exhibited an unusual amount of wounds; he had lost an eye and an arm, had a leg broken with a cannon ball, and counted eighty wounds from lance and sword in various parts of his body: 80,000 horse, seven rajas of the highest rank, nine rajas of lesser rank, and 104 chieftains with 500 war elephants followed the standard of the Rajpoot prince.

For more than forty years he had been exercising his warrior subjects with predatory incursions into the neighboring kingdom of Malwa or Guzerat, or in more formidable warfare with the Afghan sovereigns of Hindostan. He had defeated in battle Sultan Mahmoud, the great king of Malwa, and had annexed some of his most valuable provinces; twice he had made war on Ibrahim, and twice he had defeated him in pitched battle.

Constantly intent on restoring Rajpoot supremacy in

Hindostan, Rana Sanka saw in the invasion of Baber an opportunity of destroying the Afghan dynasty; that once accomplished, he had little fear of disposing of the handful of strangers who hoped to rise on their ruin.

He opened communications with Baber at Sealkote, prior to the calamitous defeat of Alim Khan, in which it was arranged that whilst Baber attacked Ibrahim by marching on Delhi, the Rana was to attack him on the side of Agra; this latter part of the compact, however, he entirely neglected to perform, for, whilst Baber advanced and secured these two capitals, the Rana made no sign whatever.

The battle of Paniput, that fulfilled the first part of the programme by shattering the Afghan power, made it imperative on him at once to strike the blow that was to destroy the new race of invaders and establish himself in the ancient seats of Rajpoot supremacy.

In the mean time, north, south, east and west, the flame of disturbance and discontent spread like wildfire amongst a host of discontented nobles and princes. Everywhere the Hindoos and Afghans united against the interlopers, till Rana Sanka found himself at the head of 100,000 of the picked warriors of Hindostan.

This imposing array was at first successful, and the vanguard of Baber's army defeated with loss. But these moments of temporary disaster and waning confidence were those best suited to the genius of Baber. Like Marshal Masséna, he was careless and heedless in all his preparations for a campaign; guiltless of forethought, but in time of action unequalled in history for energy and startling deeds of daring. The tactics of Baber were rather those of a successful partisan than of a great conqueror; he would, at some particular crisis or emergency, rouse himself to extraordinary action, and probably for the time eclipse the greatest conqueror that had ever lived; but the success attained, or the crisis averted, he would sink again into indolence and indifference; his nature was that of the giant, confident in his strength, but unwilling to rouse himself until compelled to do so.

The energy of the conqueror never rests; it is always on full stretch, striving onward and allowing no circumstance to

stay its progress. With him battles are merely the means towards the great end of conquest. Baber liked fighting for fighting's sake, and saw in a battle not so much the means of gratifying his ambition as the actual object of his delight. He would invariably rouse himself with fury for the fight that was unavoidable, and was always successful; but once victorious, he relaxed in his endeavors; and, like Hannibal and many great generals, was slow to take advantage of success.

Finding his chiefs discouraged he called a council of war, but it was like that of Clive at Plassy, or of Nelson before the battle of the Nile, not to elicit from them an excuse for avoiding the contest, but to express to all his unflinching determination to conquer or die.

The splendid chivalry of such a man as Baber could not fail to inspirit men so impulsive and warlike as the Moguls. He urged them as soldiers to prefer death to defeat, and as true believers to prefer a crown of martyrdom to a life of infamy. The inspiring fanaticism of the Moslem creed worked its effect; and when, watching his opportunity, he seized the Koran, and proposed that all in his camp, serf and noble, squire and knight, should swear on the Holy Book to die rather than desert the field, not one man of the whole army held back. The success of an army so animated could never be doubtful; the green standard of the Prophet unfurled to the "Alla il alla" of such a host was sure to wave in victory. Baber could rely with the greatest confidence on his Mogul soldiery; but of his Hindoo levies he still entertained considerable mistrust. Like those of our own day, they were apt to waver in their allegiance the moment any power entered the field strong enough to threaten the fall of their existing masters.

Although the forethought of Baber, in suffering so formidable an army to assemble without opposition, may be open to criticism, his dispositions in the field were those of a practiced soldier; he was everywhere animating his troops and instructing his generals; and wherever the contest raged the fiercest, and the war-cry of his chiefs waxed the faintest, there was the calpac or lofty turban of Baber seen towering above the

battle. But he was fighting against fearful odds, and for many hours his army, completely outnumbered, was compressed into a circle, and hemmed in on every side by the superior forces of his assailants. Finding at length, however, that the enemy gained nothing, whilst his phalanx was as firm as at the first, Baber determined to change his tactics; and, placing himself at the head of the gallant tribes of Timour and Allum, he rushed with the fury of a baited lion on the foe. "Then," says Baber himself, in his memoirs, "that wonder of our age, Mustafa Rumi, charged with great slaughter, and made the heads of the Hindoos fall from their bodies like stars from the sky; and victory, whose countenance bedecked with waving tresses had been concealed beneath a veil, as the bride of futurity, came to greet the present;" the Heathens were scattered like teased wool and broken like bubbles of wine.

The army of the Hindoos and Afghans, exhausted with repeated onslaughts, and shaken by as many repulses, was soon completely broken. Baber, glorying in his might, charged through and through the now panic-stricken ranks, and in the evening not a cohort remained of the magnificent army that in the morning threatened his very existence.

Mohammed Baber was forty-four years of age, when, by the overthrow of the allied Afghan and Hindoo forces, he seated himself on the throne of Delhi, and finally established the Mogul dynasty in Hindostan.—SIR E. SULLIVAN.

AURENGZEBE.

AURENGZEBE, the famous Mogul Emperor of Hindostan, received the surname of *Alum-Geer*, "conqueror of the world." He was regarded by the Mussulmans of India as one of the greatest of their monarchs. He was born in October, 1618, and was a younger son of Emperor Shah Jahan, who had three other sons,—Dara, Sujah, and Murad. Dara, the eldest, was the favorite of his father, who wished him to be his successor. Sujah held the government of Bengal; Murad commanded in Guzerat; and Aurengzebe commanded in the Deccan.

Aurengzebe was a zealous and intolerant Mohammedan, who professed himself more ambitious of the character of a saint than of a prince. Abstaining from pleasure, he devoted himself to business. During his father's reign Aurengzebe gained several victories in the Deccan, and acquired more military skill than either of his brothers. Each of them began to contemplate a struggle for the throne on the death of his father. In 1657 Shah Jahan was seized with a severe illness, and Dara acted as regent, or practically usurped imperial power. Sujah raised an army to enforce his own claim to the throne. The crafty Aurengzebe made insidious overtures to Murad, professing that he had no temporal ambition; that he preferred Murad to Dara or Sujah, and persuaded Murad to coöperate with him in a war against the other brothers. Their united armies marched towards the capital, Delhi. In the meantime, Shah Jahan recovered, and Dara resigned his power. Dara's son defeated Sujah in battle, after which Dara raised for his father a large army, comprising 100,000 horse-

men. The army of Aurengzebe and Murad gained a decisive victory over Dara at Agra.

By the basest treachery Aurengzebe obtained possession of his father's person, and confined him in prison until his death. He also caused Murad to be arrested, while sleeping, and confined in prison. In 1658 Aurengzebe became Emperor of Hindostan; but Dara and Sujah still lived, and, commanding independent armies, defied his power. Aurengzebe defeated Sujah at Allahabad. Dara's army was intrenched near Ajmere in a position of great strength. The emperor, who could not provoke Dara to come out and fight, resorted to a stratagem. Dara was persuaded to open a gate of his camp to admit men who professed that they wished to desert from the camp of Aurengzebe. But the whole army of the enemy rushed in the gate and routed the army of Dara, who was put to death by order of the emperor. Sujah was defeated by the imperial army and fled to Arracan, where he was soon killed.

Aurengzebe was now in undisputed possession of the wealthy and powerful Mogul empire; but his government tended rather to waste than to increase its power. His persecution of the Hindoos, who were not Mohammedans, provoked the brave Mahrattas to revolt. He endeavored to enforce the precepts of his faith, and would not permit any disorder or licentiousness in his court. Bernier, a French traveler, resided many years in India as physician to the emperor, and afterwards wrote "Memoirs of the Empire of the Great Mogul." His description shows a wealthy country sinking to ruin, rather than one flourishing under a good government. He was among the first to dispel the impression which prevailed in Europe of the mighty and unconquerable armies engaged in Mogul warfare. Even the numbers had been greatly exaggerated. The only efficient department was the cavalry, of which the portion immediately attached to the monarch's residence did not exceed 40,000, nor could the whole under his command much exceed 200,000. The infantry, including the artillery stationed at the capital, might amount to 15,000. The innumerable hosts of foot soldiers said to compose the Mogul army consisted chiefly of servants, victuallers, foragers and others who followed in its train, con-

veying tents and supplying provisions, cattle, and everything wanted for the men and officers. This attendance was so numerous that when the imperial army marched, all Delhi and Agra might be described as proceeding along with it; and, indeed, these cities could be considered as little more than standing camps; while the camps, on the other hand, with their streets of tents and regular markets, might be viewed as moving cities. Bernier's account made a great impression on the people of Western Europe, and contemporary literature, French and English, is full of references to the wealth and magnificence of the Great Mogul.

Sevaji, the founder of the Mahratta empire in India, waged war against Aurengzebe about 1670 and defeated him. In 1686 Aurengzebe invaded the Deccan with a large army and conquered Bejapur and Golconda, which were annexed to his dominions. His bigotry impelled him to violent measures for the extirpation of the Brahman religion, professed by a large majority of his subjects. He razed to the ground the splendid temples of Benares and Muttra, and erected mosques on their sites. These and other outrages caused him to be detested by the majority of the Hindoos.

Aurengzebe continued many years to occupy the throne of the Mogul dominion, which, under him, attained to its greatest extent and its highest glory. After he had added to it the kingdoms of the Deccan, it included nearly the whole peninsula of India, with the neighboring regions of Cabul and Assam. The population and wealth probably exceeded those of the Roman empire during its most flourishing period. The revenues amounted to $160,000,000, which was then probably unexampled in the world. His internal administration seems to have been decidedly superior to that of his immediate predecessors. Amid the somewhat ostentatious display and matchless splendor of his court his personal conduct remained pure. Early in the morning he was seated in the hall of justice, accessible to the meanest of his subjects, administering the law with the strictest impartiality, redressing their wrongs, and even relieving their suffering by his bounty.

In his old age his filial impiety returned to plague his spirit. He was troubled by the disposition which his own

sons showed to imitate their father by rebellion against him. Mohammed, his eldest son, had died in prison, after he had been openly disloyal. Akbar, another son, joined the hostile standard of the Mahrattas. Shah Alum, his second son, had not openly rebelled, but he did not enjoy the confidence of his father. Aurengzebe died in February, 1707, in the forty-ninth year of his reign, and was succeeded by Shah Alum.

Were we to place implicit reliance in the Mohammedan historians, we should imagine the reign of Aurengzebe to have been for India a golden age, an era of felicity almost unparalleled in the history of mankind. But in the provinces and remote districts the people had no adequate protection from the rapacity of the governors, who ruled with arbitrary power, and were "men fit for ruining a world."

The Rival Brothers.

Aurengzebe was seated on the throne of India, but his position could not be considered secure while his brothers Dara and Sujah lived and were at the head of powerful armies. The former, from his brilliant qualities, and his designation to the empire by Shah Jehan, inspired the greatest apprehension; and against him the first efforts of the new sovereign were directed. Having withdrawn into Lahore, Dara had collected an army more numerous than that of his adversary, but composed chiefly of new levies, whom he was afraid to bring into the field against his brother's veteran forces. He therefore retreated beyond the Indus; but retreat in these circumstances, and with such troops, was not less disastrous than actual defeat. His force gradually melted away, and he arrived at Tatta with only a small band of faithful adherents.

It would now have been the policy of Aurengzebe to pursue Dara without intermission till he had completed his destruction; but he was necessarily checked by the intelligence that his brother Sujah with a large force was advancing from Bengal. He found this rival very strongly posted near Allahabad; but, trusting to the valor and hardihood of his own troops, he resolved to attack him. Early in the day, however, the Rajpoot bands, who had accompanied him only through compulsion, fled from the field, and even began to assail his

rear; so that the Mogul troops, left alone, were soon very hard pressed. The elephant on which Aurengzebe rode received a severe shock, and fell on its knees; whereupon the emperor drew one foot out of the stirrup, preparing to alight; but as in an Indian battle the presence of the monarch on his war-elephant is the rallying point round which the army fights, Jumla, the vizier, called out, "You are descending from your throne." The prince felt the truth and importance of the advice, resumed his seat, and even caused the feet of the animal to be chained to the spot. Thus, cased indeed in strong armor, he remained exposed to the darts and arrows of the enemy. His men, encouraged by the gallant example of their chief, rallied, and, making the most desperate efforts, caused their opponents to give way. Sujah, finding his elephant disabled, committed the error which his rival had avoided, and mounted a horse. The view of the royal elephant moving into the rear without a rider spread general dismay, which ended in a total rout; and the prince found present safety only by throwing himself into the strong fortress of Monghir.

Aurengzebe was again obliged to allow some respite to a vanquished adversary; for Dara, after reaching Tatta, recrossed the Indus, and proceeded through the Great Desert into the province of Guzerat. There he prevailed upon the governor, whose daughter had been married to Murad, to espouse his cause; and having raised a considerable army, he advanced into Rajpootana, and in the neighborhood of Ajmere, its capital, intrenched himself in a position of extraordinary strength. Aurengzebe, on hastening thither, saw with dismay the commanding ground on which his brother had encamped. He endeavored, by presenting his army in order of battle, and even by studied insults, to provoke the proud Dara to come forth and fight; but the prince had the prudence to decline these challenges. The emperor, however, always fertile in stratagem, devised a new scheme. Having in his camp the two chiefs who had been mainly instrumental in gaining over the army of Dara's son, Solimân, he caused them to write a letter to the former, assuring him that they had been induced only by imperious circumstances to forsake his cause, which they were anxious again to embrace; and that if he would

leave open a certain gate at a particular hour, they, with all their followers, would enter, and place themselves under his command.

In vain did the oldest and most prudent counselors warn Dara of the danger to which this step would expose him, and of the wiles of Aurengzebe. Rash, credulous, and inaccessible to advice, he allowed himself to be dazzled by the prospect of an accession to his force which would have given him a complete superiority. The gate was opened at the appointed time, the chiefs rushed in, and were soon followed by the whole imperial army. Dara, too late undeceived, attempted still a gallant though vain resistance, being totally routed, and obliged to fly with a very small remnant of his troops. He bent his way to the capital of Guzerat, hoping there to find an asylum; but the governor refused him admittance. A band of Mahrattas, his sole remaining troops, seeing his fortunes lost, took the opportunity to plunder the camp, leaving nothing except what was concealed in the tents of the women.

The luckless Dara was then compelled to undertake without any preparation a march across the desert, in a plight still more miserable than that in which the same disastrous journey had been performed by his ancestor Humaioon. Amid the horrors of fatigue and thirst, beneath a burning sun, a number of his faithful followers successively lay down and expired. At the head of a few survivors he reached Tatta, and might thence have pushed on into Persia, where he would probably have been well received; but at this crisis Nadira Bana, his favorite wife, was at the point of death, and he could not endure the thought of leaving this beloved object to expire amid strangers. He sought the hospitality of Jihon Khan, a neighboring ruler; but this was another of his rash acts. Jihon was a violent and bloody chief, who, after being twice condemned to death by Shah Jehan, had been pardoned at the prince's intercession. Dara had indeed the melancholy satisfaction of paying the last duties to his sultana; but on attempting to depart, found himself surrounded by a body of troops, who delivered him to Khan Jehan, the imperial general, then in close pursuit of him. The prince, when he saw his fate

inevitable, assumed a demeanor of majestic fortitude, and maintained during the whole journey a calm dignity, soothing his grief by verses composed by himself on his own eventful history. He was led through Delhi miserably equipped and almost in rags. But Aurengzebe had miscalculated the effect of this exhibition. The multitude, when they beheld their once noble and gallant ruler led to death under circumstances so fearfully changed, and beside him his son, a spirited and graceful boy, over whom so dark a fate impended, were seized with the deepest sympathy, and melted into tears, mingled with curses against the tyrant. Jihon, the betrayer, was killed on his way home, while Delhi seemed on the eve of insurrection. The emperor felt that he must hasten to close the tragedy. A band of assassins was introduced in the night, beneath whose blows the unfortunate prince fell, after a desperate resistance; and, through the address of the monarch, the commotion in the capital quickly subsided.

Aurengzebe had now only to dispose of Sujah, who, under favor of this diversion, had rallied his broken forces. But as little apprehension was felt in that quarter, it was thought enough to detach against him Prince Mohammed and Jumla the vizier. This expedition, however, received a striking interest from a very unexpected and moving incident. Mohammed had been early betrothed to a daughter of Sujah, for whom he had conceived a strong attachment; and though in the late tumult of events he had forgotten this youthful impression, a letter which the princess in concert with her father now wrote to him led to a revival of all his tenderness. He determined to quit the army, and espouse the cause of his uncle. It does not seem improbable that he cherished some secret intention of imitating the example of Aurengzebe himself, by fighting his way to the empire. Being highly elated with the part he performed in the late revolution, and the offer made to him by his grandfather, he had often been heard to boast that it was he who placed the crown on his father's head. He fondly flattered himself that the army would follow his example, which, when combined with that of Sujah, would compose a force so overwhelming as to defy all resistance. He embarked on the Ganges, as if upon a party of

pleasure, and returned not. The troops, on discovering his intention, were at first greatly agitated; but the prudence and vigor of Jumla preserved their attachment to Aurengzebe, and prevented any desertion. Sujah received his illustrious relative with the highest distinction, and, the nuptials having been celebrated with great pomp, he led out his army, and offered battle. Mohammed placed himself in the foremost line, and when he saw the flower of the opposing cavalry bear down upon him, vainly imagined that they came to join his standard. But their fierce onset soon undeceived him. Both he and Sujah behaved with the greatest valor, though the effeminate troops of Bengal could not withstand the veteran forces led by Jumla, who gained a complete victory.

Mohammed's situation was now distressing, and the arts of his father rendered it desperate. Aurengzebe wrote a letter, addressed to him as if in answer to one from himself, treating of a plan for deserting the cause of his father-in-law. It was so arranged that this letter fell into the hands of Sujah, who thereupon conceived suspicions which the most solemn protestations of Mohammed could not remove. No violence was indeed offered to him, but he was informed that he and his wife must depart from Bengal. All India being now under the sway of the relentless Aurengzebe, the prince had no resource but to throw himself upon the mercy of one who never trusted those that had once deceived him. Mohammed was immediately arrested, and sent to the strong fortress of Gwalior, where he pined away the remainder of his life, which terminated in seven years. Sujah fled into Arracan, where, betrayed by the rajah, he and all his family perished. Solimân, the son of Dara, was taken prisoner among the Himalaya mountains, where he had sought refuge; and thus Aurengzebe was left without a rival.—H. MURRAY.

SHAH-JEHAN.

THE most beautiful building in the world is a tomb, the Taj-Mahal in India, the tribute of a wealthy monarch to the memory of a beloved wife. It was built by Shah-Jehan, the fifth Mogul Emperor of India. His court was celebrated for its splendor, and outrivalled that of any of the sovereigns of Europe of his time. He was a son of Jehan-Geer and a grandson of Akbar. As was frequently the case among the Mogul rulers, he rebelled against his father in 1623, and continued in rebellion for several years. Jehan-Geer died in November, 1627, leaving his throne to his more obedient son, Shariar. But Asiph Khan, the powerful minister of Jehan-Geer, wished to secure the throne for Shah-Jehan, who was then in the Deccan. He defeated Shariar in battle, took him prisoner and deprived him of sight. Shah-Jehan, on his arrival at the capital, caused his brother and all his living nephews to be put to death. Hitherto India had afforded no instance of such a sweeping proscription.

Soon after Shah-Jehan's accession, Lodi, who had been employed as a commander of the imperial army in the Deccan, and was an adherent of Shariar, raised the standard of rebellion in the Deccan, and induced the kings of Golconda and Bejapur to enter into a league against the Mogul. Shah-Jehan was not disposed to take the command in person, and was afraid to entrust the sole command to a single chief. He sent

detached bodies under several generals to attack the confederates at different points. Lodi having been appointed commander-in-chief conducted his operations with such skill that he baffled the efforts of the imperial army. Shah-Jehan finally committed the entire conduct of the war to Asiph Khan, who had secured for him his throne. His name struck the confederates with such terror that many of them retreated; and the King of Golconda sued for peace. Lodi, whose army was greatly reduced by desertion, was defeated and killed.

Delhi was the capital of the Mogul empire, but Agra was Shah-Jehan's favorite residence. He took to wife the daughter of Asiph Khan, his chief minister. His reign was pacific and prosperous, except when it was disturbed by his rebellious sons. He added the province of Assam to his dominions, and sent expeditions against Candahar and Balkh without important results. Though he was a free thinker and indifferent to the Mohammedan religion, he was so provoked by some absurdities of the Brahmin worship, that he began to make it an object of persecution; but he soon became sensible of his error and resumed the system of toleration. To this emperor India is indebted for the most beautiful and splendid monuments of architecture with which it is adorned. He founded the city of Shah-Jehanabad or New Delhi, and erected there a a palace of red granite, considered by Bishop Heber one of the noblest he ever saw, and far superior to the Kremlin at Moscow. He erected also at New Delhi a magnificent mosque called Jumma Musjid. The "peacock throne," formed of jewels and gems valued at $32,500,000, was constructed by him. But all his edifices were surpassed by the mausoleum called Taj-Mahal, raised at Agra, in honor of Noor Jehan, his favorite wife. It is built of pinkish-white marble inlaid with precious stones, and crowned with a lofty dome seventy feet in diameter. Its construction occupied 20,000 men for twenty-two years.

Shah-Jehan had four sons, Dara, Sujah, Aurengzebe and Murad, who were jealous rivals, and the three youngest rebelled against their father. Aurengzebe having defeated the imperial army, and put to death Dara and Sujah, obtained possession of his father's person by perfidious means, and confined him in prison at Agra about 1659. A large establish-

ment was granted to Shah-Jehan, who was treated with respect, but kept in captivity until his death, in 1666.

The Taj-Mahal.

The Wonder of Agra, the "Crown of the World"—the Taj, the Peerless Tomb, was built for the fair dead body of Arjamund Banoo Begum by her lord and lover, the Emperor Shah-Jehan. It is difficult to speak of what has been so often described, the charm of which remains nevertheless quite indescribable. Our first hours in Agra were devoted to contemplation of that tender elegy in marble, which by its beauty has made immortal the loveliness that it commemorates. The Tartar princes and princesses, from whom sprang the proud line of the Moguls, were wont in their lifetime to choose a piece of picturesque ground, to enclose it with high walls, embellish its precincts with flower-beds and groves of shady trees, and to build upon it a *Bara-duri*, a "twelve-gated" pleasure-house, where they took delight during the founder's life. When he died the pavilion became a mausoleum, and never again echoed with song and music. Perhaps the fair daughter of Asuf-Khan, Shah-Jehan's sultana, had loved this very garden in her life, for her remains were laid, at death, in its confines, while the emperor commissioned the best artificers of his time to build a resting-place for her dust worthy of the graces of mind and body which are recorded in the Persian verse upon her grave.

In all the world no queen had ever such a monument. You have read a thousand times all about the Taj; you know exactly—so you believe—what to expect. There will be the gateway of red stone with the embroidered sentences upon it from the "Holy Book," the demi-vault inlaid with flowers and scrolls, then the green garden opening a long vista over marble pavements, between masses of heavy foliage and mournful pillars of the cypress, ranged like sentinels to guard the solemnity of the spot. At the far end of this vista, beyond the fountains and marble platform, amid four stately white towers, you know what sweet and symmetrical dome will be beheld, higher than its breadth, solid and majestic, but yet soft and delicate in its swelling proportions and its milk-white sheen. Prepared to admire, you are also aware

of the defects alleged against the Taj—the rigidity of its outlines, the lack of shadow upon its unbroken front and flanks, and the colored inlaying said to make it less a triumph of architecture than of mosaic work, an illustration somewhat too striking and lavish of what is declared of the Moguls, that they "designed like giants, and finished like jewellers." You determine to judge it dispassionately, not carried away by the remembrance that twenty thousand workmen were employed for twenty-two years in its construction, that it cost hard upon two million pounds sterling, and that gems and precious stones came in camel-loads from all parts of the earth to furnish the inlayers with their material.

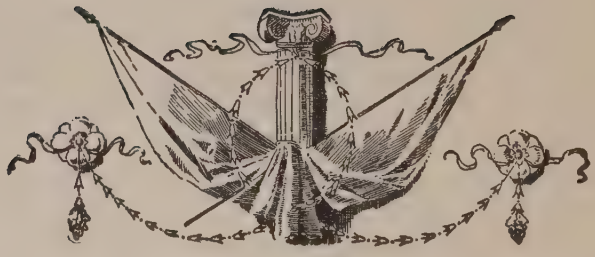
Then you pass beneath the stately portal—in itself sufficient to commemorate the proudest of princesses—and as the white cupola of the Taj rises before the gaze and reveals its beauty—grace by grace—you pace along the pavemented avenue, and the mind refuses to criticise what enchants the eye and fills the heart with a sentiment of reverence for the royal love which could thus translate itself into alabaster. If it be the time of sunlight, the day is softened into perpetual afternoon by the shadows cast from the palms and peepuls, the thuja trees, and the pomegranates, while the hot wind is cooled by the scent of roses and jasmine. If it be moonlight, the dark avenue leads the gaze mysteriously to the soft and lofty splendor of that dome. In either case, when the first platform is reached, and the full glory of this snow-white wonder comes into sight, one can no more stay to criticise its details than to analyze a beautiful face suddenly seen. Admiration, delight, astonishment blend in the absorbed thought with a feeling that human affection never struggled more ardently, passionately, and triumphantly against the oblivion of Death. There is one sustained, harmonious, majestic sorrowfulness of pride in it, from the verse on the entrance which says that "The pure of heart shall enter the Gardens of God," to the small, delicate letters of sculptured Arabic upon the tombstone which tell, with a refined humility, that Mumtaz-i-Mahal, the "Exalted of the Palace," lies here, and that "Allah alone is powerful."

The Garden helps the Tomb, as the Tomb dignifies the

Garden. It is such an orderly wilderness of rich vegetation as could only be had in Asia, broad flags of banana belting the dark tangle of banyan and bamboo, with the white pavements gleaming crosswise through the verdure. Yet if the Taj rose amid the sands of a dreary desert, the lovely edifice would beautify the waste, and turn it into a tender parable of the desolation of death, and the power of love, which is stronger than death. You pace round the four sides of the milk-white monument, pausing to observe the glorious prospect over the Indian plains, commanded from the platform on that face where Jumna washes the foot of the wall. Its magnitude now astounds. The plinth of the Taj is over one hundred yards each way, and it lifts its golden pinnacle two hundred and forty-four feet into the sky. From a distance this lovely and aerial dome sits, therefore, above the horizon like a rounded cloud. And having paced about it, and saturated the mind with its extreme and irresistible loveliness, you enter reverently the burial-place of the Princess Arjumund, to find the inner walls of the monument as much a marvel of subtle shadow and chastened light, decked with delicate jewellery, as the exterior was noble and simple. On the pure surface of this Hall of Death, and upon the columns, panels, and trellis-work of the marble screens surrounding the tomb, are patiently inlaid all sorts of graceful and elaborate embellishments—flowers, leaves, berries, scrolls, and sentences—in jasper, coral, blood-stone, lapis-lazuli, nacre, onyx, turquoise, sardonyx, and even precious gems.

This exquisite Abode of Death is haunted by spirits as delicate as their dwelling. They will not answer to rude noises, but if a woman's voice be gently raised in notes of hymn or song, if a chord is quietly sounded, echoes in the marble vault take up the music, diversify and amplify it with strange combinations of melodious sounds, slowly dying away, and re-arising, as if Israfil, "who has the sweetest voice of all Allah's angels," had set a guard of his best celestial minstrels to watch the death-couch of Arjamund. For, under the beautiful screens and the carved trellis-work of alabaster is the real resting-place of the "Exalted One of the Palace." She has the centre of the circular area, marked by a little

slab of snow-white marble; while by her side—a span loftier in height, because he was a man and emperor, but not displacing her from the pre-eminence of her grace and beauty—is the stone which marks the resting-spot of Shah-Jehan, her lord and lover. He has immortalized—if he could not preserve alive for one brief day—his peerless wife; yet the pathetic moral of it all is written in a verse hereabouts from the *Hudees*, or "traditions." It runs—after reciting the styles and titles of "His Majesty, King of Kings, Shadow of Allah, whose Court is as Heaven:"—"Saith Jesus (on whom be peace), This world is a bridge! pass thou over it, but build not upon it! This world is one hour; give its minutes to thy prayers; for the rest is unseen."—SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.



LORD CLIVE.

PERHAPS the most elegant and polished essay in our language, and one of the greatest ever written in any language, is that by Macaulay on Lord Clive.

It is an absolutely perfect model of finish, grace, and terse historical narrative, and is by universal consent the author's masterpiece.

It could only have been written by a great historian and under the inspiration of a great subject. Robert Lord Clive was, by the verdict of history, the founder of the British empire in India. But he was not only a conqueror, but a great statesman, and organizer of society. Yet he was of humble origin, born at Styche, a small estate near Market Drayton, in Shropshire, September 29, 1725. He was a son of Richard Clive, a lawyer and small proprietor. Robert, the oldest son, neglected his studies at school, and manifested a strong propensity to mischief. Pugnacious as a boy, he had throughout life an imperious temper. In 1743 this fighting lad, born with the instincts of a soldier, was appointed a writer in the service of the East India Company, then merely a trading corporation owning but a few acres in India.

Clive arrived at Madras near the end of 1744. His health was soon impaired by the oppressive climate, which was unmitigated by any of the modern devices used by European residents. His early letters to his relatives were despondent in tone, and he even attempted to kill himself; but his pistol missed fire. The surrender of Madras to the French, by whom he was taken a prisoner, was the turning point in

Clive's career. He disguised himself and fled to Fort St. David. He then resolved to follow his native genius and entered the army, obtaining a commission as ensign in 1747. Having served with distinction at the siege of Pondicherry, he was promoted to the rank of captain in 1751.

The French Governor Dupleix had, by a series of victories, made himself master of the Carnatic, and was the greatest potentate in India. In consequence of the bold actions of Dupleix, the position of the English was critical and almost desperate. This crisis was Clive's opportunity. In 1751, with a band of 500 men, he captured Arcot, the capital of the Carnatic, and defended it with success in a siege of seven weeks against 10,000 men. The defense of Arcot gave Captain Clive a European reputation, and produced an immense effect on the awe-stricken Hindoos. Victories at Arni and Caveripak enhanced his reputation. He sometimes carried audacity beyond the verge of rashness and had many narrow escapes. "Had the entire direction of the war been intrusted to Clive," says Macaulay, "it would probably have been brought to a speedy close, but the timidity and incapacity which appeared in all the movements of the English, except when he was personally present, protracted the struggle." The Carnatic was the only part of the world where the English and French were then fighting against each other.

In February, 1753, Clive married Margaret Maskelyne, a sister of the astronomer-royal, and returned to England for his health, which was completely broken. In England he led a life of luxurious and wanton extravagance, and showed himself the proverbial Indian nabob. His dress, his liveries, his carriage and horses were brilliant and costly, and he soon dissipated his fortune. In 1754 he was elected a member of Parliament by the Whigs; but his election was contested, and he was unseated. He could no longer look forward to a political career in England, and he applied to the India Company for employment. The directors appointed him Governor of Fort St. David, and the king having given him a commission of a lieutenant-colonel in the British army, he returned to India in 1755.

In 1756 Surajah Dowlah, the sensual nabob of Bengal,

captured the English garrison of Fort William, 146 in number. The whole number were thrust into the "Black Hole" of Calcutta. This infamous place was a small, dark room, which had been used by the English for the occasional confinement of refractory prisoners. But it could hardly contain the number then driven into it. No less than 123 died in the first night, while the guard looked on with indifference, because they dared not disturb the slumbers of the Nabob. The English government at Madras, having determined to avenge this outrage, appointed Clive commander-in-chief in Bengal. With an army of 2,400 men he arrived in Bengal in December, 1756, routed the garrison of Fort William, recovered Calcutta and took Hoogley by storm. Surajah sued for peace, and the English made a treaty with him. The treaty was no sooner concluded than he formed new designs against the English. Several powerful subjects of the Nabob conspired against him, and Clive co-operated with them. In these transactions with crafty and perfidious Hindoos, Clive practiced equal fraud and dissimulation, which were indefensible, even against dishonorable foes. "He descended without scruple," says Macaulay, "to falsehood, to hypocritical caresses, to the substitution of documents, and to the counterfeiting of hands." On the 23d of June, 1757, the fate of India was decided by the battle of Plassey, where Clive with 3,200 men defeated Surajah, who had about 40,000 infantry and 15,000 cavalry. The army of the Nabob was quickly and completely routed, but only five hundred of his men were killed. Surajah was soon captured and put to death by Meer Jaffier, who succeeded him as Nabob. The new ruler gave Clive a present of twenty lacs of rupees, about a million dollars.

The directors, on receiving news of Colonel Clive's success, instantly appointed him governor of their possessions in Bengal. "His power," says Macaulay, "was now boundless, and far surpassed even that which Dupleix had attained in the south of India." In November, 1758, Meer Jaffier made secret overtures to the Dutch to bring such a force into Bengal as would counterbalance the power of the English. The Dutch authorities of Batavia equipped a powerful armament, and in October, 1759, seven Dutch ships with an army of

1,500 men entered the Hoogley, and attempted to force a passage. The English encountered them by land and water, captured their ships and routed their army.

In 1760 Clive returned to England immensely rich, and was raised to the Irish peerage as Lord Clive, Baron of Plassey. He was then the only English general of whom his countrymen had much reason to be proud. He set himself to cultivate parliamentary interest by the purchase of land. He was elected in 1761, and he found himself in the House of Commons, at the head of a body of dependents, whose support must have been important to any administration. At one period he favored Pitt; but finally he connected himself closely with George Grenville. During the five years that followed the departure of Clive from Bengal, the misgovernment of the English was carried to such extent as seems hardly compatible with the very existence of society. The servants of the Company forced the natives to buy dear and sell cheap, and practiced rapine like Verres and Pizarro.

Clive was again sent as governor and commander-in-chief in Bengal, and reached Calcutta in May, 1765. He remained in India about a year and a half. In that short time he effected one of the most extensive, difficult and salutary reforms that ever was accomplished by any statesman. By these reforms he made many implacable enemies. He turned out of office the most factious of his opponents. The private trade of the servants of the Company was put down. The dishonest practices by which gigantic fortunes had been rapidly accumulated, were brought to an end.

Lord Clive returned to England in ill health in 1767, and found that he was no longer popular. Newspapers were set up for no purpose but to abuse him. The whole crew of rapacious oppressors, from whom he had rescued Bengal, persecuted him with implacable rancor. In 1773 Sir John Burgoyne accused him in the House of Commons of abuse of power. During his residence in tropical climates Clive had contracted painful maladies. To relieve pain he used opium, and he was gradually enslaved by it. This great conqueror of India and wretched victim of his own vices died by suicide in November, 1774.

The Black Hole of Calcutta.

From a child Surajah Dowlah had hated the English. It was his whim to do so; and his whims were never opposed. He had also formed a very exaggerated notion of the wealth which might be obtained by plundering them; and his feeble and uncultivated mind was incapable of perceiving that the riches of Calcutta, had they been even greater than he imagined, would not compensate him for what he must lose if the European trade, of which Bengal was a chief seat, should be driven by his violence to some other quarter. Pretexts for a quarrel were readily found. The English, in expectation of a war with France, had begun to fortify their settlement without a special permission from the Nabob. A rich native whom he longed to plunder had taken refuge at Calcutta, and had not been delivered up. On such grounds as these Surajah Dowlah marched with a great army against Fort William.

The servants of the Company at Madras had been forced by Dupleix to become statesmen and soldiers. Those in Bengal were still mere traders, and were terrified and bewildered by the approaching danger. The governor, who had heard much of Surajah Dowlah's cruelty, was frightened out of his wits, jumped into a boat, and took refuge in the nearest ship. The military commandant thought that he could not do better than follow so good an example. The fort was taken after a feeble resistance, and great numbers of the English fell into the hands of the conquerors. The Nabob seated himself with regal pomp in the principal hall of the factory, and ordered Mr. Holwell, the first in rank among the prisoners, to be brought before him. He abused the insolence of the English, and grumbled at the smallness of the treasure he had found, but promised to spare their lives, and retired to rest.

Then was committed that great crime, memorable for its singular atrocity, memorable for the tremendous retribution by which it was followed. The English captives were left at the mercy of the guards, and the guards determined to secure them for the night in the prison of the garrison, a chamber

known by the fearful name of the Black Hole. Even for a single European malefactor that dungeon would, in such a climate, have been too close and narrow. The space was only twenty feet square. The air-holes were small and obstructed. It was the summer solstice—the season when the fierce heat of Bengal can scarcely be rendered tolerable to natives of England by lofty halls and the constant waving of fans. The number of the prisoners was one hundred and forty-six. When they were ordered to enter the cell, they imagined that the soldiers were joking; and, being in high spirits on account of the promise of the Nabob to spare their lives, they laughed and jested at the absurdity of the notion. They soon discovered their mistake. They expostulated; they entreated, but in vain. The guards threatened to cut down all who hesitated. The captives were driven into the cell at the point of the sword, and the door was instantly shut and locked upon them.

Nothing in history or fiction—not even the story which Ugolino told in the sea of everlasting ice, after he had wiped his bloody lips on the scalp of his murderer—approaches the horrors which were recounted by the few survivors of that night. They cried for mercy. They strove to burst the door. Holwell, who, even in that extremity, retained some presence of mind, offered large bribes to the jailors. But the answer was that nothing could be done without the Nabob's orders, that the Nabob was asleep, and that he would be angry if anybody awoke him. Then the prisoners went mad with despair. They trampled each other down, fought for the places at the windows, fought for the pittance of water with which the cruel mercy of the murderers mocked their agonies—raved, prayed, blasphemed—implored the guards to fire among them. The jailers in the mean time held lights to the bars, and shouted with laughter at the frantic struggles of their victims. At length the tumult died away in low gasps and moanings. The day broke. The Nabob had slept off his debauch, and permitted the door to be opened. But it was some time before the soldiers could make a lane for the survivors, by piling up on each side the heaps of corpses, on which the burning climate had already

begun to do its loathsome work. When at length a passage was made, twenty-three ghastly figures, such as their own mothers would not have known, staggered one by one out of the charnel-house. A pit was instantly dug. The dead bodies, a hundred and twenty-three in number, were flung into it promiscuously, and covered up.

But these things, which, after the lapse of more than eighty years, cannot be told or read without horror, awakened neither remorse nor pity in the bosom of the savage Nabob. He inflicted no punishment on the murderers. He showed no tenderness to the survivors. Some of them, indeed, from whom nothing was to be got, were suffered to depart; but those from whom it was thought that anything could be extorted, were treated with execrable cruelty. Holwell, unable to walk, was carried before the tyrant, who reproached him; threatened him, and sent him up the country in irons; together with some other gentlemen who were suspected of knowing more than they chose to tell about the treasures of the Company. These persons, still bowed down by the sufferings of that great agony, were lodged in miserable sheds, and fed only with grain and water, till at length the intercessions of the female relations of the Nabob procured their release. One Englishwoman had survived that night. She was placed in the harem of the prince, at Moorshedabad.

Surajah Dowlah, in the meantime, sent letters to his nominal sovereign at Delhi, describing the late conquest in the most pompous language. He placed a garrison in Fort William, forbade any Englishman to dwell in the neighborhood, and directed that, in memory of his great actions, Calcutta should thenceforward be called Alinagore, that is to say, the Port of God.

In August the news of the fall of Calcutta reached Madras, and excited the fiercest and bitterest resentment. The cry of the whole settlement was for vengeance. Within forty-eight hours after the arrival of the intelligence, it was determined that an expedition should be sent to the Hoogley, and that Clive should be at the head of the land forces. The naval armament was under the command of Admiral Wat-

son. Nine hundred English infantry—fine troops and full of spirit—and fifteen hundred sepoys, composed the army which sailed to punish a prince who had more subjects and larger revenues than the King of Prussia, or the Empress Maria Theresa. In October the expedition sailed; but it had to make its way against adverse winds, and did not reach Bengal till December.

The Nabob was revelling in fancied security at Moorshedabad. He was so profoundly ignorant of the state of foreign countries, that he often used to say that there were not ten thousand men in all Europe; and it had never occurred to him as possible, that the English would dare to invade his dominions. But, though undisturbed by any fear of their military power, he began to miss them greatly. His revenues fell off; and his ministers succeeded in making him understand that a ruler may sometimes find it more profitable to protect traders in the open enjoyment of their gains than to put them to the torture for the purpose of discovering their hidden chests of gold and jewels. He was already disposed to permit the Company to resume its mercantile operations in his country, when he received the news that an English armament was in Hoogley. He instantly ordered all his troops to assemble at Moorshedabad, and marched towards Calcutta.

Clive had commenced operations with his usual vigor. He took Budgebudge, routed the garrison at Fort William, recovered Calcutta, stormed and sacked Hoogley. The Nabob, already disposed to make some concessions to the English, was confirmed in his pacific disposition by these proofs of their power and spirit. He accordingly made overtures to the chiefs of the invading armaments, and offered to restore the factory, and to give compensation to those whom he had despoiled.

Clive's profession was war; and he felt that there was something discreditable in an accommodation with Surajah Dowlah. But his power was limited. A committee, chiefly composed of servants of the Company, who had fled from Calcutta, had the principal direction of affairs; and these persons were eager to be restored to their posts, and compensated for their losses. The government of Madras,

apprised that war had commenced in Europe, and apprehensive of an attack from the French, became impatient for the return of the armament. The promises of the Nabob were large, the chances of a contest doubtful; and Clive consented to treat—though he expressed his regret that things should not be concluded in so glorious a manner as he could have wished.

The negotiations between the English and the Nabob were carried on chiefly by two agents—Mr. Watts, a servant of the Company, and a Bengalee of the name of Omichund. This Omichund had been one of the wealthiest native merchants resident at Calcutta, and had sustained great losses in consequence of the Nabob's expedition against that place. In the course of his commercial transactions, he had seen much of the English, and was peculiarly qualified to serve as a medium of communication between them and a native court. He possessed great influence with his own race, and had in large measure the Hindoo talents—quick observation, tact, dexterity, perseverance—and the Hindoo vices—servility, greediness, and treachery.

The Nabob behaved with all the faithlessness of an Indian statesman, and all the levity of a boy whose mind has been enfeebled by power and self-indulgence. He promised, retracted, hesitated, evaded. At one time he advanced with his army in a threatening manner towards Calcutta; but when he saw the resolute front which the English presented, he fell back in alarm, and consented to make peace with them on their own terms. The treaty was no sooner concluded, than he formed new designs against them. He intrigued with the French authorities at Chandernagore. He invited Bussy to march from the Deccan to the Hoogley, and to drive the English out of Bengal. All this was well known to Clive and Watson. They determined accordingly to strike a decisive blow, and to attack Chandernagore, before the force there could be strengthened by new arrivals, either from the south of India or from Europe. Watson directed the expedition by water, Clive by land. The success of the combined movements was rapid and complete. The fort, the garrison, the artillery, the military stores, all fell into the hands of the

English. Nearly five hundred European troops were among the prisoners.

The Nabob had feared and hated the English, even while he was still able to oppose to them their French rivals. The French were now vanquished; and he began to regard the English with still greater fear and still greater hatred. His weak and unprincipled mind oscillated between servility and insolence. Meantime, his wretched maladministration, his folly, his dissolute manners, and his love of the lowest company, had disgusted all classes of his subjects—soldiers, traders, civil functionaries, the proud and ostentatious Mohammedans, the timid, supple, and parsimonious Hindoos. A formidable confederacy was formed against him; in which were included Roydullub, the minister of finance, Meer Jaffier, the principal commander of the troops, and Jugget Seit, the richest banker in India. The plot was confided to the English agents, and a communication was opened between the malcontents at Moorshedabad and the committee at Calcutta.

In the committee there was much hesitation; but Clive's voice was given in favor of the conspirators, and his vigor and firmness bore down all opposition. It was determined that the English should lend their powerful assistance to depose Surajah Dowlah, and to place Meer Jaffier on the throne of Bengal. In return, Meer Jaffier promised ample compensation to the Company and its servants, and a liberal donation to the army, the navy, and the committee. The odious vices of Surajah Dowlah, the wrongs which the English had suffered at his hands, the dangers to which our trade must have been exposed had he continued to reign, appear to us fully to justify the resolution of deposing him. But nothing can justify the dissimulation which Clive stooped to practice. He wrote to Surajah Dowlah in terms so affectionate that they for a time lulled that weak prince to perfect security. The same courier who carried this "soothing letter," as Clive calls it, to the Nabob, carried to Mr. Watts a letter in the following terms:—"Tell Meer Jaffier to fear nothing. I will join him with five thousand men who never turned their backs. Assure him I will march

night and day to his assistance, and stand by him as long as I have a man left."

It was impossible that a plot which had so many ramifications should long remain entirely concealed. Enough reached the ears of the Nabob to arouse his suspicions. But he was soon quieted by the fictions and artifices which the inventive genius of Omichund produced with miraculous readiness. All was going well; the plot was nearly ripe; when Clive learned that Omichund was likely to play false. The artful Bengalee had been promised a liberal compensation for all that he had lost at Calcutta. But this would not satisfy him. His services had been great. He held the thread of the whole intrigue. By one word breathed in the ear of Surajah Dowlah, he could undo all that he had done. The lives of Watts, of Meer Jaffier, of all the conspirators, were at his mercy; and he determined to take advantage of his situation, and to make his own terms. He demanded three hundred thousand pounds sterling, as the price of his secrecy and of his assistance. The committee, incensed by the treachery, and appalled by the danger, knew not what course to take. But Clive was more than Omichund's match in Omichund's own arts. The man, he said, was a villain. Any artifice which would defeat such knavery was justifiable. The best course would be to promise what was asked. Omichund would soon be at their mercy, and then they might punish him by withholding from him, not only the bribe which he now demanded, but also the compensation which all the other sufferers of Calcutta were to receive.

His advice was taken; but how was the wary and sagacious Hindoo to be deceived? He had demanded that an article touching his claims should be inserted in the treaty between Meer Jaffier and the English, and he would not be satisfied unless he saw it with his own eyes. Clive had an expedient ready. Two treaties were drawn up, one on white paper, the other on red—the former real, the latter fictitious. In the former Omichund's name was not mentioned; the latter, which was to be shown to him, contained a stipulation in his favor. But another difficulty arose. Admiral

Watson had scruples about signing the red treaty. Omichund's vigilance and acuteness were such, that the absence of so important a name would probably awaken his suspicions. But Clive was not a man to do anything by halves. He forged Admiral Watson's name.

All was now ready for action. Mr. Watts fled secretly from Moorshedabad. Clive put his troops in motion, and wrote to the Nabob in a tone very different from that of his previous letters. He set forth all the wrongs which the British had suffered, offered to submit the points in dispute to the arbitration of Meer Jaffier; and concluded by announcing that, as the rains were about to set in, he and his men would do themselves the honor of waiting on his highness for an answer.

Surajah Dowlah instantly assembled his whole force, and marched to encounter the English. It had been agreed that Meer Jaffier should separate himself from the Nabob, and carry over his division to Clive. But as the decisive moment approached, the fears of the conspirator overpowered his ambition. Clive had advanced to Cossimbuzar; the Nabob lay with a mighty power a few miles off at Plassey; and still Meer Jaffier delayed to fulfill his engagements, and returned evasive answers to the earnest remonstrances of the English general.

Clive was in a painfully anxious situation. He could place no confidence in the sincerity or in the courage of his confederate; and, whatever confidence he might place in his own military talents, and in the valor and discipline of his troops, it was no light thing to engage an army twenty times as numerous as his own. Before him lay a river over which it was easy to advance, but over which, if things went ill, not one of his little band would ever return.

Clive called a council of war. The majority pronounced against fighting; and Clive declared his concurrence with the majority. Long afterwards he said, that he had never called but one council of war, and that, if he had taken the advice of that council, the British would never have been masters of Bengal. But scarcely had the meeting broken up when he was himself again. He retired alone under the shade of

some trees, and passed nearly an hour there in thought. He came back determined to put everything to the hazard, and gave orders that all should be in readiness for passing the river on the morrow.

The river was passed, and at the close of a toilsome day's march, the army, long after sunset, took up its quarters in a grove of mango trees near Plassey, within a mile of the enemy. Clive was unable to sleep; he heard, through the whole night, the sounds of drums and cymbals from the vast camp of the Nabob. It is not strange that even his stout heart should now and then have sunk when he reflected against what odds and for what a prize he was in a few hours to contend. Nor was the rest of Surajah Dowlah peaceful. His mind, at once weak and stormy, was distracted by wild and horrible apprehensions. Appalled by the greatness and nearness of the crisis, distrusting his captains, dreading every one who approached him, dreading to be left alone, he sat gloomily in his tent, haunted, a Greek poet would have said, by the furies of those who had cursed him with their last breath in the Black Hole.

The day broke—the day which was to decide the fate of India. At sunrise, the army of the Nabob, pouring through many openings from the camp, began to move toward the grove where the English lay. Forty thousand infantry, armed with firelocks, pikes, swords, bows and arrows, covered the plain. They were accompanied by fifty pieces of ordnance of the largest size, each tugged by a long team of white oxen, and each pushed on from behind by an elephant. Some smaller guns, under the direction of a few French auxiliaries, were perhaps more formidable. The cavalry were fifteen thousand, drawn, not from the effeminate population of Bengal, but from the bolder race which inhabits the northern provinces; and the practiced eye of Clive could perceive that both the men and the horses were more powerful than those of the Carnatic. The force which he had to oppose to this great multitude consisted of only three thousand men. But of these nearly a thousand were English, and all were led by English officers, and trained in the English discipline. Conspicuous in the ranks of the little army were

the men of the Thirty-ninth Regiment, which still bears on its colors, amidst many honorable additions won under Wellington in Spain and Gascony, the name of Plassey, and the proud motto, *Primus in Indis.*

The battle commenced with a cannonade, in which the artillery of the Nabob did scarcely any execution, while the few field-pieces of the English produced great effect. Several of the most distinguished officers in Surajah Dowlah's service fell. Disorder began to spread through his ranks. His own terror increased every moment. One of the conspirators urged on him the expediency of retreating. The insidious advice, agreeing as it did with what his own terrors suggested, was readily received. He ordered the army to fall back, and this order decided his fate. Clive snatched the moment, and ordered his troops to advance. The confused and dispirited multitude gave way before the onset of disciplined valor. No mob attacked by regular soldiers was ever more completely routed. The little band of Frenchmen, who alone ventured to confront the English, were swept down the stream of fugitives. In an hour the forces of Surajah Dowlah were dispersed, never to reassemble. Only five hundred of the vanquished were slain. But their camp, their guns, their baggage, innumerable wagons, innumerable cattle, remained in the power of the conquerors. With the loss of twenty-two soldiers killed, and fifty wounded, Clive had scattered an army of nearly sixty thousand men, and subdued an empire larger and more populous than Great Britain.

Meer Jaffier had given no assistance to the English during the action. But as soon as he saw that the fate of the day was decided, he drew off his division of the army, and when the battle was over sent his congratulations to his ally. The next day he repaired to the English quarters, not a little uneasy as to the reception which awaited him there. He gave evident signs of alarm when a guard was drawn out to receive him with the honors due to his rank. But his apprehensions were speedily removed. Clive came forward to meet him, embraced him, saluted him as Nabob of the three great provinces of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa, listened gra-

ciously to his apologies, and advised him to march without delay to Moorshedabad.

Surajah Dowlah had fled from the field of battle with all the speed with which a fleet camel could carry him, and arrived at Moorshedabad in a little more than twenty-four hours. There he called his councillors round him. The wisest advised him to put himself into the hands of the English, from whom he had nothing worse to fear than deposition and confinement. He learned that Meer Jaffier had arrived; and his terrors became insupportable. Disguised in a mean dress, with a casket of jewels in his hand, he let himself down at night from a window of his palace, and, accompanied by only two attendants, embarked on the river for Patna.

In a few days Clive arrived at Moorshedabad, escorted by two hundred English soldiers and three hundred sepoys. For his residence he had been assigned a palace, which was surrounded by a garden so spacious, that all the troops who accompanied him could conveniently encamp within it. The ceremony of the installation of Meer Jaffier was instantly performed. Clive led the new Nabob to the seat of honor, placed him on it, presented to him, after the immemorial fashion of the East, an offering of gold, and then, turning to the natives who filled the hall, congratulated them on the good fortune which had freed them from a tyrant. He was compelled on this occasion to use the services of an interpreter; for it is remarkable that, long as he resided in India, intimately acquainted as he was with the Indian politics and the Indian character, and adored as he was by his Indian soldiery, he never learned to express himself with facility in any Indian language.

The new sovereign was now called upon to fulfill the engagements into which he had entered with his allies. A conference was held at the house of Jugget Seit, the great banker, for the purpose of making the necessary arrangements. Omichund came thither, fully believing himself to stand high in the favor of Clive, who, with dissimulation surpassing even the dissimulation of Bengal, had up to that day treated him with undiminished kindness. The white treaty was pro-

duced and read. Clive then turned to Mr. Scrafton, one of the servants of the Company, and said in English, "It is now time to undeceive Omichund." "Omichund," said Mr. Scrafton in Hindostanee, "the red treaty is a take-in. You are to have nothing." Omichund fell back insensible into the arms of his attendants. He revived; but his mind was irreparably ruined. Clive, who, though unscrupulous in his dealings with Indian politicians, was not inhuman, seems to have been touched. He saw Omichund a few days later, spoke to him kindly, advised him to make a pilgrimage to one of the great temples of India, in the hope that change of scene might restore his health, and was even disposed, notwithstanding all that had passed, again to employ his talents in the public service. But from the moment of that sudden shock, the unhappy man sank gradually into idiocy. He who had formerly been distinguished by the strength of his understanding, and the simplicity of his habits, now squandered the remains of his fortune on childish trinkets, and loved to exhibit himself dressed in rich garments, and hung with precious stones. In this abject state he languished a few months, and then died.—LORD MACAULAY.

WARREN HASTINGS.

THE most brilliant example of historical writing in the English language is the chapter which Macaulay devotes to the impeachment trial of Warren Hastings.

In his description of the scene and the men composing it, the great historian rises to a height of eloquence commensurate with his great theme.

Warren Hastings was the first Governor-general of British India. Though sprung from an ancient and illustrious race, his ancestors had been impoverished in the Parliamentary War, and his father, Pynaston Hastings, was an idle, worthless person, who married before he was sixteen. Warren, who was born on the 6th of December, 1732, became an orphan in his infancy. While a child he resolved to recover at some later day the manor which had belonged to his ancestors, and in maturity he adhered to his purpose till it was fulfilled. When he was eight years old, his uncle, Howard Hastings, having determined to give him a liberal education, sent him to a school at Newington, where he was well taught, but ill fed. He afterwards attributed the smallness of his stature to the hard and scanty fare of his seminary; but this cause seems insufficient for the effect. At the age of ten he was removed to Westminster school, where he was a fellow-student of the poets Churchill and Cowper, and formed a lasting friendship with the latter. Warren was distinguished among his comrades as an excellent swimmer, boatman and scholar. But in consequence of the

death of his uncle Howard, he left Westminster school when he was sixteen years old.

Having obtained a clerkship in the service of the East India Company, young Hastings sailed from England in January, 1750, and arrived at Calcutta in October. After two years spent in keeping accounts at Calcutta, he was sent to Cossimbazar, a town on the Hoogley, a mile from Moorshedabad, where, for several years, he was employed in making bargains for silk stuffs with native brokers. In 1756 Surajah Dowlah, having become Nabob of Bengal, declared war against the English and seized Cossimbazar. Hastings was sent a prisoner to Moorshedabad; but was treated with indulgence. Surajah marched against Calcutta, the English governor and the commandant of the fort fled; and one hundred and twenty-three English prisoners were smothered in the Black Hole. The fugitive governor, who wished to learn the proceeding of the Nabob, requested Hastings, who was a prisoner at large in Surajah's capital, to furnish him information. Hastings thus became a diplomatic agent, and soon gained a high reputation by his ability and resolution. He was then one of the few Englishmen who could speak the Persian and Hindostanee languages.

After Clive came with an army to Bengal, Hastings served as a soldier under him; but Clive soon perceived that the young man's head would be more useful than his arm. Hastings was appointed to reside at the court of Meer Jaffier, the new Nabob of Bengal, as agent for the East India Company. He remained at Moorshedabad till 1761, when he became a member of Council, and was consequently forced to reside at Calcutta. Many of the Company's servants enriched themselves by cruelty and rapine; but Hastings continued poor, though by pursuing the methods in vogue around him he might easily have become rich.

Hastings returned to England in 1764, having realized only a moderate fortune, and he soon lost nearly all of it by lending money on bad security. When, after four years' home residence, he solicited employment in India, his old masters appointed him a member of the Council at Madras. He embarked for India in the spring of 1769, and in a few months

after his arrival, he effected an important reform in the commercial affairs of the Company. The Directors, in reward of his faithfulness, appointed him Governor and president of the Council of Bengal. The revolution which he now planned and accomplished transferred to the servants of the Company the internal government which had been delegated to a native minister. To improve the finances of the Company he refused to pay to the Great Mogul the tribute of nearly £300,000 a year, which the Company had agreed to pay. He gained £400,000 sterling by lending to Surajah Dowlah an English army to subdue the Rohillas. This infamous transaction was condemned by the Directors, and has left a lasting stain on his fame.

By an act of Parliament, in 1773, the control of all British India was given to the Council of Bengal, consisting of four members beside the president, who was styled Governor-general. Hastings was to be the first Governor-general, and Sir Philip Francis was one of the new councilors. Francis, Clavering and Monson combined against Hastings, obtained the chief control, and wrested the government out of the hands of Hastings. He was now in a painful situation and placed a conditional resignation in the hands of his agent in London. The Directors accepted his resignation, and chose Wheeler to succeed him. In the meantime Monson died about 1775, and Hastings having the casting vote was again absolute. He asserted that he had not resigned and refused to give up his office. When his first term of five years expired, he was reappointed Governor-general. In 1780 Hyder Ali, King of Mysore, invaded the Carnatic with 90,000 men, took several forts, defeated the English in several actions, and ravaged the country almost to Madras. Sir Eyre Coote gained a decisive victory over Hyder at Porto Novo in 1782. To supply the deficit in the treasury, Hastings plundered the rich rajah of Benares of £500,000. Another crime of which he was accused was the spoliation of the Begums of Oude. In 1785 he returned to England, where a formidable opposition had been aroused against him. Under its influence the House of Commons directed Burke to go before the Lords and impeach Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors. This trial,

the most famous trial of a commoner in English annals, began in February, 1788, and ended in 1795. Burke, Fox and Sheridan, the triumvirate of English oratory, made eloquent speeches against the accused, yet he was acquitted. In the lapse of time public opinion had veered. It was felt that the man who had won an empire for his country, could not be severely condemned for casual injuries inflicted in the process of its acquisition. But, on the other hand, Hastings had been financially ruined by the enormous expenses of his defence. The East India Company, for which he had secured an inexhaustible source of wealth, recompensed him with an annuity of £4,000. He became a menber of the Privy Council a few years before his death. He died in August, 1818.

The Trial of Warren Hastings.

The preparations for the trial had proceeded rapidly; and on the 13th of February, 1788, the sittings of the Court commenced. There have been spectacles more dazzling to the eye, more gorgeous with jewelry and cloth of gold, more attractive to grown-up children, than that which was then exhibited at Westminster; but, perhaps, there never was a spectacle so well calculated to strike a highly cultivated, a reflecting, an imaginative mind. All the various kinds of interest which belong to the near and to the distant, to the present and to the past, were collected on one spot and in one hour. All the talents and all the accomplishments which are developed by liberty and civilization were now displayed, with every advantage that could be derived both from co-operation and from contrast. Every step in the proceedings carried the mind either backward, through many troubled centuries, to the days when the foundations of the constitution were laid; or far away, over boundless seas and deserts, to dusky nations living under strange stars, worshiping strange gods, and writing strange characters from right to left. The High Court of Parliament was to sit, according to forms handed down from the days of the Plantagenets, on an Englishman accused of exercising tyranny over the lord of the holy city of Benares, and the ladies of the princely house of Oude.

The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus; the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings; the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon and the just absolution of Somers; the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment; the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by the heralds under Garter King-at-Arms. The judges, in their vestments of state, attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy Lords, three-fourths of the Upper House, as the Upper House then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior baron present led the way—Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled for his memorable defence of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the king. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing. The gray old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by such an audience as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous realm, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated around the queen the fair-haired young daughters of the house of Brunswick. There the ambassadors of great kings and commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres; and when, before a senate which had still some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered

against the oppressor of Africa. There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labors in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition—a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation ; but still precious, massive and splendid. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had in secret plighted his faith. There, too, was she, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the Saint Cecilia, whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay. There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticised, and exchanged repartees, under the rich peacock hangings of Mrs. Montague. And there the ladies, whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury, shone round Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire.

The Sergeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes. And in his high place he had so borne himself, that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except virtue. He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect; a high and intellectual forehead; a brow pensive, but not gloomy; a mouth of inflexible decision; a face pale and worn, but serene, on which was written, as legibly as under the great picture in the Council-chamber at Calcutta, *Mens æqua in arduis;*—such was the aspect with which the great proconsul presented himself to his judges.

His counsel accompanied him, men all of whom were afterwards raised by their talents and learning to the highest posts

in their profession,—the bold and strong-minded Law, afterwards Chief Justice of the King's Bench; the more humane and eloquent Dallas, afterwards Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; and Plomer, who, nearly twenty years later, successfully conducted in the same high court the defence of Lord Melville, and subsequently became Vice-chancellor and Master of the Rolls.

But neither the culprit nor his advocates attracted so much notice as the accusers. In the midst of the blaze of red drapery, a space had been fitted up with green benches and tables for the Commons. The managers, with Burke at their head, appeared in full dress. The collectors of gossip did not fail to remark that even Fox, generally so regardless of his appearance, had paid to the illustrious tribunal the compliment of wearing a bag and sword. Pitt had refused to be one of the conductors of the impeachment; and his commanding, copious, and sonorous eloquence was wanting to that great muster of various talents. Age and blindness had unfitted Lord North for the duties of a public prosecutor; and his friends were left without the help of his excellent sense, his tact, and his urbanity. But, in spite of the absence of these two distinguished members of the Lower House, the box in which the managers stood contained an array of speakers such as perhaps had not appeared together since the great age of Athenian eloquence. There stood Fox and Sheridan, the English Demosthenes and the English Hyperides. There was Burke, ignorant, indeed, or negligent of the art of adapting his reasonings and his style to the capacity and taste of his hearers; but in aptitude of comprehension and richness of imagination superior to every orator, ancient or modern. There, with eyes reverentially fixed on Burke, appeared the finest gentleman of the age—his form developed by every manly exercise—his face beaming with intelligence and spirit—the ingenious, the chivalrous, the high-souled Windham. Nor, though surrounded by such men, did the youngest manager pass unnoticed. At an age when most of those who distinguish themselves in life are still contending for prizes and fellowships at college, he had won for himself a conspicuous place in the parliament. No advantage of fortune or connec-

tion was wanting that could set off to the height his splendid talents and his unblemished honor. At twenty-three he had been thought worthy to be ranked with the veteran statesmen who appeared as the delegates of the British Commons, at the bar of the British nobility. All who stood at that bar, save him alone, are gone—culprit, advocates, accusers. To the generation which is now in the vigor of life, he is the sole representative of a great age which has passed away. But those who, within the last ten years, have listened with delight, till the morning sun shone on the tapestries of the House of Lords, to the lofty and animated eloquence of Charles Earl Grey, are able to form some estimate of the powers of a race of men among whom he was not the foremost.

The charges and the answers of Hastings were first read. This ceremony occupied two whole days, and was rendered less tedious than it would otherwise have been, by the silver voice and just emphasis of Cowper, the clerk of the court, a near relation of the amiable poet. On the third day Burke rose. Four sittings of the court were occupied by his opening speech, which was intended to be a general introduction to all the charges. With an exuberance of thought and a splendor of diction which more than satisfied the highly-raised expectation of the audience, he described the character and institutions of the natives of India; recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic empire of Britain had originated; and set forth the constitution of the Company and of the English Presidencies. Having thus attempted to communicate to his hearers an idea of Eastern society, as vivid as that which existed in his own mind, he proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings, as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law. The energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration even from the stern and hostile Chancellor; and, for a moment, seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and perhaps not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out; smelling-bottles were handed round; hysterical

sobs and screams were heard; and Mrs. Sheridan was carried out in a fit. At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded—"Therefore," said he, "hath it with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors. I impeach him in the name of the Commons House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honor he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all!"

When the deep murmur of various emotions had subsided, Mr. Fox rose to address the Lords respecting the course of proceeding to be followed. The wish of the accuser was, that the court would bring to a close the investigation of the first charge before the second was opened. The wish of Hastings and his counsel was, that the managers should open all the charges, and produce all the evidence for the prosecution, before the defence began. The Lords retired to their own house, to consider the question. The Chancellor took the side of Hastings. Lord Loughborough, who was now in opposition, supported the demand of the managers. The division showed which way the inclination of the tribunal leaned. A majority of near three to one decided in favor of the course for which Hastings contended.

When the court sat again, Mr. Fox, assisted by Mr. Grey, opened the charge respecting Cheyte Sing, and several days were spent in reading papers and hearing witnesses. The next article was that relating to the Princesses of Oude. The conduct of this part of the case was intrusted to Sheridan. The curiosity of the public to hear him was unbounded. His sparkling and highly-finished declamation lasted two days; but the hall was crowded to suffocation during the whole time. It was said that fifty guineas had been paid for a single ticket. Sheridan, when he concluded, contrived, with a knowledge of stage-effect which his father might have envied, to sink back,

as if exhausted, into the arms of Burke, who hugged him with the energy of generous admiration!

June was now far advanced. The session could not last much longer, and the progress which had been made in the impeachment was not very satisfactory. There were twenty charges. On two only of these had even the case for the prosecution been heard; and it was now a year since Hastings had been admitted to bail.

The interest taken by the public in the trial was great when the court began to sit, and rose to the height when Sheridan spoke on the charge relating to the Begums. From that time the excitement went down fast. The spectacle had lost the attraction of novelty. The great displays of rhetoric were over. What was behind was not of a nature to entice men of letters from their books in the morning, or to tempt ladies who had left the masquerade at two, to be out of bed before eight. There remained examinations and cross-examinations. There remained statements of accounts. There remained the reading of papers, filled with words unintelligible to English ears—with lacs and crores, zemindars and aumils, sunnuds and perwannahs, jaghires and nuzzurs. There remained bickerings, not always carried on with the best taste or with the best temper, between the managers of the impeachment and the counsel for the defence, particularly between Mr. Burke and Mr. Law. There remained the endless marches and counter-marches of the Peers between their house and the hall; for as often as a point of law was to be discussed their lordships retired to discuss it apart; and the consequence was, as the late Lord Stanhope wittily said, that the judges walked and the trial stood still.

It is to be added, that in the spring of 1788, when the trial commenced, no important question, either of domestic or foreign policy, excited the public mind. The proceeding in Westminster Hall, therefore, naturally excited most of the attention of Parliament and of the public. It was the one great event of that season. But in the following year, the king's illness, the debates on the regency, the expectation of a change of ministry, completely diverted public attention from Indian affairs; and within a fortnight after George the

Third had returned thanks in St. Paul's for his recovery, the States-General of France met at Versailles. In the midst of the agitation produced by those events, the impeachment was for a time almost forgotten.

The trial in the hall went on languidly. In the session of 1788, when the proceedings had the interest of novelty, and when the Peers had little other business before them, only thirty-five days were given to the impeachment. In 1789, the Regency Bill occupied the Upper House till the session was far advanced. When the king recovered, the circuits were beginning. The judges left town; the Lords waited for the return of the oracles of jurisprudence; and the consequence was, that during the whole year only seventeen days were given to the case of Hastings. It was clear that the matter would be protracted to a length unprecedented in the annals of criminal law.

Several attempts were made by the friends of Hastings to put a stop to the trial. In 1789 they proposed a vote of censure upon Burke, for some violent language which he had used respecting the death of Nuncomar, and the connection betweeen Hastings and Impey. Burke was then unpopular in the last degree both with the House and with the country. The asperity and indecency of some expressions which he had used during the debates on the Regency had annoyed even his warmest friends. The vote of censure was carried, and those who had moved it hoped that the managers would resign in disgust. Burke was deeply hurt. But his zeal for what he considered as the cause of justice and mercy triumphed over his personal feelings. He received the censure of the House with dignity and meekness, and declared that no personal mortification or humiliation should induce him to flinch from the sacred duty which he had undertaken.

In the following year, the Parliament was dissolved; and the friends of Hastings entertained a hope that the new House of Commons might not be disposed to go on with the impeachment. They began by maintaining that the whole proceeding was terminated by the dissolution. Defeated on this point, they made a direct motion that the impeachment should be dropped; but they were defeated by the combined forces of

the government and the opposition. It was, however, resolved that, for the sake of expedition, many of the articles should be withdrawn. In truth, had not some such measure been adopted, the trial would have lasted till the defendant was in his grave.

At length, in the spring of 1795, the decision was pronounced, nearly eight years after Hastings had been brought by the sergeant-at-arms of the Commons to the bar of the Lords. On the last day of this great procedure, the public curiosity, long suspended, seemed to be revived. Anxiety about the judgment there could be none; for it had been fully ascertained that there was a great majority for the defendant. But many wished to see the pageant, and the hall was as much crowded as on the first day. But those who, having been present on the first day, now bore a part in the proceedings of the last, were few, and most of those few were altered men.

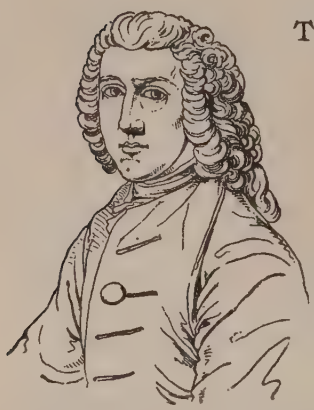
As Hastings himself said, the arraignment had taken place before one generation, and the judgment was pronounced by another. The spectator could not look at the woolsack, or at the red benches of the peers, or at the green benches of the Commons, without seeing something that reminded him of the instability of all human things;—of the instability of power, and fame, and life, of the more lamentable instability of friendship. The great seal was borne before Lord Loughborough, who, when the trial commenced, was a fierce opponent of Mr. Pitt's government, and who was now a member of that government; while Thurlow, who presided in the court when it first sat, estranged from all his old allies, sat scowling among the junior barons. Of a hundred and sixty nobles who walked in the procession on the first day, sixty had been laid in their family vaults. Still more affecting must have been the sight of the managers' box. What had become of that fair fellowship, so closely bound together by public and private ties, so resplendent with every talent and accomplishment? It had been scattered by calamities more bitter than the bitterness of death. The great chiefs were still living, and still in the full vigor of their genius. But their friendship was at an end. It had been violently and publicly dissolved with

tears and stormy reproaches. If those men, once so dear to each other, were now compelled to meet for the purpose of managing the impeachment, they met as strangers whom public business had brought together, and behaved to each other with cold and distant civility. Burke had in his vortex whirled away Windham. Fox had been followed by Sheridan and Grey.

Only twenty-nine peers voted. Of these only six found Hastings guilty, on the charges relating to Cheyte Sing and to the Begums. On other charges the majority in his favor was still greater. On some he was unanimously absolved. He was then called to the bar, informed from the woolsack that the Lords had acquitted him, and solemnly discharged. He bowed respectfully, and retired.

We have said that the decision had been fully expected. It was also generally approved. At the commencement of the trial there had been a strong and indeed unreasonable feeling against Hastings. At the close of the trial, there was a feeling equally strong and equally unreasonable in his favor. The length of his trial made him an object of compassion. It was thought, and not without reason, that, even if he was guilty, he was still an ill-used man, and that an impeachment of eight years was more than a sufficient punishment. It was also felt that, though, in the ordinary course of criminal law, a defendant is not allowed to set off his good actions against his crimes, a great political cause should be tried on different principles; and that a man who had governed a great country during thirteen years might have done some very reprehensible things, and yet might be on the whole deserving of rewards and honors.—LORD MACAULAY.

EARL OF CHATHAM.



THE first William Pitt, the greatest English statesman of the eighteenth century, was long distinguished as the "Great Commoner," but became towards the close of his life Earl of Chatham. His genius largely extended the British dominions in both hemispheres; but owing to the stupid obstinacy of George III., was unable to avert the loss to the crown of valuable possessions which might have been retained had the king heeded his wisdom and followed his counsels.

William Pitt was born on November 15, 1708. His father was Robert Pitt, of Boconnoc, in Cornwall, who had married Harriet Villiers, a sister to the Earl of Grandison. The son received the early part of his education at Eton, and at the age of eighteen entered Trinity College, Oxford, as a gentleman-commoner. His health obliged him to quit this famous seat of learning without taking a degree, and to travel on the Continent. On his return his friends obtained for him a commission as cornet in the Blues. Sir Robert Walpole, the great minister, who established the Hanoverian succession, following his relentles system of party warfare, deprived young Pitt of his petty position in the army.

At the age of twenty-eight Pitt entered Parliament for the family borough of Old Sarum, whose name was prominent in the struggle for Parliamentary Reform in the next century. Pitt immediately joined the opposition, which placed the name of Frederic, Prince of Wales, at its head. The most

notable of his early speeches were delivered in the effective attack on Walpole, which, in 1742, drove him from power, and are said to have been brilliant efforts of oratory. His opposition to the government did not cease with the fall of Walpole. His bold declamation, so much in contrast with the personal and narrow discussions which then occupied parliament, drew a substantial token of admiration from a kindred spirit, Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, who bequeathed him £10,000. It was in 1745 that Mr. Pitt was first proposed to the king by the Duke of Newcastle for the post of secretary of war; but so obnoxious was his name to George II., that he was decidedly rejected, and a general resignation of the Pelham party followed. Necessity, however, soon produced their reinstatement and they saw the great importance of adding Pitt's strength to their ministry. The king unwillingly submitted to his appointment as vice-treasurer of Ireland.

In 1746 Pitt succeeded to the lucrative position of paymaster-general. The same haughty self-reliance which he had shown in opposition distinguished him in office. Especially this noble pride restrained him from drawing on those many sources of irregular emolument which were then attached to official power in England. In 1754 he married Hester, daughter of Richard Grenville, and this alliance opened to him a new political connection. When the king returned from Hanover, bringing subsidiary treaties with Hesse Cassel and Russia for its defence, Pitt did not scruple to join in opposing their ratification by parliament. On this account he was dismissed, together with the Grenvilles; but the next year it was found necessary not only to recall him, but even to make Pitt virtually the head of the cabinet.

In 1757 an attempt was again made to dispense with the services of the "Great Commoner," but after the country was two months and a half without a government, he returned with greater power than ever. It was then that, backed by national enthusiasm, he conducted the brilliant operations which paralyzed France, drove her fleets from almost every sea, and added Canada to the possessions of the British crown.

On the accession of George III., Pitt was superseded by the royal favorite, Lord Bute. His past services were rewarded

with a peerage conferred on his wife by the style of Baroness Chatham, and an annuity of £3,000. The statesman who had shed new lustre on the British name now became simply a private member of Parliament. When need was felt of his services, various overtures were made to him to form a ministry, and in 1766 he undertook the latter function. In this arrangement he took to himself the office of privy-seal, and was raised to the peerage with the title of Earl of Chatham. Repeated attacks of gout, from an early period of life, had injured his constitution, and in 1768 he resigned office.

In 1774 the unjust action of England towards her American colonies called forth all the remaining powers of the venerable patriot. With all the force of his eloquence he opposed every harsh and coercive measure which hastened the separation of these colonies from the mother country. He made motion after motion for closing the breach after it had been effected; and he foretold with almost prophetic accuracy the final result. Chatham told the Lords that it was folly to force the imposition of taxes in the face of a continent in arms. The subject urged him to a vehemence beyond that of his best years. In April, 1778, while protesting in spite of age and illness against the American war, he fell in a fit on the floor of the House of Lords. From the state of exhaustion he never recovered, but expired on the 11th of May, in the seventieth year of his age.

Chatham was the greatest of England's parliamentary statesmen, and his name is inseparably entwined with his country's glory. His ruling passion was a noble ambition to guide the destinies of England as mistress of the world, yet the guardian of liberty. Burke says of him, "His private life was stained by no vice nor sullied by any meanness. All his sentiments were liberal and elevated." He was a most agreeable and lively companion in social life, and had such a versatility of wit that he would adapt it to all sorts of conversation. His eloquence was of every kind, and he excelled in the argumentative, as well as in the declamatory style. Conscious of his transcendent talents, he often assumed a tone of superiority and haughtiness, which yet was not resented.

The English Defender of American Rights.

Pitt was not only for a repeal of the stamp acts, but for an open and ungrudging acknowledgment of the claim to a partial independence which had been made by the colonists. His genius saw that, whatever were the legal rights of the mother country, the time had come when the union between England and its children across the Atlantic must rest rather on sentiment than on law. Such a view was wholly unintelligible to the mass of the Whigs or the ministry. They were willing, rather than heighten American discontent, to repeal the stamp acts; but they looked on the supremacy of England and of the English parliament over all English dependencies as a principle absolutely beyond question. From the union, therefore, which Pitt offered, Rockingham and his fellow-ministers stood aloof. They were driven, whether they would or no, to a practical acknowledgment of the policy which he demanded; but they resolved that the repeal of the stamp acts should be accompanied by a formal repudiation of the principles of colonial freedom which Pitt had laid down. A declaratory act was first brought in, which asserted the supreme power of parliament over the colonies "in all cases whatsoever." The declaration was intended, no doubt, to reassure the followers of the ministry as well as their opponents, for, in the assertion of the omnipotence of the two houses to which they belonged, Whig and Tory were at one. But it served also as a public declaration of the differences which severed the Whigs from the Great Commoner. In a full house Pitt found but two supporters in his fierce attack upon the declaratory bill, which was supported by Burke in a speech which at once gave him rank as an orator; while Pitt's lieutenant, Shelburne, found but four supporters in a similar attack in the Lords. The passing of the declaratory act was followed by the introduction of a bill for the repeal of the stamp acts; and in spite of the resistance of the king's friends, a resistance instigated by George himself, the bill was carried in February, 1766, by a large majority.

As the members left the House of Commons, George Grenville, whose resistance had been fierce and dogged, was hooted

by the crowd which waited to learn the issue without. Before Pitt the multitude reverently uncovered their heads and followed him home with blessings. It was the noblest hour of his life. For the moment, indeed, he had "saved England" more truly than even at the crisis of the Seven Years' War. His voice had forced on the ministry and the king a measure which averted, though but for a while, the fatal struggle between England and her colonies. Lonely as he was, the ministry which had rejected his offers of aid found itself unable to stand against the general sense that the first man in the country should be its ruler; and bitter as was the king's hatred of him, Rockingham's resignation in the summer of 1766 forced George to call Pitt into office. His acceptance of the king's call, and the measures which he took to construct a ministry, showed a new resolve in the great statesman. He had determined to break finally with the political tradition which hampered him, and to set aside even the dread of parliamentary weakness which had fettered him three years before. Temple's refusal of aid, save on terms of equality which were wholly inadmissible, was passed by, though it left Pitt without a party in the House of Commons. In the same temper he set at defiance the merely parliamentary organization of the Whigs by excluding Newcastle, while he showed his wish to unite the party as a whole by his offer of posts to nearly all the members of the late administration. Though Rockingham stood coldly aside, some of his fellow-ministers accepted Pitt's offers, and they were reinforced by Lords Shelburne and Camden, the young Duke of Grafton, and the few friends who still clung to the Great Commoner. Such a ministry, however, rested for power not on parliament, but on public opinion. It was, in effect, an appeal from parliament to the people; and it was an appeal which made such a reform in parliament as would bring it into unison with public opinion a mere question of time. Whatever may have been Pitt's ultimate designs, however, no word of such reform was uttered by any one. On the contrary, Pitt stooped to strengthen his parliamentary support by admitting some even of the "king's friends" to a share in the administration. But its life lay really in Pitt himself, in his immense popularity,

and in the command which his eloquence gave him over the House of Commons.

Pitt's popularity, indeed, was soon roughly shaken; for the ministry was hardly formed when it was announced that its leader had accepted the earldom of Chatham. The step removed him to the House of Lords, and for a while ruined the public confidence which his reputation for unselfishness had aided him to win. But it was from no vulgar ambition that Pitt laid down his title of the Great Commoner. The nervous disorganization which had shown itself three years before in his despair upon Temple's desertion had never ceased to hang around him, and it had been only at rare intervals that he had forced himself from his retirement to appear in the House of Commons. It was the consciousness of coming weakness that made him shun the storms of debate. But in the cabinet he showed all his old energy. The most jealous of his fellow-ministers owned his supremacy. At the close of one of his earliest councils Charles Townshend acknowledged to a colleague, "Lord Chatham has just shown to us what inferior animals we are!" Plans were at once set on foot for the better government of Ireland, for the transfer of India from the Company to the crown, and for the formation of an alliance with Prussia and Russia to balance the family compact of the house of Bourbon. The alliance was foiled for the moment by the coldness of Frederick of Prussia. The first steps toward Indian reform were only taken by the ministry under severe pressure from Pitt. Petty jealousies, too, brought about the withdrawal of some of the Whigs, and the hostility of Rockingham was shown by the fierce attacks of Burke in the House of Commons. But secession and invective had little effect on the ministry. "The session," wrote Horace Walpole to a friend at the close of 1776, "has ended triumphantly for the great earl;" and when Chatham withdrew to Bath, to mature his plans for the coming year, his power remained unshaken.—J. R. GREEN.

DEATH OF LORD CHATHAM.

On the 7th of April, 1778, Lord Chatham made his appearance, for the last time, in the House of Lords. It is a day

memorable for the occurrence of one of the most affecting scenes ever witnessed in Parliament—a day when the great master of modern oratory was overwhelmed by the effort of his own powerful eloquence.

Lord Chatham was ignorant of the real state of feeling in America. He imagined that the colonies might be brought back to their former allegiance to the British government. He did not wish to see the extensive dominion of old England rent in twain, and the independence of America recognized. He could not endure these thoughts. He therefore heard, "with unspeakable concern," that the Duke of Richmond intended, on the 7th of April, to move an address to the king, advising him to effect a conciliation with America, involving her independence. Such a measure he thought was disastrous and ruinous to the prosperity and happiness of England. He determined to take a bold stand against it, and accordingly was carried to the House of Lords, to raise his voice against the dismemberment of the empire. He was led into the House of Peers by his son, the Honorable William Pitt, and his son-in-law Lord Mahon.

He was dressed in a rich suit of black velvet, and covered up to the knees in flannel. Within his large wig little more of his countenance was seen than his aquiline nose, and his penetrating eye, which retained all its native fire. He looked like a dying man, yet never was seen a figure of more dignity. He appeared like a being of a superior species. The Lords stood up and made a lane for him to pass to his seat, while, with a gracefulness of deportment for which he was so eminently distinguished, he bowed to them as he proceeded. Having taken his seat, he listened with profound attention to the Duke of Richmond's speech. When Lord Weymouth had finished his reply in behalf of the ministry, Lord Chatham rose with slowness and great difficulty, and delivered the following speech. Supported by his two relations, he lifted his hand from the crutch on which he leaned, raised it up, and, casting his eyes toward heaven, commenced as follows:

"I thank God that I have been enabled to come here to-day—to perform my duty, and speak on a subject which is so deeply impressed on my mind. I am old and infirm. I have

one foot—*more* than one foot—in the grave. I have risen from my bed to stand up in the cause of my country—perhaps never again to speak in this house."

"The reverence, the attention, the stillness of the House," said an eye-witness, "were here most affecting: had any one dropped a handkerchief, the noise would have been heard." As he proceeded, Lord Chatham spoke at first in a low tone, with all the weakness of one who is laboring under severe indisposition. Gradually, however, as he warmed with the subject, his voice became louder and more distinct, his intonations grew more commanding, and his whole manner was solemn and impressive in the highest degree.

"My Lords," he exclaimed, "I rejoice that the grave has not closed upon me; that I am still alive, to lift up my voice against the dismemberment of this ancient and most noble monarchy! Pressed down as I am by the hand of infirmity, I am little able to assist my country in this most perilous conjuncture; but, my Lords, while I have sense and memory, I will never consent to deprive the offspring of the royal house of Brunswick, the heirs of the Princess Sophia, of their fairest inheritance. Shall we tarnish the lustre of this nation by an ignominious surrender of its rights and fairest possessions? Shall this great nation, that has survived, whole and entire, the Danish depredations, the Scottish inroads, the Norman conquest—that has stood the threatening invasion of the Spanish Armada, now fall prostrate before the House of Bourbon? Surely, my Lords, this nation is no longer what it was! Shall a people that seventeen years ago was the terror of the world, now stoop so low as to tell its ancient inveterate enemy, *Take all we have, only give us peace?* It is impossible.

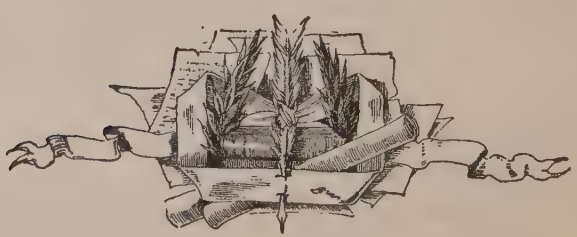
"In God's name, if it is absolutely necessary to declare either for peace or war, and the former cannot be preserved with honor, why is not the latter commenced without delay? I am not, I confess, well informed as to the resources of this kingdom, but I trust it has still sufficient to maintain its just rights, though I know them not. But, my Lords, any state is better than despair. Let us at least make one effort, and, if we must fall, let us fall like men!"

When Lord Chatham had taken his seat Lord Temple said

to him, "You have forgotten to mention what we have been talking about. Shall I get up?" "No," replied Lord Chatham, "I will do it by and by."

After the Duke of Richmond had concluded his speech, Lord Chatham made a strenuous attempt to rise; but after repeated efforts to regain an erect position, he suddenly pressed his hand to his heart, and fell down in convulsions. The Duke of Cumberland, Lord Temple, Lord Sanford, and other peers, caught him in their arms; and his son, the celebrated William Pitt, then a youth of seventeen, sprang forward to support him. The debate was immediately adjourned. Lord Chatham was conveyed in a state of insensibility from the House to his country residence at Hayes, where he lingered a few days, and expired on the 11th of May, 1778, aged seventy years.

As Demosthenes and Cicero are allowed to have been the greatest orators of whom antiquity can boast, so Lord Chatham has generally been regarded as the most brilliant and powerful senatorial orator of modern times. Certainly, no political speaker, since the days of the Grecian and Roman masters, ever controlled a popular assembly with such absolute sway as Lord Chatham did, by the force of his oratory. His eloquence was irresistible. The fire of his eye, the majesty of his countenance, and the thunder of his voice, awed an assembly into silence, or struck them with terror.—D. A. HARSHA.



TIBERIUS.

TIBERIUS, the second Roman emperor, whose reign is rendered forever memorable by the public ministry and death of Jesus the Christ, in the Roman province of Judea, is one of the enigmatical characters of history. Most historians, following the accounts of his contemporaries, stigmatize him as a monster of cruelty, and Merivale characterizes him as "a man singularly dark and inscrutable, with a stern, penetrating mind, the most artful of dissemblers and most terrible of monsters."

Tiberius Claudius Nero was born in Rome, in November, 42 B.C. His father bore the same name, and his mother was the famous Livia Drusilla, who became the wife of the Emperor Augustus about four years after her son Tiberius was born. He was liberally educated and was well versed in Greek and Latin literature. He married Vipsania Agrippina, a daughter of that Agrippa who commanded the fleet of Augustus and contributed to his victories. By the influence of his mother, Tiberius was rapidly promoted, becoming quæstor at the age of eighteen, and he served with distinction in Asia Minor, Spain and Germany. When but twenty-two years of age, he was sent by Augustus with an army to place Tigranes on the throne of Armenia as a Roman vassal. Tiberius became governor of Transalpine Gaul in 16 B.C., and

he aided his brother Drusus to conquer the Rhæti and the Vindelici.

On the death of Agrippa, 12 B.C., Tiberius, who had exhibited great capacity for civil affairs, and had gained the confidence of Augustus, was appointed minister in the vacant place. At the same time he was compelled to divorce his wife and to marry Julia, the profligate daughter of Augustus. In the next year he obtained the office of consul and conducted a victorious campaign against the Pannonians, for which he received an ovation at Rome. Before he attained the age of forty, there was not much probability that Tiberius would attain the imperial power. On the death of his brother Drusus (9 B.C.), he succeeded to the position of the first soldier of the empire. He invaded Germany in 8 B.C. and gained successes for which he was rewarded with the full honors of a triumph and the military title of Imperator. A second consulship soon followed, and then Augustus bestowed on him the tribunician power for five years. This act formally associated Tiberius with the emperor in the conduct of the government on the civil side.

But while successful in camp and court, in civil and military life, Tiberius was not happy in his domestic relations. His wife, beautiful and accomplished, was notoriously licentious and utterly depraved, and treated her unfortunate husband with contempt. In 6 B.C. he solicited a release from active service, and pretended to wish to cultivate philosophy at Rhodes; but, according to Tacitus, his true motive for retiring from the court was a desire to get away from his wife. The people believed that the scandal of Julia's life rendered his position at Rome intolerable. Augustus at first refused permission for his retirement; but Tiberius threatened to starve himself to death if he were not permitted to go. He remained at Rhodes seven years. Finally, 2 B.C., Augustus, lord of the Roman world, yet unable to restrain or reform his vicious daughter, banished Julia, who was then divorced from Tiberius.

After Tiberius had passed five years at Rhodes, he asked permission to return to Rome, but he was refused. He was obliged to spend the next two years in solitude and gloom, and

then was recalled. When Caius Cæsar, a grandson and heir of Augustus, died in 4 A.D., Augustus adopted Tiberius as his son, and invested him with the tribunician power for a second term of five years. At the same time Tiberius was required to adopt his nephew Germanicus.

Tiberius subdued the Pannonians in 9 A.D. and after Hermann had defeated the Roman army near the Ems in Germany, he went to the Rhine and sought to avenge that terrible disaster. The Germans declined to meet his invading army, and no important battle was fought in this campaign; but Tiberius obtained from the emperor commendation for his prudence and success. About 12 A.D., he was invested with proconsular power throughout the provinces and was associated with Augustus in the empire. He was then evidently the heir apparent to the imperial throne, and when Augustus died in 14 A.D. he became emperor without opposition.

According to Tacitus, the first crime of his reign was the murder of Postumus Agrippa. The popularity of Germanicus excited the jealousy of Tiberius. He deprived the people of the right to vote for consuls and other magistrates. The functions of the Comitia were transferred to the Senate and hence to the emperor, who thus swept away the last remnant of popular liberty. The law against treason was made an instrument to punish not only actions, but words and satirical language.

The favorite minister of Tiberius was the infamous Sejanus, who acquired great influence over him. According to the Roman historians of the time, the emperor yielded to this unworthy official his own mind and will in all things, let the conduct of the empire slip out of his hands, and allowed the world to despise him as the puppet of his own favorite and minion. Tiberius was suspected of being accessory to the death of his nephew Germanicus (19 A.D.). He organized a system of espionage and encouraged *delators* or criminal informers, who were stimulated by premiums on their mischief. The practice of delation was one of the worst evils which stamped permanent infamy on the imperial system. Innocent persons were often accused of treason and put to death on false accusation. Strange and whimsical laws were

enacted. Thus it was ruled to be criminal to perform before an effigy or image of the emperor on a coin, any act which would be indecorous in the presence of the emperor, such as to strip oneself for a bath. One of the great errors of the policy of Tiberius was the gathering of the Prætorians, into a fortified camp in the environs of Rome. The Prætorians were under the command of Sejanus, who was ambitious to acquire imperial power. Drusus, the only son of Tiberius, was hostile to Sejanus, and seemed to be his most dangerous rival. Yet the son is said to have fallen a victim to the more powerful minister, who had him removed by poison.

Astrology was one of the favorite pursuits of Tiberius. The emperor was indeed the most superstitious of his nation, and did not dare to rid his palace of the herd of soothsayers who knew well how to play upon his fears and hopes. Sejanus, to increase his own power, used his influence to induce Tiberius to withdraw from the toil and vexation of public life, and retire to the island of Capreæ (now Capri). In 26 A.D. the emperor left Rome, to which he never returned. In his voluptuous retreat the emperor, then sixty-eight years of age, is said to have abandoned himself to debauchery and brutal sensuality. Sejanus was left in sole possession of all ostensible power. In 31 A.D. he was appointed consul for five years; but not content with the actual undisputed authority which he was permitted to wield, the insatiable lust of power led him to form a conspiracy to assassinate Tiberius when he should return to Rome. One of the conspirators revealed the plot to Antonia (a daughter of Mark Antony), who revealed it to Tiberius.

The crafty emperor formed a cunning and intricate plan to circumvent and destroy the treacherous minister, and chose Macro to execute it. The Senate was convoked to hear an important message from the emperor. It proved to be a long letter, in the end of which he denounced Sejanus as a traitor. Sejanus was immediately executed by the obsequious Senate (31 A.D.), and his family, kinsmen and friends shared his fate in a general massacre. The proscription that followed extended far and wide, and Macro then became the emperor's powerful favorite. Tiberius maintained to the last his habit-

ual reserve and dissimulation, and he refused to nominate any one as his successor. He died at Capri in March, 37 A.D.

Tiberius was of tall stature; his constitution was strong; his body and limbs were well-proportioned and his face was handsome. His temper was jealous and suspicious. According to contemporary writers, he was proud, reserved, moody, unsociable, irresolute and apparently destitute of sympathy and humanity. He was left-handed and had a confused and ambiguous mode of expressing or hinting his sentiments. He loved to shroud himself in mystery. His name was execrated by the Romans; but in modern times historical critics, puzzled by the improbable nature of the events set forth by Tacitus and other contemporary writers, have accused these historians of embodying in their narratives the venom of party spite. Some have endeavored to reconstruct the character of the inscrutable Tiberius, without denying his arbitrary cruelty, and to present him as a wise and prudent, though vigorous and tyrannical, administrator of the Roman world.

The Rise and Fall of Sejanus.

Tiberius recalled his son Drusus to Rome, and brought him forward in civil employments, bestowing upon him the consulship, and finally the tribunician power, by which he virtually associated him in the empire with himself. But it was not on Drusus that he really leaned for support. On the contrary, his jealous temper impelled him to thwart and check his natural supporter by the intervention of a more intimate though less avowed favorite. The man on whom the emperor relied was now Ælius Sejanus, a courtier of no high distinction in birth, accomplishments, or abilities, but who was rather recommended to him by this very want of distinction. Sejanus was, however, in command of the prætorian bands, the garrison of the city and the body-guard of the prince, and was thereby constituted not only the protector of his person, but the instrument of his most violent actions.

Sejanus conceived the daring ambition of securing to himself the reversion of the imperial power. It was evident that henceforth the government would descend in the family of the

reigning Cæsar, and he determined to destroy the family, and leave it open to the Cæsar to make an independent appointment. The nearest in the order of succession was the young Drusus. Sejanus found means of removing him by poison; for of all the reported poisonings which successively occurred in the imperial house, this was one of which the least question seems to have been entertained. Sejanus, we are assured, had debauched Livilla, a sister of Germanicus, the wife of Drusus; he had divorced his own consort, Apicata, and had promised marriage to his paramour on the death of her husband. He seems to have hoped to rise in this way into the line of the succession, and there is reason to surmise that Tiberius had given some countenance to his aspirations; but the emperor shrank from finally consenting to the union, and the career of Sejanus received a check which he might in prudence have profited by. But, though baffled in this direction, he promptly set to work in another. He exerted all his influence to induce his master to withdraw from the vexations of public life at Rome and settle himself in the voluptuous retreat of Capreæ, while he committed to his minister the general management of affairs. At the same time he inspired him with constant dread of Agrippina, the widow of Germanicus, and of the intrigues he imputed to her and her rising family. Agrippina, on her part, lived in constant fear of Tiberius; nor did her vehement spirit suffer her to conceal it. On one occasion she besought his permission to a second marriage, in order, as she avowed, to secure herself a protector; on another she refused some viands offered her at his own table by his own hand, as if apprehensive of poison.

Nevertheless, tormented as he was by his own alarms and by his kinswoman's ill-humor, Tiberius did not neglect the duty he owed to the family of Germanicus. He married that prince's daughter, a younger Agrippina, to a noble of the highest distinction, Cn. Domitius Ahenobarbus, from whom sprang, indeed, the future emperor Nero. He was constrained perhaps by the influence of his own mother, Livia, which to the last he was unable to shake off. The empress had used all her power over Augustus to maintain her son in his good graces, and at the crowning moment of her husband's last ill-

ness it was perhaps to her adroitness that he owed his quiet succession to the imperial inheritance. Tiberius had always acknowledged his deep obligations to her, and had allowed her almost to share the throne. To her public letters were addressed, and by her public documents were signed. She received the title of Augusta by the testament of her husband, and was only excluded from exhibiting herself in the Senate and placing herself at the head of the armies—an Oriental state for which the Romans were not yet prepared. But Tiberius chafed under these pretensions, and latterly mustered courage to forbid her to take part in public affairs, while he withdrew himself to Capreæ, and left Sejanus in sole possession of all ostensible power. At last Livia died, in the year 29, in her eighty-second year. The satisfaction of Tiberius was hardly disguised. He took no part in the ceremony of her funeral, and forbade her consecration, which the Senate had obsequiously proposed. The deification of a woman would at that period have been a headlong step in impiety; in the next generation it was easily effected in the case of Livia, and of other women also.

The first incident that marked the withdrawal of Livia's protection from the nearest objects of her son's jealousy was the arrival of a harsh dispatch from Tiberius to the Senate directed against the elder Agrippina and her child Nero. The emperor complained of the personal dissoluteness of his grand-nephew, while he reproved the mother for the violence of her language and demeanor. The senators were perplexed, not knowing by what step to gratify the real wishes of their master, who refrained from indicating the measures he would have them employ. But the people assembled before their doors, bearing aloft the effigies of their favorites, and shouting aloud that the letter was a forgery. Their cries pointed to Sejanus as the contriver of a foul conspiracy; but he, perceiving his danger, played dexterously upon the fears of the emperor, representing the movement as an act of treason, till he induced Tiberius to issue a distinct injunction to the Senate to inquire into the political conduct of the widow and her children. Sejanus triumphed; accusers sprang up at his beck; the process was vehemently carried through, and the mother

and her son were banished to the barren islands of Pandateria and Pontia. True to the indomitable ferocity of her character, Agrippina resisted the attempt to remove her, and it is said that she even lost an eye in a personal struggle with the centurion. Two other of her sons remained, a Drusus and a Caius; and these Tiberius retained about his own person at Capreæ; for he still acknowledged the policy of keeping some of the imperial family in store, as it were, to check the aspirations of mere strangers. But Sejanus was advancing in his projects and in his audacity. He seduced Lepida, the wife of the younger Drusus, as he had tampered with the wife of the elder Drusus before, and by her instrumentality prevailed on the emperor to drive the prince away from the shelter of his own residence, and thrust him into a dungeon beneath the vaults of the imperial palace in the city.

Some of the nearest friends of Agrippina, and particularly Asinius Gallus, soon fell under the proscription, though Gallus was detained three years in confinement before the tyrant could make up his mind to have him executed, saying, with a brutal sneer, that he had not yet become so far reconciled to him. Sejanus meanwhile seemed to be rising still higher in favor. He was appointed consul together with the emperor himself; he was allowed to entertain the hope of securing Livilla for his consort, and seems, indeed, to have been actually betrothed to her, and we find him mentioned in our authorities as the brother-in-law of the emperor. It seems probable, however, that this was a blind, and that Tiberius was already meditating the overthrow of a favorite who had grown too powerful. He looked not without dismay upon the man who, while he was himself buried in his obscure retreat, was performing the office of the consul at Rome, as if he were the sole ruler of affairs. Sejanus, the Romans eagerly whispered, was emperor of Rome, while Tiberius was lord of one island merely. The senators, however, crowded about the leader of their debates with every demonstration of devotion. The people, he still believed, rejoiced in his sovereign sway, and when a decree of the Senate conferred on him the joint consulate for five years, he regarded it as a formal surrender of the government into his hands.

Tiberius, however, was preparing the favorite's downfall. Resigning the consulship himself at the end of a few months, as was his usual custom, he required Sejanus to give way also to a successor. Sejanus became uneasy. He sought a personal interview with his patron, under pretence of a visit to his affianced bride, who was residing at Capreæ. But to this demand Tiberius returned a refusal, pretending that he was about to return himself with his family to Rome. This repulse was followed by a decree in which Sejanus appeared to be significantly slighted. The courtiers seemed to be already anticipating his disgrace. On the other hand, another of the children of Germanicus, the young Nero, was removed from his path by sudden death, and, as was believed, by a cruel murder; and Tiberius continued to drop hints of his own failing health, to suspend the treason which he supposed him to meditate. The Romans, however, were persuaded that the minister was too impatient, and felt too insecure, to trust to further delay. He contrived a plot for the emperor's assassination as soon as he should arrive within his reach at Rome. Tiberius obtained all the proofs he required, but still hesitated to act, or prepared his blow with more than his usual delay and artifice. He confided his designs to Macro, an officer of his body-guard, whom he commissioned to take the command of the prætorians, and, if necessary, to lead forth the captive Drusus from his dungeon and place him at their head. He directed him to confer with the consuls, on whom he thought he could depend, and have the Senate promptly convened.

Sejanus was thrown off his guard by the assurance that new honors were to be conferred upon him; that he was to be invested with the tribunician power; in fact, to be associated in the empire. He composed himself to endure the long preamble of the imperial despatch, such as had often before taxed his patience, but never so much as on this fatal occasion. It commenced with a passing reference to various affairs of state; then diverged to a gentle reproof of Sejanus himself for some trifling neglect; thence wandered again to more general subjects, mingled with strange, and, as it seemed, fantastic complaints of the solitude of the poor old Cæsar, and his precarious position. It required one of the consuls to bring a

military force to Capreæ, and escort the princeps in safety to the city. For some time the senators had been growing uneasy, not knowing what upshot to expect. One by one they slunk away from the minister's side, and left him wondering and irresolute. The agitation of the assembly grew more marked. Sejanus looked anxiously around. Suddenly he found himself closely thronged by the chiefs of the Senate and prevented from moving, while the missive was brought to a close by a strong appeal to the consuls to arrest him as a traitor. While this scene was being enacted, Macro had seized the command of the prætorians. Sejanus was borne away from the Palatine to the Mamertine dungeon, and already as he passed along he could see the demolition of his statues with ropes and hatchets. He was immediately strangled in the depths of his prison, and his body dragged to the Gemonian stairs under the Capitol for public exposure. His relatives and friends shared his fate in a general massacre, and the people of all ranks trampled exultingly upon his remains.

Tiberius, however, on his solitary rock had suffered hours of intense anxiety. During the interval of suspense he seemed altogether unnerved. He had disposed a system of telegraphic communication from Rome to Capreæ; and while he watched the concerted signals a squadron of the swiftest triremes lay ready to waft him if required to the legions of Gaul or Syria. Hardly less afraid to follow up his blow than in the first instance to strike it, he was content to watch from his retreat—which he did not for several months venture to quit—the proceedings of the Senate against all who could be deemed his enemies. The proscription that followed extended far and wide, and was accompanied with the greatest horrors.

—C. MERIVALE.

NERO.

THE Emperor Nero, who began his reign as a virtuous and model ruler, is infamous in history not merely as the first Roman persecutor of the Christians, but as an utterly intolerable tyrant, deservedly execrated by his subjects and by posterity. He was born at Antium in December, 37 A.D. His original name was Lucius Domitius. He was a son of Cneius Domitius Ahenobarbus, who was notorious for his crimes, and his mother was the infamous Agrippina, great-granddaughter of the Emperor Augustus and the wife of the Emperor Claudius. Nero's early training and education were directed by his mother. In 49 A.D. the young Domitius was betrothed to Octavia, a daughter of Claudius, and in the next year Agrippina persuaded Claudius to adopt her son, who then assumed the name of Nero Claudius Cæsar. By adopting him into the Claudian family, the emperor placed him formally on the same line of succession with his own son Britannicus.

Nero's education was directed by the eminent philosopher Seneca, whom Agrippina chose for his tutor about 50 A.D. He is said to have made great progress in the Greek language, music, painting, magical art and dancing. By the influence of his mother he was gradually advanced toward imperial power. When he was invested with the manly gown, he was designated for consul as soon as he should reach his twentieth year. He also received the title of "Prince of the Roman Youth." Agrippina took occasion from these special distinctions to mark in every way the difference between her

son as a public character, and the still infant Britannicus. At the age of sixteen he was permitted to celebrate his marriage with Octavia. On this occasion he acquired some popular favor by advocating several liberal measures in an oration composed for him by Seneca.

The aged emperor Claudius was poisoned by Agrippina in October, 54 A.D., and his death kept secret for many hours, while she prepared measures for the succession of Nero. The doors of the palace were suddenly opened, the death of Claudius was announced, and Nero was presented to the Prætorian guards as their master by Burrhus, their prefect. Nero was saluted as Imperator by the soldiers, and the Senate confirmed the decision of the army. Agrippina wished to reign in the name of her son, and her cruel and vindictive temper would have impelled him to acts of violence; but she was counteracted by Seneca and Burrhus, whom Nero chose for his chief ministers. Young Nero repressed the practice of delation, and in other ways made a favorable impression at the beginning of his reign. Agrippina caused coins to be stamped on which the heads of her son and herself were conjoined; she received ambassadors and sent dispatches to foreign courts; and assumed the power of life and death. The first five years of Nero's principate were long celebrated as an era of virtuous and able government. Under Seneca's guidance (for Seneca was the ruling spirit of the time) Nero held the balance between the Senate and the people and succeeded in gratifying both.

Agrippina was enraged to find that her power and influence were undermined by Seneca and Burrhus, whose plan was to govern Nero by yielding to him. She threatened to support the claim of Britannicus to the imperial throne, and hinted that he was the true and natural heir of Claudius. The jealousy of Nero was excited, and he caused Britannicus to be poisoned in 55 A.D. Already he was beginning to sink into licentiousness and debauchery. In the second year of his reign he roamed the streets disguised as a slave, attended by his boon companions, snatching the wares exposed for sale. Agrippina continued her disloyal intrigues; embraced Octavia, whom Nero utterly neglected; collected money, and caressed

the officers of the legions. Having been accused of a conspiracy against Nero, she was subjected to an inquest which was conducted by Burrhus and Seneca. The accusers were perhaps unwilling to press the charge to a fatal issue, and the accused succeeded in rebutting it.

Nero inherited from Claudius a full treasury and a flourishing revenue, and the financial measures of his reign afford some indications of a wise and intelligent policy. More than any of his predecessors he suffered affairs to take their natural course, so that the Romans were conscious that they were ruled with a masterly inactivity. It is said that when he was required to set his name to a sentence of death, he exclaimed, "I wish that I had never learned to write." But such tenderness was forgotten when he was captivated by the licentious Poppæa Sabina, the wife of Salvius Otho, and one of the most dissolute women of imperial Rome. She was ambitious to share the imperial throne, and found that the death of Agrippina was necessary to her success. She persuaded Nero that his mother was conspiring against him, and Agrippina, to whom he owed his life and his throne, was put to death by his order in 60 A.D. After her death Poppæa obtained complete sway over the tyrant, whose dissipation assumed coarser and more disgusting forms. It was at this period, in 61 A.D., that the apostle Paul arrived at Rome as a prisoner and Roman citizen, who had appealed to Cæsar. He was long detained untried, probably through the indolence of Nero, and finally, according to tradition, suffered martyrdom.

Burrhus having died in the year 62, the infamous Tigellinus became Nero's favorite minister. Nero divorced Octavia and married Poppæa, who became empress. He entered on a new career of bolder crime and atrocity, putting to death many of the nobles who tempted him by their wealth, and at the same time he courted the favor of the rabble. He appeared as an actor on the stage; he descended into the arena and contended with professional musicians; he engaged in contests of the circus. His figure, though of middle stature, was ill-proportioned, the neck was thick and sensual, the stomach prominent, the legs slender.

In 64 A.D. the city of Rome was nearly destroyed by a con-

flagration, which raged for six days, and consumed many of the most venerable temples and ancient monuments. Of the fourteen wards of the city, four, it is said, were completely destroyed, and four others were seriously damaged. Nero was suspected of having set the city on fire for his amusement, and the historians, Suetonius and Dion Cassius, charge him with the deed. It is also reported that as he watched the conflagration from a tower, he chanted to his lyre the Sack of Troy. The indignation and mutinous spirit which this rumor excited in the populace he essayed to counteract by supplying their necessities with money and provisions, and erecting houses for their shelter. In order to remove suspicion from himself, the ruthless tyrant charged the crime on the Christians. Many of these innocent people were seized by his order, and some were condemned to be wrapped in pitched cloth and burned to illuminate his own garden. The trembling Christians regarded their persecutor as the dreaded Antichrist, foretold in their prophecies.

In the same year a conspiracy was formed against Nero, which comprised many nobles and senators, but the secret was betrayed. In the number of those who suffered death as conspirators were the poet Lucan and the philosopher Seneca, the latter being probably innocent, though that availed him not. In a fit of passion the brutal Nero killed his wife Poppæa by a kick. He raised the money required for his enormous luxury by proscribing rich men and confiscating their fortunes, and he even robbed the temples. For himself he built a vast palace called the Golden House, which is supposed to have embraced several mansions on the Palatine, Esquiline and Cælian hills, connected by bridges or corridors. It included gardens, lakes and pleasure grounds. In 66 A.D., Nero visited Greece, where he remained about a year, and gratified his passion for dancing and singing in public. He also contended for prizes in the public games and national festivals. When he returned to Rome all classes were disgusted with their vicious and worthless sovereign. Soon the news arrived that Galba, a virtuous veteran, who commanded an army in Spain, had revolted in concert with Vindex, who commanded in Gaul. The Prætorian guards deserted Nero, and the Senate

proclaimed him a public enemy. In this crisis he displayed abject cowardice, tearing his robes and his hair, and seeking refuge in obscure holes. Detected and about to be captured by rude soldiers, he committed suicide in June, 68 A.D. He left no children. The Roman empire became a prize to be awarded to the boldest general.

The Burning of Rome.

Nero's life as Emperor was one long series of stage effects, of which the leading feature was a feverish extravagance. His return from the art-tour in Greece outdid all the triumphal processions of the past. Thousands of carriages were needed for his baggage; his sumpter-mules were shod with silver; and all the towns he passed upon his way received him through a breach made in their walls, for such he heard was the "sign of honor" with which their citizens were wont to welcome the Olympian victors of old days. The public works which he designed were more to feed his pride than serve the public. He wanted, like another Xerxes, to cut a canal through the Corinthian isthmus; thought of making vast lakes to be supplied from the hot springs of Baiæ, and schemed great works by which the sea might be brought almost to the walls of Rome.

But it was only by his buildings that he left enduring traces, and to this the great disaster of his times gave an unlooked for impulse. Some little shops in the low grounds near the Circus took fire by chance. The flames spread fast through the narrow streets and crowded alleys of the quarter, and soon began to climb up the higher ground to the statelier houses of the wealthy. Almost a week the fire was burning, and of the fourteen wards of the city only four escaped unharmed. Nero was at Antium when the startling news arrived, and he reached Rome too late to save his palace. He threw his gardens open to the homeless poor, lowered at once the price of corn, and had booths raised in haste to shelter them. He did not lack sympathy for the masses of the city, whose tastes he shared and catered for. And yet the story spread that the horrors of the blazing city caught his excited fancy, that he saw in it a scene worthy of an Emperor to act

in, and sung the story of the fall of Troy among the crashing ruins and the fury of the flames. Even wilder fancies spread among the people: men whispered that his servants had been seen with lighted torches in their hands as they were hurrying to and fro to spread the fire. For Nero had been heard to wish that the old Rome of crooked streets and crowded lanes might be now swept clean away, that he might rebuild it on a scale of royal grandeur. Certainly he claimed for himslf the lion's share of the space that the flames had cleared.

The palace to which the Palatine hill had given a name now took a wider range and spread to the Esquiline, including in its vast circuit long lines of porticoes, lakes, woods, and parks; while the buildings were so lavishly adorned with every art as to deserve the name of the "Golden House" which the people's fancy gave to them. In its vestibule stood the colossal figure of the Emperor, one hundred and twenty feet in height, which afterwards gave its name to the Colosseum. From it stretched porticoes a mile in length, supported on triple ranges of marble pillars, leading to the lake, round which was built a mimic town, opening out into parks stocked with wild animals of every sort. The halls were lined with gold and precious stones; the banqueting-rooms were fitted with revolving roofs of ivory, perforated to scatter flowers and perfumes on the guests, while shifting tables seemed to vanish of themselves and re-appear charged with richest viands.

Thousands of the choicest works of art of Greece and Asia had been destroyed, but their place was taken by the paintings and the statues brought from every quarter of the empire. Nero sent special agents to ransack the cities for art-treasures, and many a town among the isles of Greece mourned in after days the visit that had despoiled it of some priceless treasure.

When all was done and the Emperor surveyed the work, even he was satisfied, and he cried, "Now at least I feel that I am lodged as a man should be." It was in halls like these that the privileged few gathered round their lord when he returned from the grave business of the circus and the stage to indulge in the pleasures of the table. Otho, the profligate dandy, who had been complaisant enough to lend his wife to

Nero; Tigellinus, præfect of the guards, ready to pander to his master's worst caprices; Sporus, the poor eunuch, and Pythagoras, the freedman, both degraded by the mockery of marriage with the wanton prince—these, and many another whose names have not been gibbeted in history, left their memories of infamy in that "House of Gold."

The mood of the citizens meanwhile was dark and lowering as they brooded over their disasters, and Nero looked to find some victims to fill their thoughts or turn their suspicion from himself. The Christians were the scapegoats chosen. Confused in the popular fancy with the Jews, whose bigotry and turbulence had made them hated, looked upon askance by Roman rulers as members of secret clubs and possible conspirators, disliked probably by those who knew them best for their unsocial habits or their tirades against the fashions of the times, the Christians were sacrificed alike to policy and hatred. They deserved their fate, says Tacitus, not, indeed, because they were guilty of the fire, but from their hatred of mankind. There was a refinement of cruelty in their doom. Some were covered with the skins of beasts, and fierce dogs were let loose to worry them. Others were tied to stakes and smeared with tar, and then at nightfall, one after another, they were set on fire, that their burning bodies might light up Nero's gardens, while the crowds made merry with good cheer, and the Emperor looked curiously on as at the play. No wonder that in the pages even of the heathen writers we hear something like a cry of horror, and that in the Christian literature we may trace the lurid colors of such scenes in the figures of Antichrist and in the visions of the coming judgment.—W. W. CAPES.

LEO X.

LEO X. (Giovanni de' Medici) may be said to have been destined to an ecclesiastical career from the very cradle. Born at Florence on the 11th of December, 1475, as the second and favorite son of Lorenzo de' Medici, he received the tonsure at seven, became an abbot, and, through the influence of his father with Pope Innocent VIII., was made a cardinal at the age of thirteen (October, 1488), the investiture being postponed for three years, however, after which he was formally admitted to the sacred college (March, 1492). On the expulsion of the Medici from France (November, 1494) he spent some time in traveling, and when Pope Alexander VI. was succeeded by Julius II., he found himself restored to favor, and was, in 1511, appointed legate at Bologna, in which capacity he was taken prisoner by the French under Gaston de Foix, at the battle of Ravenna (April 11, 1512).

On the death of Julius II. (February 21, 1513) he became Pope at the age of thirty-seven (March 11, 1513), assuming the name of Leo X. The problem of tightening the grasp of the papacy on the acquisitions of his martial predecessor, Julius II., taxed all his diplomatic energies, and the interests of his family had likewise to be looked after. Francis I., King of France, dominated by the ambition of recovering Milan and Naples, crossed the Alps, and on September 13,

1515, defeated the Swiss at Marignano, the Church in consequence losing Parma and Piacenza. Leo hastened to meet Francis, with whom he concluded a concordat, which deprived the Gallican Church of its autonomy, and remained in force until the Revolution. (A fond wish of the Pope's heart was gratified by the recovery of the duchies thus lost, a few weeks before his death in 1521, after his desertion of the martial French king to ally himself with the Emperor Charles V.)

Leo's next enterprise was a rather unscrupulous one: he seized on the duchy of Urbino, the duke being dethroned to make room for the Pope's nephew, Lorenzo. At about this same time, several cardinals, having plotted to poison him, were severely dealt with: death for some, imprisonment for others was the punishment. Soon after (1517), Leo created thirty-one cardinals in one day, filling his coffers by this simoniacal procedure, and strengthening his power in his court. He was, like his father, a poor financier, and relief for the low state of the treasury was sought especially in the sale of indulgences, offering full absolution in return for cash payments. This presumptuous assumption of power over man's future state was the first cause to call forth the most far-reaching and momentous event of his reign: the revolt, in 1517, of the monk, Martin Luther, inaugurating the Reformation. Leo appears to have failed to grasp the far-reaching importance of this manifestation of a new spirit, which he designated as "only monkish squabbles," although, perhaps, at his death there came to him a presentiment of the real nature of this powerful religious revolution. He contented himself by hurling an impotent excommunication against the sturdy German monk, whom he could neither conciliate nor terrify; and having here, as also during his whole reign, failed to live up to the spiritual and moral possibilities of his high office, died on the 1st of December, 1521. His demise was so sudden that he had not time to receive extreme unction, and there was a general suspicion, apparently groundless, that he had been poisoned.

Harsh was the judgment of the popular voice: "You came in like a fox; you ruled like a lion; you died like a dog." "Posterity," says a noted authority, "has been more favor-

able to his memory, and men of intellect have even looked with sympathy upon that graceful pontiff, who was the friend of Erasmus and Raffaello, and who, if he had lived in a less corrupt atmosphere, might have yielded to the reforms of Luther. But the Golden Age of Leo X. is chiefly memorable as the period when the magnificent Church of the Middle Ages began swiftly to wane before the rising vigor of the Church of the Reformation."

His personality is well described by Emil Gebhart in a paragraph on Raphael's masterly portrait of the Pope: "The head bespeaks both amiability and sensuality, the countenance is open, the complexion brilliant, the features at once firm and gentle; the mouth, with lips at the same time full and compressed, betokens both the *gourmet* and *homme d'esprit;* the glance is both manly and ingratiating. The *tout-ensemble* expresses real majesty, and recalls the verse of Dante which the flattery of contemporaries had applied to him, '*A guisa di leon, quando si posa.*'"

Leo, not wanting in craftiness, was a poor politician; though ambitious, he lacked the great qualities which made some of the popes famous rulers of men; he had no head for finances, but was a splendid spendthrift, delighting in magnificent and extravagant displays, such as the gorgeous pageant of the triumphal procession on his ascension of the papal throne; his reckless expenditures furthered the corruption and ruin of the Church; his passion for nepotism led him into dangerous projects, throwing Italy into perilous complications by his family ambition. In the words of the author of *Roman Cameos and Florentine Mosaics*, he was "well qualified to represent the neo-pagan freedom of the Renaissance," and "there remained an irreconcilable incongruity between his profession of the Primacy of Christianity and his easy epicurean philosophy."

But while controversy has shown his character as a pope to stand in a rather doubtful light, the general verdict on his character as a patron of culture in its various forms has been warmly—in not a few instances enthusiastically—favorable. Leo was neither an ideal pontiff nor a great statesman, but a literary prince, one of the most noteworthy representatives of

his family. He was an extravagantly bountiful friend of intellect, and the homage he paid to genius of every form was no doubt sincere, actuated as it was by his own interest in its manifestations. His contact with the best intellect of the time was personal, for with him the love of art and letters was the ruling passion of a scholar, not the whim or hobby of a patronizing sovereign. Men of learning found a meeting-point at his court, which formed the focus of the intellectual movement of that age. One of his first acts, after entering on his papal office, was to appoint two prominent writers of his time, Bembo and Sadolet, as his secretaries; he reëstablished the University at Rome, and in other ways furthered literature, art and science. While his taste and profuse liberality conferred great obligations on those whose work he encouraged, we are reminded not to forget that there were others, such as Michael Angelo and Ariosto, who did not enjoy the same sympathetic stimulation. But on the whole we may concur in the statement that the era which bears his name—the "golden age of Italian culture," "golden with the glories of art,"—was "one of the brightest periods in the history of mankind."

Ancient Art Invades the Church.

It has been the exclusive privilege of a few favored and golden ages of the world to conceive and to express pure beauty of form. Such was the end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century. How were it possible here to give the faintest outline of the entire devotion to art, of the fervid love, the unwearied study of it which then existed? We may confidently assert that all that was most beautiful in the architecture, sculpture or painting of modern art falls within this brief period. It was the tendency of the times; not in speculation and argument, but in practice and in application. In that men lived and moved. I may even assert, that the fortress which the prince erected to ward off his enemy, the note which the commentator inscribed on the margin of his author, have somewhat of the common character. The same spirit of severe beauty lies at the bottom of every production of that age.

At the same time we must not omit to notice, that while poetry and art had seized upon the religious element, they had not left its character unaffected by the alliance. The romantic epic, which is founded on legends of the church, is generally in complete opposition to its primitive spirit. Ariosto found it necessary to remove from his fable the background which contains its original meaning.

At an early period religion had as large a share in all the works of the painter and sculptor as art. From the time that art was touched by the breath of antiquity, she lost her profound attachment to the types consecrated and adopted by faith; a change which may be distinctly traced from year to year, even in the works of Raffaele. People may censure it if they will; but it seems not the less true, that an admixture of the profane element was necessary to the full development and bloom of art.

Was it not a most significant fact, that a pope should himself conceive the project of pulling down the ancient basilica of St. Peter, the metropolis of Christendom, every spot of which was consecrated, in which monuments of the piety of so many centuries were collected, and of erecting in its stead a temple on the model of those of antiquity? It was a purely artistical project. The two factions which then divided the world of artists, so easily moved to jealousy and contention, united to persuade Julius II. to this undertaking. Michael Angelo wished to have a worthy place for the tomb of the Pope, which he intended to execute with all the sublimity and grandeur that characterize his Moses. Bramante was yet more urgent. He wanted to put in execution the bold idea of raising a copy of the Pantheon, as vast as the original, on colossal pillars. Many cardinals remonstrated, and it appears that the plan was generally unpopular. So many personal recollections and affections cling to every old church; how much more, then, to this chief temple of Christendom! But Julius II. was not wont to give heed to opposition. Without further hesitation he caused half of the old church to be pulled down, and laid the foundation-stone of the new one himself.

Thus, in the very centre of Christian worship arose once

more the forms in which the spirit of the antique rites had found such an apt expression. At San Pietro, in Montorio, on the spot which had been sprinkled by the blood of the martyr, Bramante built a chapel in the light and cheerful form of a Peripteros.

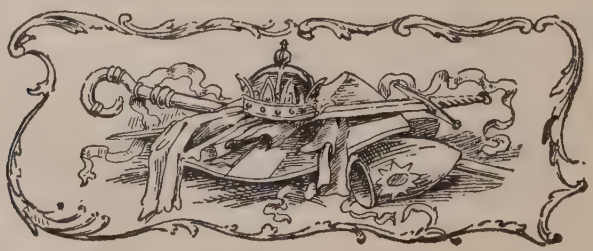
If this involve a contradiction, it was identical with that which displayed itself at the same period within the whole condition and frame of society.

Men went to the Vatican, less to pray on the steps of the Apostles, than to admire the masterpieces of antique art, the Belvedere Apollo and the Laocoon, in the Pope's dwelling. The Pope was indeed, then as formerly, urged to set on foot a war against the infidels (as I find for example in a preface of Navagero); but it was not the interest of Christianity that occupied the writer's thoughts; his hope was, that the Pope would find the lost writings of the Greeks, and perhaps even of the Romans.

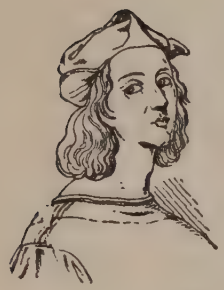
In the midst of this full tide of study and of production, of intellect and of art, Leo X. lived in the enjoyment of the growing temporal power attached to the highest spiritual dignity. His claim to the honor of giving his name to this age has been disputed, and perhaps he owed it less to merit than to fortune. He had grown up in the elements which formed the world around him, and he possessed sufficient freedom from prejudice and susceptibility of mind to foster and to enjoy its glories. If he had a peculiar delight in the Latin writings of direct imitators, he could not withhold his interest from the original works of his contemporaries. In his presence the first tragedy was acted, and even, spite of the objections to a play imitated from Plautus, the first comedy in the Italian language. There is scarcely one of which he did not witness the first representation. Ariosto was one of the acquaintances of his youth. Machiavelli wrote several things expressly for him. For him Rafaele filled chambers, galleries and chapels with human beauty raised to ideal perfection and with life in its purest expression. He had a passionate love of music, which just then began to be cultivated throughout Italy in a more scientific manner. The walls of the palace daily echoed with the sounds of music; the Pope was heard

to hum the melodies that delighted him. It may be that this is a sort of intellectual sensuality; if so, it is at least the only sensuality becoming a human being.

Leo X. was full of kindness and sympathy; he rarely refused a request, or if he did, it was in the gentlest manner, and only when it was impossible to grant it. "He is a good man," says an observing ambassador to his court, "very bounteous, and of a kindly nature; if he were not under the influence of his kinsmen he would avoid all errors." "He is learned," says another, "and a lover of learned men; religious, but yet disposed to enjoy life." He did not indeed always maintain the decorum befitting a pope; sometimes, to the despair of his master of ceremonies, he quitted Rome not only without his surplice, but even, as the distressed functionary observes in his diary, "what is the most vexatious, with boots on his feet." He spent the autumn in rural pleasures; he took the diversion of hawking at Vertibo, of stag-hunting at Corneto, and of fishing on the lake of Bolsena, after which he passed some time at his favorite seat at Malliana, where he was accompanied by men of those light and supple talents which enliven every passing hour, such as improvisatori. In the winter he returned to the city, which was in the highest state of prosperity. Never was the court more lively, more agreeable, more intellectual; no expenditure was too great to be lavished on religious and secular festivals, on amusements and theatres, on presents and marks of favor. It was heard with pleasure that Giuliano Medici, with his young wife, thought of making Rome his residence. "Praised be God!" Cardinal Bibbiena writes to him; "the only thing we want is a court with ladies."—L. Von Ranke.



RAPHAEL.



IF Michelangelo belied the old saying, "They whom the gods love die young," Raphael's career might be adduced as proof of its truth, for this gifted man, whose many beautiful productions place him among the greatest artists in a period that boasted of names like Michelangelo and Leonardo da Vinci, had but thirty-seven years in which to accomplish his life-work.

Raffaello Sanzio da Urbino was born in Urbino, April 6, 1483, as the son of Giovanni Sanzio, a painter, and his surroundings from earliest youth were favorable to the development of his talents. After some preliminary studies, he, in 1500, entered the studio of Perugino, a follower of the Umbrian school, a fit instructor for young Raffaello. In the latter's earlier works—such as the "Coronation of the Virgin" and "Marriage of the Virgin,"—the influence of his teacher makes itself strongly felt. But the young artist rapidly unfolded an originality already foreshadowed in his "Vision of a Knight," "Madonna of Count Staffa," etc. This first period of his development was followed by that under the influence of Leonardo da Vinci and Fra Bartolommeo (about 1506–8), at Florence; while the third and latest style found in his work is that in which we find his powers expanded to full maturity, after his coming to Rome. Leaving Perugino's studio in 1504, he soon afterward went to Florence, where he produced the lovely "Virgin of the Goldfinch," the beautiful "Entombment" (1507), the exquisite Madonna in the Louvre ("La belle Jardinière"), etc.

At the age of twenty-five he received an invitation from Pope Julius II., which called him to Rome and proved the turning-point in his career. He was to take part in those great works which were being planned by the old pontiff, and his decorations in the Vatican, then begun, were continued, after the death of Julius II., under Leo X. Raphael painted an excellent portrait of each of these popes. These decorations were painted in three halls, or *stanze*, and in the *loggie*, the most noted frescoes in the series being "The Dispute of the Sacrament," "Parnassus," "School of Athens," "Driving of Heliodorus out of the Temple of Jerusalem," and the noted "Incendio del Borgo," beautiful in design, replete with fine dramatic expression, and showing a remarkable knowledge of the human form.

Meanwhile other works of importance had also been executed or were under way: the decorations in the church of Santa Maria della Place (which won the admiration of Michelangelo), the "Madonna with the Fish," "Saint Cecilia listening to the Angels," etc. When still at work on the Loggie, he was commissioned to design cartoons for ten pieces of tapestry for the Sistine Chapel. The weaving was completed and the tapestries reached Rome in 1518, but after the pillage of that city, in 1527, they were carried off, and underwent many vicissitudes before they returned to the Vatican again, in 1814. The cartoons, of which only seven are left, are in England, in the South Kensington Museum.

On the death of Bramante, Raphael was appointed (1514) architect to St. Peter's, but he accomplished little in this capacity. He had a thorough knowedge of architecture, however, and his works in this field, still extant in Rome, are marked by beautiful form and fine proportion.

In the few remaining years of his life, he was fairly inundated by commissions, many of which (such as the frescoes of the Farnesina Palace, in portion) were carried out by his pupils, under his directions, for he had the aptitude of utilizing them and inspiring them with sympathy for his ideas and methods. During this time (1516–1520) he produced the poetic and popular "Madonna della Sedia," the "Madonna della Tenda," "Madonna dei Candelabri," the excellent

"Madonna di San Sisto," and "Christ bearing the Cross," among others. The glorious "Transfiguration" was unfinished when death overtook him, on April 6, 1520, after a short illness, in the midst of his activity and his manifold projects.

The materials for a personal biography of Raphael are meagre; we have hardly more than his works, and our slight knowledge of his great passion for an unknown young girl (the "Fornarina"), to help us in forming an estimate of his character. He enjoyed the friendship of many noted contemporaries (among whom were Count Baldassare Castiglione, Cardinals Bembo and Bibiena, Bramante the architect, Fra Bartolommeo, Leonardo da Vinci), and had many imitators and pupils, while Marc Antonio Raimondi, the noted engraver, made a veritable "specialty" of the reproduction of the master's works.

To many, Raphael is perhaps best known by his numerous Madonnas and Holy Families, of which the late Charles C. Perkins truly said that, though they are "more in number than the years of his life, each has a peculiar beauty of its own." To the "peculiar beauty" and grace in his paintings there are added, to use the words of Eugène Muntz, "the highest moral qualities united with the most consummate technical execution."

Raphael and Michael Angelo.

The inclination of Raphael's genius, it may, perhaps, be said with truth, was not to invention, but to perfection. And that is not only the highest, but the true characteristic and the normal action of Genius. In Art, perfecting is the genuine method of creating. Art does not consist in representing forms; it consists in causing forms to represent thoughts, sentiments, emotions. He who merely transfers to canvas a shape from nature or his own fancy, has done but little that would not have been accomplished if the image had been allowed to remain where it existed before. But he who ideals this form; who exalts it into the grandeur and beauty of a high expressiveness, shows a truly creative power.

It would be extremely untrue to say, that Raphael was not a great master in composition, for he has left to Art the most perfect examples in composition which it possesses; and in the department of Compositions of Action, he passes all rivalry and all imitation. Yet it may be said, that his pictures are more often defective in composition than in anything else. Those large pictures which exhibit composition in repose, often fail in that particular, apparently on account of the excessive intensity with which single figures or separate groups in the whole piece are conceived; each having, as it were, its own focus of power, and not being subordinated to a controlling organization of the whole. It seems as if nothing else than an earnest, impetuous action in the whole combination of figures could furnish a medium potent enough to absorb and melt down the strenuous individualness of his separate conceptions of them. He is, therefore, of compositions of action, the greatest master that existed; but it is in statical compositions that the least successful displays of his power are to be found. If we ever feel a want in viewing Raphael—if the vague suspicion of failure ever occurred to us in that ever-glorious presence, it would be in reference to works of that character.

Here we see the diversity which he was able to create between his sphere and Michael Angelo's. He disdained to imitate the great Florentine, or to cope with him in a style which he had created; his resources were adequate to the creation of a new method, style and manner of greatness; a new realm of grandeur which might be set beside the elder world of the other, for the independent and equal admiration of mankind.

Michael Angelo's prevailing instincts, as a sculptor, made him subject to the law of repose in figures and in compositions; which he carried into his great compositions in fresco. Where an action is represented by him, the moment chosen is one of temporary stillness and rest; as in the Vision of St. Paul and the Crucifixion of St. Peter. He has not painted *motion*, the actual transition of time, and acts and attitudes. This is a characteristic greatness of Raphael, in which he has been followed by none so ably and decidedly as by Domenichino.

The dynamics of composition are the creation of Raphael. Rubens, in a later day, showed an energy to cope with both Michael Angelo and Raphael in their own greatest strength.

When the several figures were not involved in one great action, he felt a difficulty in combining them into one expression; and thus occasions a defect of chiaro-scuro; which seems to me to have been the greatest want of Raphael. His tendency to *action* in compositions is seen in his first great composition, on the Entombment in the Borghese. Not only is the entire procession in actual and hurried movement, but the several figures are in almost tumultuous variety and agitation. Another composition, of which only a fragment from his own hand remains, in the Cartoon of the National Gallery, is the Murder of the Innocents, being one of the second series of tapestries in the Vatican. This is of matchless excellence. Here the divergencies of many individual impulses of terror and ferocity are brought to a common centre of unity the most complete. A prodigious variety in the attitudes and conditions of the several struggling sets is made to tend to one exclusive and irresistible effect. The moral impression has an entireness and force that never were exceeded. The interest of violent contest is still at breathless height, yet you see that such is the position of each murderer in relation to each infant, that the destruction of each Innocent is inevitable. No backward-working hope or possibility of escape conflicts against the concentrated expression of certain doom, that every line of the action combines to form. The discordant cries of the group come to our ears blended into one piercing shriek of childless motherhood. Guido and Poussin have represented this scene; but the forces of their canvas are divided and scattered.

The Deliverance of St. Peter, in a stanza of the Vatican, is another charming instance of a hurried, agitating action, treated with beautiful delicacy and interest. Equally successful is the representation of movement in the Incendio del Borgo; the figures of the men letting themselves down the wall and clinging with their hands to the parapet, and of the women carrying water with a swiftness that sends their drapery flying on one side and the other, produce a delightful effect in contrast with the calm air of the Pope, who appears at a

window to arrest the flames with a motion of his hand. We readily see in this picture one of the models upon which Dominichino formed himself. But the Battle of the Ponte Molle, in the Stanza of Constantine in the Vatican, which was executed by Giulio Romano after Raphael's death, and of which a portion of the original cartoon exists in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, may be considered not only as Raphael's most difficult and greatest composition, but as the most masterly representation in existence of a multitudinous and complicated action reduced to distinctness and connectedness of impression.—H. B. WALLACE.

RAPHAEL'S MADONNA DI SAN SISTO.

This picture surpasses all my expectations. It is beyond criticism, because it is free from mannerism; you can only characterize it by saying that it is the perfection of the highest grace and beauty. As you gaze at it, it produces a concentrating and awing impression. The august glory of Heaven was never more powerfully displayed. It is one delicious blaze of celestial, holy beauty. To analyze the qualities in which this great effect consists, to trace the methods by which so astonishing a result has been brought out, is quite impracticable. The greatness of the work lies in the majestic radiance in which the subject presented itself to the transcendent sensibilities of the painter's imagination, who appears to have rendered simply that which he had conceived divinely. Never was the effect of a picture less dependent, apparently, upon any devices of execution—upon color, drawing, light, and shade, or composition. All the magic seems to lie in the mental conception of the scene.

The peculiar interest of the mother's face seems to be twofold; consisting, first, in the union of virgin girlishness with maturity; and, secondly, in the charging of a human countenance with all the sensibility of imparted divinity. The whole catholic conception of motherhood superinduced upon the unviolated innocence of virginity, and of the mortal overshadowed and absorbed by the glory of the Godhead, is realized in that face. The balance between all these is kept with consummate judgment. In reverencing the effulgent

sanctity of the face, you are not so much struck with the extent to which a divine elevation has been attained, as by the firmness and skill with which a human consciousness and human sympathies have been kept. There is in the face a sadness wholly free from pain; it is not that anxious sadness of motherhood, which Francia often threw into his Madonnas; it is the sadness of humanity invested with a divinity before whose infiniteness its nature grows almost appalled.

The face of the child is glowing and distended, as it were, with the forces of an in-dwelling spirit all-God. It seems to be communing in an intense intercourse with the Invisible Omnipotent, and to expand in the apprehension of its own exalted being. It broods and kindles over the thought of its transcendent destiny. It fires with all the sanctity of the Godhead, and something of its severity. It is holy even to sternness.

The figure of St. Barbara combines the greatest simplicity with the most delightful grace and beauty. Grandeur, elegance and loveliness are combined in it with an expression of the utmost ease and nature.

The two angels who lean over upon the platform below, are, perhaps, the most remarkable and effective things in the whole work. They are children, and yet all heavenly. The face of the one whose finger is on his upper lip, seems fixed upon the far throne of the Infinite, in the ardent, bold, eager, sympathetic adoration of a spirit which partakes of that which it worships. The attitude of the third finger resting on the upper lip, in a musing self-forgetfulness, imparts an exquisite naturalness to the figure. The power of that countenance, which yet is thoroughly child-like, is truly astonishing.

The painting of every part of this matchless work is as perfect as the design. The flesh seems to palpitate under your gaze. The clouds on which the Virgin stands are exquisitely beautiful. There is no doubt that the picture has been over-cleaned; and the colors are, generally, paler than in the early days of its glory. But, unlike the Notte of Correggio, the characteristics of the work have not been destroyed, and its expression still triumphs over all the accidents and injuries of time.

To describe the composition: The Virgin appears standing on snowy clouds, and holding the infant in her arms. St. Sixtus, covered with a gilded vestment of his office, kneels on the clouds, on her right, and is pointing to something in front. On her left, kneels St. Barbara on the clouds. On a platform below, the two angels lean with their arms. In the blue vault, behind the Virgin, are an innumerable throng of cherub heads, faintly indicated in white against the blue. The whole scene is represented as behind a green curtain on a rod, which is withdrawn on both sides. The picture has a glass before it, and is on hinges. This great work is a proof that the higher displays of genius and art return to nature and simplicity.—H. B. WALLACE.

MOZART.

IT has been maintained that the "infant prodigy," as a rule, fails to make good in later years the promises of early youth; but the career of Mozart illustrates a noteworthy and brilliant exception. In his case the most remarkable musical precocity ripened into the finest and most versatile genius, and his continued fertility of invention proved a fount of increasingly beautiful melody to the day of his death.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was born January 27, 1756. He began to play upon the harpsichord when not yet four years of age, attempted composition in his fifth year, and in 1762 he and his sister Marianne began their musical tours with their father, Johann Georg Leopold Mozart. In Vienna, especially, were their performances attended with great success at the court of the emperor, Francis I. Little "Wolferl," with his innocent and natural manners, showed not the least embarrassment in the presence of the great people he met. (It may be remarked here, parenthetically, that Mozart retained thoughout his life his simple, natural manners. A child-like faith, a healthy love of humor, sympathy, affection, unbounded animal spirits, these were his prominent characteristics.) In 1763 they left Salzburg again on a tour that took them to the courts of the principal sovereigns of Europe. Wolfgang learned with astonishing facility, and at the age of ten composed, played upon the organ, harpsichord, violin and

flute, sang, and did everything well. In December, 1769, father and son went to Italy, where the boy achieved a brilliant success. At Rome, he heard at the Sistine Chapel Gregorie Allegri's celebrated *Miserere*, which it was forbidden to transcribe, but which he wrote down entirely from memory; at Naples, the public attributed his power to the magic effect of a ring he wore, and insisted on his removing it; at Bologna, he was admitted as *compositore* to the "Accademia Filarmonica," and finally the Pope made him a Cavaliere of the Order of the Golden Spur. In 1770 his opera, *Mitridate, Re di Ponte*, after delays caused by professional intrigues, was produced at Milan before an enthusiastic audience and ran for twenty nights.

Meanwhile, artistic triumphs appear not to have brought pecuniary profits, nor was the new archbishop of Salzburg, Hieronymus, Count of Colloredo (elected in 1772), the man to encourage native talent. Important vocal and instrumental compositions began to come from Mozart's pen with incredible rapidity, and this fecundity of invention seemed to stimulate his genius instead of exhausting it. The operas *Sogno di Scipione* and *Lucio Silla* (1772), the opera-buffa *La Finta Giardiniera* (1775), and *Il Re Pastore* (1775), were among the more important works of this period. Another tour was next undertaken, but the result was disappointing. He went with his mother to Munich, to Mannheim, and thence to Paris, which no longer proved a good field. Here his mother died, and Mozart returned in 1779 to Salzburg, where the archbishop now finally allowed him a small salary. His opera, *Idomenee, Re di Creta*, produced in Munich in 1781 with triumphant success, assured his position, and marked an era in the history of the lyrical drama. Finding his position under the archbishop intolerable, he left his service and settled in Vienna. In 1782 he married Constance Weber, and in the same year was produced his *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, "the foundation of German opera." In 1786 his wonderful *Le Nozze di Figaro* was received with the greatest enthusiasm, although intrigue was still rife in Vienna. The production of the opera in Prague was followed by a commission for a new opera for a consideration of 100 ducats. The

MOZART AND BEETHOVEN.

libretto was furnished by Lorenzo Da Ponte, and on October 29, 1787, *Don Giovanni*, "the pearl of all operas," was produced with extraordinary effect, although the overture had been written out on the night before the performance. He was next appointed chamber musician to the emperor, at a salary of 800 gulden. But he continued to remain miserably poor, and his wife had become a confirmed invalid. Nevertheless when, in 1789, King Frederick William II., of Prussia, offered him the post of *Kapellmeister*, with a salary of 3000 thalers, he decided to remain with his emperor. The operas *Cosi fan tutte* and *La Clemenza di Tito*, were produced in 1790, and next year Mozart wrote *Die Zauberflöte* ("The Magic Flute"), an apotheosis of Freemasonry. Mozart, himself a member of the brotherhood, achieved a brilliant success artistically, but as usual reaped no financial benefit. While he was still at work on this opera, a stranger visited him with an order for a *Requiem*. It was the steward of Count Franz von Walsegg, of Stuppach. But Mozart, not knowing this queer messenger, believed that he had been sent from the other world to warn him of approaching death. Thus the composition was begun in superstitious fear, but he worked at it assiduously, and surpassed himself. He did not live to write it all out, but left the score to be completed by Franz Süssmayer, who had received instructions from Mozart on the composer's death-bed. He ended his short life on December 5th, 1791, and on the afternoon of the following day his body was hurried in a disgraceful fashion to a pauper's grave, the rain causing even the few friends at the funeral to turn back and leave him to go to his last rest unattended. A statue has been erected to his memory, but his place of burial cannot be pointed out with any certainty.

Mozart's genius was many-sided and adaptative, though distinctly individual in whatever channels it was led into. In his works, every note is fitted into place with a definite purpose, and "the result of this well-considered symmetry is a degree of technical perfection which no composer, ancient or modern, has ever surpassed." The boundless wealth of melody in his music is governed by a highly refined taste, a fine artistic sense, which has insured the inexpressible charm of

his work for all time. He "laid the foundation for the development of modern pianoforte-playing," and raised orchestral music to a new level. Says Richard Wagner: "He raised the capacity of instrumental music for vocal expression to a height which enabled it to embrace the whole depth of the infinite yearning of the heart." At his death he was indeed crossing the threshold of that domain "of larger and freer musical forms in which Beethoven, and after him Schumann, were destined to do their greatest work. . . . He combined the highest characteristics of the Italian and the German schools as no man ever did, before or since."

Mozart's Requiem.

The glorious *Zauberflöte*, "*The Magic Flute*," written to assist a theatrical manager, Schikaneder, was his next work. At this time a strange melancholy began to show itself in his letters—it may be that already his overwrought brain was conscious that the end was not far distant. Such lines as these, pathetic and sad in their simple, almost child-like expression, occur in a letter he wrote during a short absence from his wife at Frankfort in 1790:—"I am as happy as a child at the thought of returning to you. If people could see into my heart I should almost feel ashamed—all there is cold, cold as ice. Were you with me, I should possibly take more pleasure in the kindness of those I meet here, but all seems to me so empty." On his return to Vienna pecuniary want was rather pressingly felt; his silver plate had to be pawned, and a perfidious friend, Stadler, made away with the tickets, and the silver was never redeemed. On one occasion Joseph Deiner, the landlord of the *Silberne Schlange*, chanced to call upon him, and was surprised to find Mozart and his wife Constanze dancing round the room. The laughing explanation was that they had no firewood in the house, and so were trying to warm themselves with dancing. Deiner at once offered to send in firewood, Mozart promising to pay—as soon as he could.

That grand work, the *Zauberflöte*, had just been completed when a strange commission was given him. One day a tall, haggard-looking man, dressed in grey, with a very som-

bre expression of countenance, called upon Mozart, bringing with him an anonymous letter. This letter contained an inquiry as to the sum for which he would write a mass for the dead, and in how short a time this could be completed. Mozart consulted his wife, and the sum of fifty ducats was mentioned. The stranger departed, and soon returned with the money, promising Mozart a further sum on completion, and also mentioned that he might as well spare the trouble of finding out who had given this commission, for it would be entirely useless. We now know that the commission had really been given by Count Walsegg, a foolish nobleman, whose wife had died, and who wanted, by transcribing Mozart's score, to pass it off as his own composition—and this he actually did after the composer's death. Poor Mozart, in the weak state of health in which he now was, with nerves unstrung and over-excited brain, was strangely impressed by this visit, and soon the fancy took firm possession of him that the messenger had arrived with a mandate from the unseen world, and that the *Requiem* he was to write was for himself! Not the less did he ardently set to work on it.

Hardly was it commenced when he was compelled to write another opera, *La Clemenza di Tito*, for which a commission had been given him by the Bohemian Estates, for production on the occasion of the Emperor Leopold's coronation in their capital. This was accomplished in the short space of eighteen days, and though it does not contain his best music, yet the overture and several of the numbers are full of a piquant beauty and liveliness well suiting the festival of a people's rejoicing. His far greater work, the *Zauberflöte*, was produced in Vienna shortly afterwards. It did not take very well at first, but subsequent performances went better. Schikaneder, the manager, acted as Papageno, and Mozart tells the following story in a letter to his wife: "I went behind the scenes when Papageno's air accompanied by the bells began, feeling such a strong impulse to play the bells myself for once. I played them a capital trick, for at Schikaneder's pause I made an arpeggio; he started, looked behind the scenes, and saw me. The second time the pause came I did nothing, when he paused and would not proceed. I

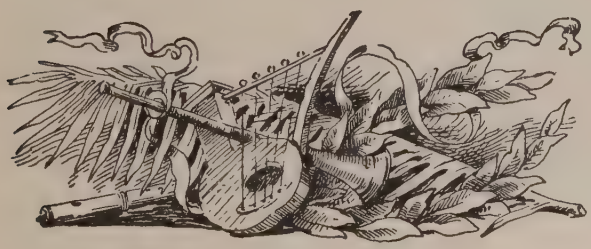
guessed his thoughts and played a chord. He then struck the bell and said '*Halt's Maul*' (hold your tongue), which made everybody laugh. I believe it was owing to this joke that many learned for the first time that Schikaneder did not himself play the instrument."

His labors in bringing out *Zauberflöte* over, Mozart returned to the *Requiem* he had already commenced; but, while writing, he often had to sink back in his chair, being seized with short swoons. Too plainly was his strength exhausted; but he persisted in his solemn work. One bright November morning he was walking with Constanze in the Prater, and sadly pointing out to her the falling leaves, and speaking of death, with tears in his eyes he added, "I well know I am writing this *Requiem* for myself. My own feelings tell me that I shall not last long. No doubt some one has given me poison—I cannot get rid of this thought." With these gloomy fancies haunting his mind, he rapidly grew worse, and soon could not leave his room. The performances of the *Zauberflöte* were still going on, and extraordinarily successful. He took the greatest interest in hearing of them, and at night would take out his watch and note the time, "Now the first act is over, now is the time for the great Queen of Night." The day before his death he said to his wife, "Oh that I could only once more hear my *Flauto Magico*," humming, in scarcely audible voice, the lively Bird-catcher song. The same day, at two o'clock in the afternoon, he called his friends together, and asked for the score of his nearly completed *Requiem* to be laid on his bed. Benedict Schack sang the soprano, his brother-in-law, Hofer, the tenor; Gerl, the bass; and Mozart himself took the alto in a weak, but delicately clear voice. They had got through the various parts till they came to the *Lacrymosa*, when Mozart burst into tears, and laid the score aside. The next day (Sunday) he was worse, and said to Sophie, his sister-in-law—"I have the taste of death on my tongue, I smell the grave, and who can comfort my Constanze, if you don't stay here?" In her account of his last moments, she says, "I found Süssmayer sitting by Mozart's bed. The well-known *Requiem* was lying on the coverlet, and Mozart was explaining to Süssmayer the mode

in which he wished him to complete it after his death. He further requested his wife to keep his death secret until she had informed Albrechtsberger of it, 'for the situation of assistant-organist at the St. Stephen Church ought to be his before God and the world.' The doctor came and ordered cold applications on Mozart's burning head. . . . The last movement of his lips was an endeavor to indicate where the kettledrums should be used in the *Requiem*. I think I still hear the sound."

On a cold and stormy December day his body was taken to the Church of St. Stephen, and, amid a violent shower of snow and rain, was carried thence to the churchyard of St. Marx. His friends, who had followed the coffin part of the way, did not battle against the storm to the end, and so it fell out that not a single friend of his stood by his side when the coffin was lowered into the grave. And, by a strange mischance, arising from a change in the person who held the office of sexton, when Constanze afterwards inquired as to the position of the grave, for the purpose of erecting a cross there, no information could be given, and to this day the spot has never been discovered. But, little matter!—his resting-place may be forgotten, but his memory still remains, and, so long as men continue to cherish and venerate the pure and beautiful in art and in human life, so long will Mozart, the great master of melody, be remembered and loved by them.

—C. E. Bourne.



BEETHOVEN.

IN what a wealth of imagery and in how many different tongues have the praises of this "Shakespeare of music," this Titan among composers, been sung! Standing apart from and above all others in his majestic greatness, he not only marked the climax of an epoch in musical history, but also opened up a new era of musical progress.

In the Pantheon of art Beethoven holds a foremost place beside the great poets and artists of all time, with Æschylus and Dante, Michael Angelo and Shakespeare. Like these inspired men he has widened and ennobled the mind and soul of humanity. Wagner wrote of him, "Our civilization might receive a new soul from the spirit of Beethoven's music and a renovation of religion which might permeate it through and through." Ludwig van Beethoven was baptized on the 17th of December, 1770, at Bonn, and probably born on the preceding day. His father, Johann van Beethoven, a tenor, was of a vacillating nature, addicted to drink, ever struggling with poverty. Prompted, it is said, by a desire to exploit the boy as a prodigy (for he learned readily), the father put him at the piano in his fourth year, and later handed him over to one Pfeiffer for instruction. At nine he was placed under Vandenreden, court organist, and subsequently Christian Gottlob Neefe. Young Beethoven was appointed assistant organist in 1785, and later became viol-player in the Elector's orchestra. The advantage of all this practical training appeared later in his orchestration. After a first visit to

Vienna in 1787, when he won praise from Mozart, he went there again in 1792, to remain for the rest of his life. With his first master in that city, Haydn, he was not well satisfied, and left him to study with Albrechtsberger, and later with Salieri. Beethoven has been described as a self-willed pupil, and one would naturally expect a strong autodidactic vein in such an original genius. But he seems to have curbed his self-will and impatience, submitting to hard study, and, in fact, he remained a diligent student through life. As Graeme says: "Epoch-Makers are necessarily Law-Breakers, to the eyes of their contemporaries. . . . While Beethoven's critics believed him to be rebelliously diverting the current of Harmony from the pure course directed by a Palestrina, a Bach, a Handel, a Haydn, a Mozart, he was in reality simply engaged in deepening and widening its channel, that the stream might flow on in grander and nobler proportions to meet the ever-growing necessities of Humanity."

Beethoven's brusque and unconventional manner was possibly accentuated by his appearance. Short, strong of figure, but not elegant, with a broad face, surmounted by a tremendous forehead and a rebellious head of hair, even his physical personality was not easily overlooked. He was an impetuous, ardent genius, whom people generally misunderstood. But he retained through life a few friends who appreciated him and rated him at his true value, having the sympathetic discernment to discover the brilliant mind and noble soul that lay under the rough exterior. Such was the widow Madame von Breuning, with her three sons (among them Stephen), and a daughter, Leonore. Such were also Count Waldstein and the Archduke Rudolf (his pupil), good and devoted friends, Schindler, Schenck, and others. It seems like the irony of fate that Beethoven, so loving a nature, so much in need of the influence of an affectionate wife, should never have had a home of his own, never met with that fervent love which he depicted in all its tenderness in *Fidelio*.

His original style as a pianist and his extraordinary gift of improvisation met with speedy recognition, and he gained admission to the highest circles of the capital. Music was at the time, indeed, in the fashion. But playing in the

houses of the great was as unpalatable to him as teaching. However, among his patrons some were of real benefit to him: Gottfried, Baron van Swieten, and, to a far greater extent, Prince Karl Lichnowski. His reputation as a composer became well established by the publication of his first work (1795), and his development was regular and systematic; a magnificent, orderly unfolding of the greatest musical genius that this world has seen. During the last years of his life his popularity waned. The advent of Rossini created a change in public taste, and Beethoven was forgotten until his death roused the Viennese public to an imposing demonstration. But a far greater misfortune than a loss of temporary popularity befel him. In 1801, after some years of premonitory symptoms, he became completely deaf. It was a sad, a crushing blow, and for a time seemed worse than loss of life itself. Mind remained triumphant in the end, however, and from his burdened soul escaped the noblest strains that have been given to this world, strains that appeal to all who have felt and suffered. But his childlike, benevolent disposition was now marred by irritability, distrust and suspicion; and these evils were increased by the selfish conduct of his brothers, Carl and Johann. The last years of his life were furthermore clouded by care for his nephew, whom he loved like a father, meeting in return with the basest ingratitude. A severe attack of inflammation of the lungs laid Beethoven low. Symptoms of dropsy soon showed themselves, and on March 26, 1827, he breathed his last, while a violent thunderstorm raged without. His funeral was an imposing affair; thousands accompanied his body to its last resting-place.

Beethoven's compositions comprise all forms of vocal and instrumental music, and his deep introspective feeling, his powerful genius is displayed in all. It is perhaps idle to pick from the musical treasure of Beethoven's productions, but at least his most familiar works may be mentioned; such as the opera *Fidelio*, with its four *Leonora* overtures; the overture and incidental music to *Egmont*, the seventh and ninth symphonies; the *Sonata pathétique*, for piano; *Adelaïde*, the Mass in C major, etc. His pianoforte sonatas opened up a perfection of technical resources hitherto unknown for that

instrument, and "have brought the pianoforte to its present eminence as the most intellectual and ideal of all instruments." And his instrumental music in general has been well characterized by a German writer in the words: "Beethoven's immeasurably great merit as a composer consists in this, that he increased the power of expression of instrumental music, even for the reproduction of the profoundest sensations of the human soul in an unsuspected manner, and enlarged its forms to gigantic proportions." Volumes of criticism and analysis have been devoted to Beethoven's work, but after all, as Richard Wagner truly said, "It is perfectly impossible to undertake to discuss the essential nature, proper, of Beethoven's music, without at once falling into the tone of rhapsody."

The Deaf Musician.

The personality and life of Beethoven were profoundly lonesome. His immense native power of mind and sensibility, early set askew with the world of men, made him peculiarly sensitive to exactions, slights and irritations. The death or the fickleness of the maiden he loved in his youth apparently made a dark and sinister stamp on his social character, and left a permanent bitterness in his blood. His averseness to common intercourse was aggravated by his poverty, his devouring absorption in the science and art of music, and a singular combination in him of awkwardness and scorn, tender diffidence and titanic pride. The lack of popular favor, the incompetent condemnation his wonderful compositions long suffered, must also have been a trial tending to sour him. Furthermore, as in the case of every man of primal genius, his transcendent originality doomed him to a determined struggle with the past, an uncompromising insurrection against conventional authority and usage. He defied the prescriptions of his predecessors, broke pedantic fetters, refuted his teachers, made new rules for himself, upheaved a world dead in professional routine and tradition that he might inspire it with fresh freedom and fresh triumphs; and thus, perforce, he stood alone, battling with obscurity, contempt, and hate, until he slowly conquered the recognition he deserved. Finally, in addition

to these previous causes, the sternness of his isolation was made complete by the dreadful calamity of a dense and incurable deafness.

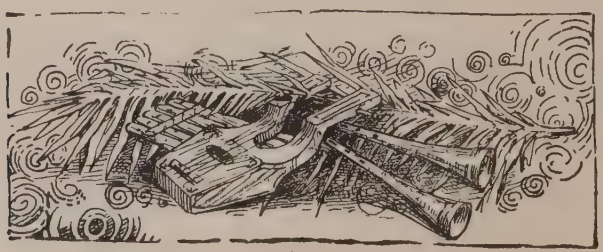
Dark indeed was his melancholy, bitter the revulsion of his capacious soul upon itself. He says, "I was nigh taking my life with my own hands. But Art held me back. I could not leave the world until I had revealed what lay within me." Resolved at any cost to be himself, and express himself, and leave the record to posterity, he left behind opponents and patrons alike, and consecrated all to his genius and its ideal objects. Occupying for a long time a room in a remote house on a hill, he was called the Solitary of the Mountain. "His life was that of a martyr of the old legends or an iron-bound hero of the antique." Poor, deaf, solitary, restless, proud, and sad, sometimes almost cursing his existence, sometimes ineffably glad and grateful, subject now to the softest yearnings of melancholy and sympathy, now to tempestuous outbreaks of wrath and woe, shut up in himself, he lived alone, rambled alone, created alone, sorrowed and aspired and enjoyed alone.

The character of Beethoven has many times been wronged by uncharitable misinterpretations. He has been drawn as a misanthrope, a selfish savage. His nature had attributes as glorious as the music born out of them. He was a democrat, who earnestly desired that the rights of all men should be secured to them in the enjoyment of freedom. Asked, in a law-suit before a German court, to produce the proof of his nobility, he pointed to his head and his heart, and said, "My nobility is here, and here." He was a fond reader of Plato and of Plutarch. One of his biographers says, "The Republic of Plato was transfused into his flesh and blood." He always stood by his republican principles stanchly. It was in the firm belief that Napoleon meant to republicanize France that he composed and inscribed to him his Heroic Symphony. On learning that the First Consul had usurped the rank of Emperor, he tore off the dedication and threw it down with explosive execrations. He sympathized intensely with that whole of humanity which to a genius like his ever reveals itself as a great mysterious being, distinct from individuals,

yet giving the individual his sacredness and grandeur. His uncertain and furious temper was an accident of his physical condition, the unequal distribution of force in his nervous centres. An idea which to a man of stolid health and complacency would be nothing, entering the imagination of the rich and febrile Beethoven, was a terrific stimulus. To judge him justly, discriminating insight and charity are needed.

In his lofty loneliness his mislikers considered him as "a growling old bear." Those who appreciated his genius thought of him as the mysterious "cloud-compeller of the world of music." Nearly all regarded him as an incomprehensible unique, into whose sympathetic interior it was impossible to penetrate. Carl Maria von Weber once paid him a visit, of which his son, Max Weber, has given a graphic description full of interesting lights. Himself kept scrupulously clean by an oriental frequency of bathing, he sat in the disorderly, desolate room, amidst the slovenly signs of poverty, his mass of lion-like face glowing with the halo of immortality, his head crowned with a wild forest of hair. He was all kindness and affection to Weber, "embracing him again and again, as though he could not part with him."

When he produced his mighty opera, *Fidelio*, it failed. In vain he again modelled and remodelled it. He went himself into the orchestra and attempted to lead it; and the pitiless public of Vienna laughed. To think now of the Austrian groundlings cackling at the sublimest genius who has ever lifted his sceptre in the empire of sound, making him writhe under the torturing irony of so monstrous a reversal of their relative superiorities! After suffering this cruel outrage, he fled more deeply than ever into his cold solitude. As Weber says, "He crept into his lair alone, like a wounded beast of the forest, to hide himself from humanity." Nothing can be sadder in one aspect, grander in another, than the expression this unapproachable creator, this deaf Zeus of music, has given of his isolation. "I have no friend; I must live with myself alone; but I well know that God is nearer to me than to my brothers in the art."

Of course this is no entire picture either of the soul or the experience of Beethoven. He had his happy prerogatives

and hours. Life to him, too, was often sweet and dear. He knew the joy of a fame which before he died had slowly grown to be stupendous. Almost every one of the musical celebrities who arose in his time, from the author of *Der Freischütz* to the author of *Der Erlkönig*, with pilgrim steps brought a tributary wreath to him as the greatest master. Above all, he had a sublime consciousness and fruition of his own genius. At one time he says, "Music is like wine, inflaming men to new achievements, and I am the Bacchus who serves it out to them." At another time he says, "Tell Goethe to hear my symphonies, and he will agree with me that music alone ushers man within the portals of an intellectual world, ready to encompass him, but which he can never encompass." If he suffered hunger, loneliness, the misunderstanding of the vulgar and conventional, he kept himself free, and felt himself supreme in his sphere. An anonymous critic has well written of him: "He gained what he sought, but gained it with that stain of discord in his finer nature which is to the soul of the artist what the shadow of a cloud is to a landscape. The desire to make the world different from what it was, in kind as well as degree, was the error which ruined his earthly peace; for he persisted in judging all relations of life by the unattainable ideals which drew him on in music. Yet it was out of this opposition to the reality, which was to him a sorrow and bitterness known to but few beside, that there came the final victory of his later creations." He also knew that his strains would sound his name and worth down the vista of future ages with growing glory. "I have no fear for my works. No harm can betide them. Whoever understands them shall be delivered from the burdens that afflict mankind."—W. R. ALGER.